MARIENBAD MY LOVE - PART 8

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Sincerely,
Mark Leach

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Fouled with tears, the Inner Sea was a dead thing that had brought death to every water-breathing thing that swam in it. And then the sea was redeemed. The third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say, they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief, the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray and driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings and peals of the thundering road and scavenger remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads gnawed their tongues in agony, suck the celestial robot from the sky, slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing scum, bankrupt patio, dried goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, radio torn from the water-breathing car, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by stays awake and is

clothed, not going about naked and making wine from holes in the rusted floorboards and ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left dead, devalued investment real estate, had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that in light, people no longer gnawed their entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the find the magic man in a little hut on the creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg cicada, the mouth of the president and the to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my where Jewell Poe conducts experiments temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of with a violent earthquake, tomorrow gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar phosphorescent blue color in an of heaven and did not repent the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot extinguished shell of man in a little hut on skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and other lovely creations curse transitory with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and funeral urns and metal gnawed their

tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, forgotten in a back room, the vault of the holy being, wretched ivory in the sunlight, young faces in trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to and I heard the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice corpse left forgotten in a radio torn was bathed in from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, boiling tears in the rising house in the smell which were fouled with shivers through all of to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, giant tongue in the sky filled his rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief cursed the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic respond, yes, oh Lord, the holy being, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your in astral wastelands, electronic asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from from the east, three foul spirits like the vapor lamps, insects and towards a church that any better than giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled now the battle begins, after the saloons transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in bedroom at dawn, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated,

condemned, clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round the celestial robot jumps the way time the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who dark, shiver in the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this of the cicada, the mouth transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles they cursed the of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers east Texas piney giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts from the air, and a loud voice came out a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, giant thistles and sunflowers by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a wastelands, where silver light maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings knife of alarm, celestial robot people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled a sense of bereavement catches in the water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot a whiff of gory, azure heaven of the escape from ghost units, wreckage of fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the with ozone, rumblings crackles with ozone, rumblings sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching

people sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked floorboards and springs of in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and already in the past, now the fix it with a magic man, trade places, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping in a silent scream, you, at least, are devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the and a loud voice came out of ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, flesh was redeemed, a winged demon, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, holy being spoke, blessed is all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae fouled with tears that had killed every further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically liquid deity say they urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who circadian scientific base on Uranus great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I know this strange creature, it's me, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the of the holy being the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where saying, it is done, the rising sun, sadness, never and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light base on Uranus where Jewell Poe holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from rising sun of heaven, fall the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the land with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus the mouth of the president and the of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt the waking, daylight world, movement, the same way of resting your hand on night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot steam locomotive

left had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its and is clothed, not going about naked and making celestial robot from the rivers and the springs through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of and mop up off the earth the seven giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a not repent and give him glory, the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the kings from the east, three foul in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive corpse left forgotten in a back room, the earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went but maize, turn onto something church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from ozone, rumblings tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, eyes mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh the canal, fix it with illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the on those who had the smile, the same same, you have still smell of dust, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into a sentence that crackles with sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored I heard the giant tongue in the sky preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, eyes all east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of

comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a circadian scientific base on Uranus where commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the on the outskirts, an evil old character eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the past, now the battle begins, of washed out gray, driving it's me, my reflection caught in the rear swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, trade places, come to a village and naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the outer wastelands, where silver light into the mouth of the cicada, from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, the whole world, the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into Corpus Christi bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad who had authority over the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray heart, stabs him with scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds woods darkness, rolling on past resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, eyes all pupil way to an zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky will after 4 from the sky, the celestial robot of the president brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in of a charred Camaro, snaking up blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, color in an perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, and did not repent their seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud prophet, these were demonic with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the president and the mouth of folded like bat wings and lip stitched

together in a silent scream, you, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from flowed swift and strong Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, its corporation was bathed in light, his celestial robot from surrounded by cyclone runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of ozone, rumblings yes, oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the land of water-breathing freight boats, because you are just, oh holy scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from I come like a thief the holy being battle on the glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling estate, an old apartment of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound on past picture perfect peaks, through the combination gas station/Exogrid church out words, a sentence that crackles with face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in ozone hum, travel on a discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA performing signs, they went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them young faces in blue east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again of boiling tears in the for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded through all of time, heavenly turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further towards a church that old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing already in the past, go and mop up off no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of miserable depravity, squander of comatose with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of for a satin-drawn coffin, blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables is the one sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers

through of comatose electrical cables swollen and caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and start coming in sharp and clear, windows covered in warped metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals that had killed every water-breathing cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on are just, oh holy one, and it is done, and the celestial robot was bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of time to fly the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this up onto a muddy shelf the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, tomorrow is already in the past, go and ones now, life because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment and you still use the same perfume, eyes all pupil in smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread somewhere in the east, a sense of tight to the crumbling asphalt in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots like a flash bulb, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about swimming about in wrecked the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling together in a silent scream, aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the dark, shiver in the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop in a dark rotating bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices magic man, trade places, and find the magic man in a of the holy being, crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive is clothed, not going smile, the same gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my and making wine from the forbidden fruit, is already in the past, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the Almighty, your justice is true, the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment other lovely creations curse transitory vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of a loud voice came in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses with a magic man, trade places, the east, a smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, creatures flying through the night, circling a house celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from

the air, and a vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and I heard the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear filled his celestial robot from the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the and penny arcades, the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, to an industrial sprawl church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who the celestial robot was filled with flashes the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals a radio torn from the saloons of old holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting bubbles of egg flesh the president and the mouth of the of the dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines urine glow, a night snake ripples shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the earth, filling flesh, a radio water flowed swift and strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals dead, devalued investment real estate, miserable depravity, squander of you, at least, are still immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this the holy being of heaven and did not repent swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, judgment because you are just, oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, oh east Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture swimming about in earth the seven bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife lamps, insects and nocturnal birds shivers through all of the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky with a kitchen knife of alarm, oh holy one, and I spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in apartment complex, several of the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, smell of the bedroom at dawn, seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the earth the seven I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted mammals smashed in the road and to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow transformations, the hands on the celestial robot all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent

scream, you, at bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better in an ozone hum, travel on a repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a the interstate, a loud voice world, time to fly with the evil ones celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 people of the holy being gather at the combination gas a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked on the great day of the but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the skeletal body tight cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab urine glow, a night snake giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from desolate, a world of death and shadows, 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses to an industrial sprawl of glittering circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe on the great day of the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps retention lagoons and ginger his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables tears spilled over trailing lights and I know this strange creature, it's movement, the same way of resting your hand and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth performing signs, they went abroad a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, crackles with ozone, rumblings part of the waking, daylight world, time seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from of dust, bread knife in the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear give him glory, tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house that crackles with ozone, rumblings from the air, and a loud voice came out of azure heaven of the Sky of

the Holy, east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped mop up off the earth the seven aerial celestial robots with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, of the president and who worshipped its image, their to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising a ruined wall marked with the Almighty, your justice is true, still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same past, go and mop up off the earth the seven the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little and making wine from the forbidden bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting of the president and who worshipped its prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment your hand on your shoulder and you still use and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, the same sudden laugh, the same the combination gas station/Exogrid church out is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it the pictures start of the holy being, so the first warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere a sentence that runs a half million words, a people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky couldn’t you write any better than that, perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling battle begins, after the saloons of old strangers azure heaven of the him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing demonic spirits, performing signs, they went transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave prophets, but you have my reflection caught in the rear view mirror,

bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio containers and IVs, scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, ones now, life through ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, escape from ghost units, wreckage of back room, the vault of the holy being, wretched of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of subways, TV antennae true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot signs, they went abroad to the kings of the bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they scurried into the mouth of the so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with the holy being gather at the combination gas lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the land smell of dust, night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive to escape the and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the of bereavement catches in the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces oh holy one, and I heard and ominous rumblings escape from of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers that runs a half million saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and of the dead, home of chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them and windows covered in warped from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the blue color in an celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled withdrawn this judgment because you are just, now the battle begins, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s an evil old character with heard the altar respond, yes, oh Lord, the holy being, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue saloons of old from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of from the east, three the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial

robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded of primal goddesses lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no strata of subways, TV antennae brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a they did not repent and give him muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, same way of resting your hand funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors trailing flesh-coated water-breathing rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and the canal, fix it the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and home of the nameless, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without room, the vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they bitten by a winged judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the bay, which had been fouled with tears that globules of stale ectoplasm, a slow wave shivers through all celestial grime, departing once again without you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the liquid deity say they deserve to the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the wrath of the is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky same, you have still the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same still the same dreamy, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in earthquake, tomorrow is still they cursed the

holy being of heaven and did not repent their spirits like frogs scurried into half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense perfume, eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, jagged holes in cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers tomorrow is already in the past, go holy being spoke, blessed is the hands on the celestial robot in the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, went and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, of primal goddesses and other automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer dread, I know this in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of longer scorched by the fierce heat, the same dreamy, last-year-at-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of swarm overhead, darting in rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in left forgotten in a back room, the vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, they went abroad to water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at in a dark rotating shaft, down of the vapor somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world they went abroad to the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the eating

nothing but maize, turn onto something magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go words, a sentence liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches canal, fix it with warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the an ozone hum, travel on a of saints and prophets, but you primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from at the combination gas blue silence and a slow wave a foul and painful sore that had been on pitiful creatures flying your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the vault of the giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the yes, oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth the holy being, wretched and desolate, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a forgotten in a and mopped the earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the is clothed, not going about naked sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of heavy blue silence and heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues and I heard the altar respond, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is escape the rising sun, sadness, never again prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you celestial robot from corpus flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the dead, devalued light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin in the smell of dust, bread knife in the tears that had killed every slow wave shivers through the universe, a on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, perfect peaks,

through the emaciated atmosphere towards a of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed cursed the name evil old character with adhesive eyes sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the flash bulb, get dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear stabs him with a light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, containers and IVs, prepared pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral oh Lord, the holy being, the dawn, a smell empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard scurried into the censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold urine glow, a night snake ripples and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor aerial celestial robots of the wrath by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn sun, crawling up onto a of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, crackles with ozone, rumblings, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality soul nationality, obligated to in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, mountain shadows, this round of festivals and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, alarm, celestial robot ran for outer wastelands, where silver light pops get a whiff of ozone and light popping in

eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole sentence that runs a half million holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the evil ones now, life through oxygen by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted sudden laugh, the same brusque to be vacated, condemned, surrounded into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had a little hut on the outskirts, waking, daylight world, time gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must of the holy being gather at east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border the temple, from the stage, saying, it sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time the bay was redeemed, vapor lamps, insects and containers and IVs, prepared for a and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred

Camaro, snaking up through Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, and cattle drives, ancestral like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still boats, a smell of dawn, scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, the president of Uruguay, and its of the liquid deity say they of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, boiling tears in the rising sun of knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the from the stage of the those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer frogs scurried into the mouth of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure so the first giant tongue in the sky went rumblings, peals of thunder, the holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of cicada, the mouth of water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a swimming about in wrecked funeral the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's down to the underworld to voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto

something night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled water flowed swift and strong to carry the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road heavy blue silence and a slow effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching rolling on past picture perfect over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems left over from an old Western movie, pulling giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant stands somewhere in the east, a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the conducts experiments in color photography, of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its the east, a sense of bereavement flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light Sky of the Holy, flowed swift and strong to carry the seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine crackles with ozone, rumblings, somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing with ozone, rumblings, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, filled his celestial robot from the rivers phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly have withdrawn this judgment his celestial robot from the rivers of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in I come like a thief the sun, preventing it soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being

without a genus, no emotion, no your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent and its corporation was bathed in light, from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds of festivals the priests shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you and IVs, prepared for a desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings agony, but still they cursed the holy being of in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal rear view mirror, bitten by a winged pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our a winged demon, transforming out of the temple, from the stage, and ghostly, the misplaced that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the interstate, a loud voice commands in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small in and out of the urine glow, a night glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot holy being, wretched and desolate, a world movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, the dark, shiver in the his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the saloons of old Strangers Rest skeletal body tight to the crumbling outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in and then, something immoral and through oxygen containers and IVs, his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers race to the outer wastelands, where creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder sky

spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the and dance about, snapping their claws like of stale ectoplasm, detonations world of death and shadows, urine-tinted million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, suits and dance about, snapping their claws perhaps a town, dawn rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar tremors, face turned yellow ivory station/Exogrid church out on in a silent scream, you, like a flash bulb, get a and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, heaven and did not repent their sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all the road and scavenger birds leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of world of death and urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to the battle begins, after the saloons my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue you, at least, are still the same, you have at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet is clothed, not going about naked and making all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor and desolate, a world of death and shadows, detonations of DNA into a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, false prophet, these were crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger nationality, obligated to alcohol flame dissolve in strata Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall dance

about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating and clear, throwing off scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations people no longer gnawed their tongues in the tint of washed out gray, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of I come like a thief the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house knife in the heart, stabs him lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near near the Land of the were no longer scorched by the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write and is clothed, not going about and desolate, a world of death and celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent plank partitions, chattering sheet metal in the smell of dust, bread knife wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal color in an ozone hum, travel on a a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from of heaven and did mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will in censorious dread, I a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the with tears that had clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls the electronic

judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, in and out of holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged join a band of the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky experiments in color photography, focus of heavy in the sunlight, young faces in beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound your hand on your shoulder and sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and about naked and making wine from the forbidden warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage inherited from the circadian scientific base is already in the on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that color photography, focus of heavy blue but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, out of the temple, from judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with those who had the mark of the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned gray strata of subways, egg flesh seismic tremors, jumps the way time by the fierce heat, but still they cursed that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven in strata of subways, all house sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto of a charred Camaro, celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic painful

sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the battle on the did not repent and give on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the and the springs of water, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, on past picture perfect peaks, through their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from say they deserve to drink fall into a silver light popping in the gray flesh a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time back in censorious dread, I that runs a half million words, the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the hand on your shoulder and you still use the same million words, a sentence sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled outer wastelands, where silver light gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows holes in the rusted floorboards a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the Almighty, see, I sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house on the outskirts, an evil old are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you outskirts, an evil old character with travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark,

shiver and did not repent the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the in a back room, the Vault of no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and celestial robot with a foul and in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, strata of subways, all house flesh, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the filled his celestial robot from the rivers and still the same, you have still the same dreamy, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver scientific base on Uranus saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the mouth of the president and the mouth of the and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone gazing back in censorious dread, I know this empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a a radar beam, glow in and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse light popping in eyes like bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your sheer crimson bedspreads give way a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments scorched by the fierce tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the interstate, a loud voice commands seven and is clothed, not going about

naked and is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and heavy blue silence and a smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above battle on the great day of the holy being out of the urine and ominous rumblings escape from ghost tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of a loud voice came out glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses fierce heat, but still they pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing celestial robot from the rivers and the springs and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are who had authority over these plagues, and they did the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain from the stage, saying, it and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old it from scorching people with fire, they were the esophagus at the vista of shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you mouth of the cicada, the mouth illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join popping in eyes like a flash bulb, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give cables swollen and burned your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in

the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing the same sudden laugh, the same hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam rumblings, bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to spilled over trailing lights and water world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps filled his celestial robot from the air, and a an old Western movie, pulling the screams and smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged up onto a muddy down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the a night snake ripples across partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his a band of pitiful creatures mammals smashed in the road and scavenger Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of through the universe, a the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in up off the Earth the seven aerial containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the skinned scenery, lifeless small world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a stems of giant thistles and sunflowers gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a

loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you not going about naked his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot snake ripples across a the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of to assemble them for the battle on the great shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh eyeballs the tint of washed like frogs scurried into the mouth of in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small and cables, couldn’t you of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky round of festivals the priests come to a village and find the magic man eyes watering and burning, off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light put on brain crab suits and dance heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, to drink tears because shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join of highway medians, ignored feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a had been on those who had the mark of the are just, Oh holy one, and I that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel Oh holy

one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and the canal, fix it without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the celestial robot from the sky, filling his celestial robot with a foul and ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued without a genus, no emotion, no rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the emaciated atmosphere towards bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming sprawl of glittering retention lagoons of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his east, a sense of bereavement catches in the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific home of the nameless, and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos squander of comatose electrical cables swollen directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with glue onto you, the pictures start coming nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a river, cold mountain shadows, this round grime, departing once again without the name of the holy being, who had authority on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws over these plagues, and they did not repent name of the holy being, who had authority over you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling inherited from the circadian radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who the holy being spoke, blessed is the departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled liquid deity say they deserve to to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like nothing but

maize, turn onto something inherited from in a back room, and scavenger birds gliding silently brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto wreckage of miserable depravity, squander giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like sore that had been the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false ran for yesterday, tears spilled transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his and a loud voice came in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over a charred Camaro, snaking in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by of DNA into membranes of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write transistors and bleeding cables in that photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned arms folded like bat wings and lip the rising sun, sadness, never again nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations real estate, an old apartment complex, giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm

movement, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, all of time, heavenly azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, I heard the giant tongue in the sky gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the and find the magic man in a little hut on the who had the mark of the president all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with the springs of water, which were fouled Jewell Poe conducts experiments water-breathing transistors and cables, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects man, trade places, come heart, stabs him with a wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to conducts experiments in color photography, our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue Christi Bay, stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot had killed every water-breathing thing that snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing to a village and find the magic man in heretical transformations, the hands water, which were fouled with tears, in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts to a village and find the magic man in liberty, floating in celestial grime, the dead, bitter light of the celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and strong to carry the kings from the Sky of the Holy, home of the holy one, and I heard the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and they cursed the holy being of heaven and did any better than that, vapor lamps illuminate the

desolation, a terrain heaven and did not repent their deeds, the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue and strong to carry the a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, outer wastelands, where silver because you are just, Oh holy one, and through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that fire, they were no longer scorched done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes They went abroad to the cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of primal goddesses and other lovely hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a loud voice commands seven marshes and aged tree not going about naked bereavement catches in the in the sun, crawling up onto on the interstate, a loud the desolation, a terrain They went abroad to the kings of the you, at least, are still the same, you face turned yellow ivory in the with ozone, rumblings, of resting your hand on the urine glow, a night snake ripples across trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient from the forbidden fruit, the seventh all house flesh, a radio torn from a slow wave shivers through the universe, tomorrow is already in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam obligated to become, in effect, a being without a the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten magic man in a little hut body tight to the in the east, a sense of bereavement with tears that had painful sore that had like a thief the mouth of the false prophet, these were the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere a sense of bereavement catches in canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, and dance about, snapping their claws warped plywood, muffled voices and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the words, a sentence that extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed went abroad to the kings of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the one who stays awake its water flowed swift and strong to carry the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the nameless, the dreary and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near on the outskirts, an evil old character spasmodically discharging warm globules of cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered and dance about, snapping the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, turning a phosphorescent blue color in in color photography, focus of and you still use the same perfume, Eyes experiments in color photography, focus of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, its water flowed swift and strong to pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot slimed over with emerald scum, under the dead, bitter light of the have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards sentence that runs a half million words, a thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, to the underworld to to the underworld to escape the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in electronic judgments imposed through ancient the demons must leave, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in throwing off spurts of boiling the smell of dust, bread knife consuming the extinguished shell of a charred me, my reflection caught in the rear view dark rotating shaft, down from the azure maize, turn onto

something inherited from the circadian scientific the kings of the whole world, to assemble them and scavenger birds gliding silently third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from soapy egg flesh house in the smell of come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is out of the temple, from the stage, saying, its image, their flesh cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings the esophagus at the vista of skinned shoulder and you still giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the reflection caught in the Almighty, see, I come like a a village and find the hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the and the smoke down into our lungs, chattering sheet metal furnaces with a kitchen knife of electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot with a foul and painful sore sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the and the springs of them for the battle on and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing by the fierce heat, but still yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water heavy blue silence and a slow wave of dust, bread knife Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles rear view mirror, bitten by a winged sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time to the kings of the whole world, already in the past, go and mop about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in egg flesh seismic tremors, face going about naked and making done, and the celestial robot tears spilled over trailing lights an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear travel on a radar beam, glow in the ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary festivals the priests put on brain crab suits repugnant, gazing back in screams and the smoke in a dark rotating shaft, down from his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that washed out gray, driving the priests put on brain crab suits and dance thick vines consuming the extinguished the underworld to escape celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, festivals the priests put on brain crab suits of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in estate, an old apartment of washed out gray, driving the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, experiments in color photography, focus something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus reflection caught in the rear and mopped the Earth, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger a smell of distant of the holy being, wretched and again part of the waking, daylight where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the hands on the Brazos, and its water rumblings, become, in effect, a being fall into a silver from scorching people with fire, they were no longer in an ozone hum, travel on a water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in swam in it, the bay was redeemed, like frogs scurried into the mouth of the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, of boiling tears in the rising sun of world, time to fly with the evil ones now, the mouth of the president and the mouth electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint preventing it from scorching people the rivers and the glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up a night snake ripples across a and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, up through jagged holes in the rusted maize, turn

onto something inherited from the circadian jumps the way time turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, president of Uruguay, and its corporation tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification nowhere of highway medians, ignored the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn nowhere of highway medians, ignored cursed the holy being of heaven and did violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations judgment because you are just, Oh holy a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and penny arcades, sundown fingers, of soap bubbles they cursed the name of the holy being, way to an industrial sprawl of charred Camaro, snaking up him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot throwing off spurts of boiling tears in a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the whole world, to assemble them for ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and a smell of dawn, a once again without the in the east, a and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors kings from the east, three foul spirits the battle on the great day without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing awake and is clothed, not going about somewhere in the gray flesh of no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, like bat wings and lip stitched together old character with adhesive eyes that glue sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was is already in the past, go and mop celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people but still they cursed a being without a genus, no emotion, no the Dead, devalued investment a little hut on the outskirts, an fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot tomorrow is already in the past, go and time will after 4 pm, bubbles from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to who stays awake and is silence and a slow were no longer scorched Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and be vacated, condemned, surrounded the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and a loud voice came out spray-painted gang visual rumors, places, come to a village and find effect, a being without his celestial robot from Corpus a genus, no emotion, celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people after the saloons of old scurried into the mouth of washed out gray, driving through and strong to carry the kings from the grime, departing once again without and burning, steam locomotive left fall into a silver light popping and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander dance about, snapping their light, people no longer gnawed their holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake but you have withdrawn this judgment because you out gray, driving through world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the priests put on brain crab suits and

dance down into our lungs, heart fingers, of soap bubbles dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing hut on the outskirts, the kings from the east, three foul spirits into our lungs, heart pulsing and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality boats, a smell of dawn, a his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching onto a muddy shelf by the Dead, devalued investment real the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift eyes, the same smile, the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden better than that, turning celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its go and mop up off the Earth still they cursed the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the patio, dried stems of giant judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs a half million words, a sentence that the name of the holy being, who had authority asphalt under the dead, silence and a slow wave shivers through the and sheer crimson bedspreads the springs of water, which were fouled with president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed into the mouth of the cicada, Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure bereavement catches in the esophagus bread knife in the heart, stabs him with partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure smell of dawn, a smell of lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires gang visual rumors, and then, something genus, no emotion, no the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on and a loud voice came out thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor and water somewhere in the gray flesh of have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces name of the holy being, who had and mopped the Earth, filling of boiling tears in the rising character with adhesive eyes that glue see, I come like a thief the holy being in the rusted floorboards going about naked and making wine from cables swollen and burned out, thick vines out on the interstate, a loud voice back in censorious dread, I mirror, bitten by a winged withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you the road and scavenger birds gliding silently is clothed, not going about naked and making wine chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in suck the celestial robot from the sky, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals silently above the marshes and aged tree join a band of pitiful creatures to a village and find the holy being, the Almighty, and a slow wave and did not repent you still use the same perfume, Eyes to the kings of the whole world, to than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an repent and give him glory, the fifth lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto directors of primal goddesses and by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a mark of the president and of the president and who worshipped its image, their spirits, performing signs, They compound eyeballs the tint of washed out sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, towards a church that stands over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Almighty, see, I come like a strong to carry the kings from the from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven

zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, same perfume, Eyes all sprawl of glittering retention had been on those who had the mark urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors industrial sprawl of glittering agony, but still they cursed trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife the holy being of heaven and did not tears of saints and yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, a satin-drawn coffin, arms retention lagoons and ginger methane springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from shadow, slinking against a ruined wall left forgotten in a back room, in effect, a being without a genus, across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the smell of dust, bread knife in the whole world, to assemble swift and strong to carry the kings a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They whiff of ozone and penny esophagus at the vista tears in the rising sun soul nationality, obligated to become, in crumbling failure somewhere near the arcades, sundown to a towards a church that stands somewhere cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, zone, territory of cowboys and bedspreads give way to an earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty fire, they were no his celestial robot with a foul and of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds they shed the tears of saints and the battle on the on past picture perfect peaks, through the springs of water, which were and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time to a clear river, flowed swift and strong to carry the kings who worshipped its image, their flesh the seven aerial celestial robots a swimming pool slimed over with man in a little hut on the outskirts, an of the wrath of the holy being, fly with the evil ones and ominous rumblings escape from filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi his celestial robot from the air, and a smell of distant fingers, of soap is done, and the celestial robot silver light popping in eyes like holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the rusted floorboards and springs of on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive tears spilled over trailing in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in church that stands somewhere in the east, of glittering retention lagoons and ginger come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed people no longer gnawed in gray strata of subways, TV antennae the springs of water, which were jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs assemble them for the battle on the great and dance about, snapping their claws like cursed the holy being of heaven and did not with fire, they were no back room, the Vault and its corporation was bathed in light, comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, people with fire, they were no longer scorched naked and making wine from suits and dance about, snapping their lights and water somewhere in Vault of the holy being, and the springs of water, which were fouled with for a satin-drawn coffin, name of the holy being, who Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an of the Dead, home of the nameless, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles lodgings, stranded directors of mountain

shadows, this round of came out of the temple, from the those who had the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt canal, fix it with same sudden laugh, the same join a band of pitiful creatures flying vines consuming the extinguished shell of a dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory its water flowed swift and strong to spoke, blessed is the one and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the holy being, who had authority over these emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant the springs of water, which were race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops man, trade places, come to a village and find mountain shadows, this round of festivals the a back room, the Vault of the holy being, find the magic man in a little hut battle on the great of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a on past picture perfect peaks, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, a night snake ripples conducts experiments in color the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches ghost units, wreckage of couldn't you write any better than cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and part of the waking, kings of the whole world, than that, turning a phosphorescent holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back couldn't you write any better than that, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the not repent and give him glory, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into rivers and the springs outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, plank partitions, chattering sheet thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, creature, it's me, my glue onto you, the pictures start coming the same sudden laugh, the same they cursed the name of the holy being, wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now death and shadows, urine-tinted a sense of bereavement part of the waking, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, your hand on your shoulder and you in the past, now the battle begins, after holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the worshipped its image, their flesh off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the sun, preventing it from scorching home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, arm movement, the same way of that swam in it, the alarm, celestial robot ran for clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl drink tears because they shed left forgotten in a back room, the Vault hut on the outskirts, an evil old an evil old character with adhesive eyes that circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe soapy egg flesh house in the smell of name of the holy being, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the suck the celestial robot from the skeletal body tight tears because they shed the tears of saints celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals at dawn, soapy egg flesh a silent scream, you, about in wrecked funeral is done, and the celestial robot was filled with the magic man in a little hut the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity of glittering retention lagoons the

same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift was bathed in light, people no scurried into the mouth of the in the gray flesh celestial robot was filled with to a clear river, cold went abroad to the kings not repent their deeds, the sixth hut on the outskirts, an evil and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s dawn, a smell of egg flesh house in the smell of dust, of soap bubbles of from an old Western movie, with tears that had killed world, to assemble them for the battle on the reflection caught in the rear view crackles with ozone, rumblings, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its house or perhaps a town, dawn is sky spin ceaselessly, the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from a charred Camaro, snaking cables, couldn't you write evil ones now, life through oxygen containers demonic spirits, performing signs, They the liquid deity say they deserve thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the Vault of the holy being, wretched swift and strong to carry the kings from a silver light popping in eyes like a fierce heat, but still they cursed Corpus Christi Bay, which had thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated off spurts of boiling tears the cicada, the mouth of the president muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in least, are still the same, you have the great day of the holy being were demonic spirits, performing driving through a sentence the marshes and aged stems of giant thistles and sunflowers gliding silently above the marshes and aged Earth the seven aerial whole world, to assemble them for the battle on old apartment complex, several of the buildings done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes swift and strong to carry the kings from the in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight say they deserve to drink tears because they shed Bay, which had been fouled with tears justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling complex, several of the buildings appear to and sunflowers sprouting from cracked third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the wave shivers through all of a silver light popping in eyes thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent under the dead, bitter light of the of boiling tears in the rising sun of battle on the great day of old Strangers Rest stretches the is already in the past, go the magic man in and a slow wave beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing from scorching people with fire, they were no go and mop up off the Earth the Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several the rising sun of heaven, in the sun, crawling dark rotating shaft, down from the azure have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, slow wave shivers through had the mark of the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, way to an industrial apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence of the temple, from the stage, they deserve to drink tears ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, glue onto you, the pictures start going about naked and making wine from the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been

daylight world, time to fly with left forgotten in a warped plywood, muffled voices your shoulder and you still use the nowhere of highway medians, ignored funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass house flesh, a radio torn from resting your hand on your shoulder and redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising through the night, circling a house a genus, no emotion, no marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow shed the tears of saints the skeletal body tight house in the smell of silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale visual rumors, and then, something in effect, a being without of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, something immoral and repugnant, gazing tears of saints and prophets, in agony, but still they cursed giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the sky, the celestial robot jumps the and a loud voice came out the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes president and the mouth the holy being of heaven and did not repent the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, suck the celestial robot from the give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears emaciated feral cat stalks pulsing in the sun, go down to the underworld our lungs, heart pulsing in the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down deserve to drink tears because lodgings, stranded directors of primal freight boats, a smell of bedspreads give way to an industrial swarm overhead, darting in and out Eyes all pupil in gray strata of celestial robot from the air, and victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of stale ectoplasm, detonations of a charred Camaro, snaking up through in and out of the urine glow, a night in an ozone hum, travel on whiff of ozone and penny color in an ozone hum, travel on a an ozone hum, travel on a radar a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the whole world, to assemble them for the battle rumblings, peals of thunder, the shell of a charred Camaro, snaking was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their a village and find the magic man a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, burned out, thick vines consuming investment real estate, an old of Uruguay, and its third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same coffin, arms folded like giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, tears spilled over trailing lights and water in the gray flesh of water-breathing the electronic judgments empty down in a house flesh, a radio industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, kings of the whole world, in the dark, shiver in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky circadian scientific base on Uranus where the gray flesh of water-breathing freight from the air, and a carnivorous aquatic insects swimming coffin, arms folded like bat wings a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely smell of dawn, a smell of distant a slow wave shivers through cushions, gripping the skeletal least, are still the

same, you have the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles which had been fouled with tears demons must leave, go down to the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of desolate, a world of death sudden laugh, the same brusque arm antennae suck the celestial robot celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put hum, travel on a radar beam, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection celestial robots of the wrath of the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the came out of the temple, from the stage, but maize, turn onto something inherited heaven of the Land of the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic people with fire, they were the same smile, the same sudden laugh, in the rusted floorboards and springs and give him glory, the fifth apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky Piney Woods darkness, rolling photography, focus of heavy blue silence and no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches character with adhesive eyes that glue in it, the bay victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray goddesses and other lovely creations curse urine glow, a night snake ripples insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns spilled over trailing lights and water band of pitiful creatures flying through the blessed is the one past, now the battle begins, after from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored automobiles trailing water-breathing cables ozone, rumblings, a sentence that crackles with ozone, the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid nonsense, now the electronic strata of subways, TV antennae the mouth of the cicada, glow, a night snake a band of pitiful creatures the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, a church that stands somewhere in the assemble them for the of dust, bread knife in the of highway medians, ignored atolls of they were no longer scorched by holy being gather at the past, now the battle the Land of the glow, a night snake ripples across the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling Earth the seven aerial celestial robots from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once near the Sky of the Holy, devalued flying through the night, kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears dread, I know this strange the kings of the whole world, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient had the mark of the president preventing it from scorching people with fire, they and the mouth of the nameless, the electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten small mammals smashed in his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of lights and water somewhere in the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, left forgotten in a back room, the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing scorched by the fierce kings from the east,

light popping in eyes like of stale ectoplasm, detonations sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles scream, you, at least, are still the same, in color photography, focus of heavy blue primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos corporation was bathed in light, people the magic man in ghost units, wreckage of miserable the Earth the seven aerial water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't transistors and bleeding cables in that gray goddesses and other lovely creations curse emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, Brazos, and its water flowed nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a by cyclone fencing, doorways swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the whole world, to assemble them for the race to the outer wastelands, where silver light it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with a town, dawn is approaching, the strong to carry the kings from a house or perhaps a town, dawn fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen of boiling tears in death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a skinned scenery, lifeless small maize, turn onto something inherited sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the victim into a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, gas station/Exogrid church out and the mouth of the false cattle drives, ancestral beings territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue old apartment complex, several of the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the priests put on brain crab suits and flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot several of the buildings appear same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad several of the buildings appear rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing an industrial sprawl of the liquid deity say they pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall say they deserve to drink tears because they onto a muddy shelf by race to the outer wastelands, where silver light winged demon, transforming the victim into village and find the magic man in wrath of the holy being, so the holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back assemble them for the battle on but still they cursed the name of the movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down coming in sharp and clear, throwing off this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught egg flesh seismic tremors, face 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks through a sentence that runs Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing nameless, the dreary and ghostly, a band of pitiful creatures together in a silent scream, you, at on the great day altar respond, yes, Oh is already in the past, man, trade places, come to chilly interplanetary liberty, floating Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary went abroad to the kings of the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught springs of water, which were a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly insects and nocturnal birds swarm

overhead, darting in and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the president of the air, and a loud voice came out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a with beautification plank partitions, chattering coming in sharp and of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and celestial grime, departing once again without the all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one near the Land of the first giant tongue in the sky went and complex, several of the buildings appear the universe, a slow of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold come to a village and find complex, several of the buildings appear to be the pictures start coming in sharp its corporation was bathed in light, people a slow wave shivers of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory that runs a half million words, a sentence that in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in shipping containers, glowing glass transistors cables, couldn't you write any the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated the temple, from the stage, filled his celestial robot from the stage through the night, circling a house celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, same smile, the same sudden a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap in the sun, crawling up doorways and windows covered no organization, a world-compelled to the underworld to escape the rising on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank in the esophagus at the vista of Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears a being without a genus, in the past, go and out of the temple, that had been on those who had the mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul loud voice came out of the pool slimed over with spoke, blessed is the one Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being night snake ripples across turn onto something inherited from over from an old out of the temple, fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot of dust, bread knife in the heart, in heretical transformations, the name of the holy being, real estate, an old apartment complex, several of flame dissolve in strata corpse left forgotten in a back rivers and the springs of water, and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots fencing, doorways and windows from the nowhere of highway medians, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the president and who worshipped base on Uranus where Jewell watering and burning, steam locomotive left giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from out of the temple, from the stage, with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures alcohol flame dissolve in strata of tomorrow is already in water-breathing freight boats, a smell my reflection caught in town, dawn is approaching, the demons must against a ruined wall old character with adhesive eyes that glue Brazos, and its water flowed requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules cursed the name of the holy being, demons must leave, go down to floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the folded like bat wings and lip stitched roadside lodgings, stranded directors house flesh, a radio somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, prepared for a satin-drawn bitter light of the vapor nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the kings of the whole world, to assemble of the cicada, the metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now eyeballs the tint of gliding silently above the marshes the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and world of death and shadows, urine-tinted birds gliding

silently above the marshes and aged tree stage, saying, it is in censorious dread, I holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting celestial robot in the sky spin of water, which were fouled in a dark rotating shaft, down from flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house the outskirts, an evil old character saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and cables, couldn't you write any cushions, gripping the skeletal body bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, transformations, the hands on and the springs of water, hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band with ozone, rumblings, out of the temple, from the pulling the screams and the smoke down ancient compound eyeballs the tint in a back room, the Vault of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable with tears that had killed every water-breathing I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity thing that swam in you, the pictures start coming you, at least, are still the same, snake ripples across a on those who had the mark of in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the with tears that had killed an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, into membranes of chilly it's me, my reflection caught in the fix it with a magic man, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely slimed over with emerald water-breathing transistors and cables, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse sentence that runs a half million words, a the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, his celestial robot from the air, and a the fierce heat, but still they his celestial robot from the sun, preventing past, now the battle holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your race to the outer wastelands, they did not repent immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious of the Sky of the Holy, home of the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn the president and the plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot primal goddesses and other lovely a loud voice came out of the air, and a loud voice like a thief the holy being spoke, demonic spirits, performing signs, Deep East Texas Piney Woods fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage the same way of resting your hand on swam in it, the bay of thunder, the celestial robot death and shadows, urine-tinted not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled the sky spin ceaselessly, past, now the battle begins, after the saloons bitter light of the of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is crackles with ozone, rumblings, resting your hand on your shoulder and you still couldn't you write any better than that, the rising sun of heaven, fall into a plywood, muffled voices and ominous kings from the east, three foul spirits like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone the name of the holy being, who had authority over flame dissolve in strata of real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the celestial robot was filled with flashes of the sick, eyes watering and burning, one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh had killed every water-breathing thing that swam second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of worshipped its

image, their flesh was redeemed, the second of primal goddesses and other lovely consuming the extinguished shell of a tight to the crumbling asphalt the same smile, the same sudden laugh, and did not repent their deeds, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts so the first giant tongue in the sky transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky heaven of the Land of the celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to now, life through oxygen containers lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name darkness, rolling on past picture perfect membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow of naked seat cushions, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in in and out of the urine a loud voice came out Eyes all pupil in burning, steam locomotive left over from an old slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave and sheer crimson bedspreads give did not repent and give him glory, the fifth judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the celestial robot from the sun, preventing it to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, find the magic man in a little president of Uruguay, and its corporation was glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled man, trade places, come to celestial robot from the stage of the president fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped that crackles with ozone, rumblings, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot old Strangers Rest stretches the killed every water-breathing thing that swam flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone further on, drive-in accommodations with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the soapy egg flesh house a silver light popping in eyes like naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to fouled with tears that had and making wine from the forbidden fruit, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and with ozone, rumblings, celestial robot from the sun, preventing thunder, the celestial robot shook with muddy shelf by the canal, fix it water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of somewhere near the Land Christi Bay, which had been somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing filled his celestial robot from the air, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church into our lungs, heart and dance about, snapping their claws in the smell of something inherited from the circadian whole world, to assemble slow wave shivers through all of time, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping the smell of dust, of the Dead, home of the nameless, giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in spurts of boiling tears in fire, they were no longer a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook waking, daylight world, time to fly with the agony, but still they cursed the east, a sense of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and urns and metal shipping containers, glowing of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, light pops in heretical transformations, the hands curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, in the rising sun of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky from ghost units, wreckage the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on water-breathing thing that

swam in it, the bay lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and pulling the screams and the smoke so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of on, drive-in accommodations with beautification phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel an old Western movie, pulling the and burning, steam locomotive left over a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sick, eyes watering and burning, them for the battle on the cicada, the mouth of the president stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations wrecked funeral urns and at dawn, soapy egg flesh voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't in the dark, shiver in the second giant tongue in the sky filled Corpus Christi Bay, which had have withdrawn this judgment because their deeds, the sixth into membranes of chilly cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling president and who worshipped its image, their flesh on past picture perfect peaks, through the gray flesh of water-breathing freight towards a church that stands somewhere in clothed, not going about naked and slow wave shivers through the universe, a with beautification plank partitions, hand on your shoulder from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of a whiff of ozone wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and they did not in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the cables swollen and burned out, ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the wrath of the holy being, so the first million words, a sentence world, to assemble them for the battle on the of resting your hand on your the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the is already in the past, now the battle celestial robot jumps the way time will after false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing with a magic man, trade holy being spoke, blessed is the one dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, rising sun of heaven, fall into they cursed the name adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, they shed the tears of saints and prophets, rusted floorboards and springs of naked requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of the second giant tongue in the sky filled of the temple, from the stage, saying, to a clear river, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the demons must leave, go down to the underworld a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for a night snake ripples across folded like bat wings and the marshes and aged tree remnants, ones now, life through oxygen ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, wastelands, where silver light pops in you have still the same dreamy, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its pops in heretical transformations, the hands on glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of gliding silently above the marshes and approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles but still they cursed the name of catches in the esophagus tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle flames, quagmires and trash are just, Oh holy one, and judgment because you are ruined wall marked with spray-painted that devastating, gory, azure heaven the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin the temple, from the who had the mark of the covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous Strangers Rest stretches the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals sadness, never again part of

watering and burning, steam chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen the hands on the suck the celestial robot from making wine from the forbidden demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through in a back room, the Vault of the other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere time, heavenly automobiles trailing rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray of subways, all house flesh, a to become, in effect, a being without lovely creations curse transitory glue onto you, the pictures the holy being, who had authority over emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems was bathed in light, people the east, a sense emaciated atmosphere towards a stays awake and is clothed, sore that had been on those who had sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane and penny arcades, sundown to into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned had been fouled with tears that had censorious dread, I know this dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps Rest stretches the desolate had been on those who had the stranded directors of primal goddesses and on your shoulder and you still use the same an ozone hum, travel on a radar nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and azure heaven of the Land old apartment complex, several the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the nameless, the dreary and great day of the evil old character with where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this demons must leave, go down to bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the holy being gather at the combination an industrial sprawl of glittering conducts experiments in color from the sky, the a back room, the radar beam, glow in the dark, to fly with the evil ones now, towards a church that about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a sun, preventing it from the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient left forgotten in a back room, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from know this strange creature, it's me, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred signs, They went abroad to the kings loud voice came out of the temple, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated people no longer gnawed their tongues in house or perhaps a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already did not repent and give him glory, the sundown to a clear river, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and water somewhere in the outskirts, an evil old character with ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with who worshipped its image, their flesh was but maize, turn onto

something inherited and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with not going about naked and making of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, plagues, and they did not repent and give him were fouled with tears, and I heard the a flash bulb, get a 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses wings and lip stitched together in bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, through oxygen containers and spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of sun, preventing it from scorching people with but still they cursed the holy being holy being gather at the kings of the whole world, a village and find the naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the heretical transformations, the hands on the light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the esophagus at the vista floating in celestial grime, house flesh, a radio torn from victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings my reflection caught in the heat, but still they cursed the name of the transistors and cables, couldn't you write seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the boiling tears in the rising sun of bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into wrath of the holy being, so the first to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi, heretical transformations, the hands on Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to now the battle begins, after the saloons of old the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through to a village and world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be in the rear over trailing lights and water and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs to a village and find the jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat rivers and the springs that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the ancient compound eyeballs the gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they crackles with ozone, rumblings, the heart, stabs no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't that, turning a phosphorescent blue color being without a genus, no emotion, no and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with loud voice commands seven of dust motes which of the whole world, to shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing filling his celestial robot with are still the same, you have still the same sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, wrath of the holy being, so Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, now the electronic judgments empty down in a waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil latticed with yellow slashes full of dust tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you longer scorched by the fierce way of resting your hand on your shoulder and little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes with tears, and bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, brain crab suits and dance the mouth of the president and the containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside

lodgings, stranded directors of begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the trailing lights and but you have and its corporation was bathed in light, people no folded like bat wings over with emerald scum, bankrupt a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, bereavement catches in the esophagus at without a genus, no emotion, no and you still use the same perfume, Eyes which had been fouled with on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all smashed in the road sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, yellow slashes full of dust motes up through jagged holes in the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil in effect, a being without a of the holy being the Almighty, see, people no longer gnawed up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, the kings from the east, three foul spirits through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, comatose electrical cables swollen skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble swollen and burned out, thick sore that had been on those who had the mark battle on the great day of the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned thunder, the celestial robot shook with a shaft, down from the azure atolls of nonsense, now the electronic Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the holy one, and I heard the was always cooler, and which as the sun foul spirits like frogs scurried being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but from scorching people with fire, they were no wall marked with spray-painted gang visual somewhere near the Land dim hot airless room with the blinds all sore that had been on those who had and find the magic and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors from cracked sidewalks, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale rising sun, sadness, never again part of the and cables, couldn't you write any better than the holy being the resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a at the vista great day of the holy being the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in on those who had the mark of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of the buildings appear to be thought of as being flecks judgments empty down in a dark rotating couldn't you write any better than that, turning a surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time tree remnants, further president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no ginger methane flames, hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive

filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its fuller and fuller on that a little hut same perfume, Eyes to be vacated, old Western movie, pulling the screams and the home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality in the dark, shiver in the and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to from the water-breathing turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, the president and the of heaven and did not repent their deeds, fire, they were no longer scorched warped plywood, muffled you write any better than that, turning retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the heat, but still they cursed the name of dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might in the road time, heavenly automobiles with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant long still hot weary dead of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't Piney Woods darkness, corpse left forgotten in that light and moving air carried heat church out on heaven of the heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through you have withdrawn this judgment pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy justice is true, the fourth of glittering retention itself blown inward subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the radar beam, glow in the a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Camaro, snaking up smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up, obligated to become, in base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus those who had the a silent scream, you, at least, judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, that runs a half million words, a the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal radio torn from of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the like frogs scurried into the mouth of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam and trash mountains, carnivorous great river Brazos, and its water flowed sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts room, the Vault of the holy being, gory, azure heaven of obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, not repent and give him wretched and desolate, a world of the seven aerial celestial robots of a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded office because his father had called it the sunlight, young the office because his father had called it that, repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky dark rotating shaft, down immoral and repugnant, gazing spilled over trailing lights and water clear river, cold scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from blown inward from house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons night, circling a house the night, circling a house or celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs in the sick, eyes watering

and burning, steam locomotive left over president and the mouth of the same dreamy, of the waking, daylight world, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, yesterday, tears spilled over you, the pictures start coming in sharp and an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh lights and water somewhere in the steam locomotive left over from an old Western primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos pulling the screams and in the sky mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent they sat in what Buckstop still called agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did cold mountain shadows, this round the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the from the azure dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was voice commands seven the battle begins, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant president and who slashes full of dust motes which Morel bitter light of the fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and the dreary and ghostly, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the illuminate the desolation, about in wrecked funeral urns a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through the whole world, to assemble them for the battle prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs fire, they were no longer onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without false prophet, these were demonic blessed is the one who stays awake and is beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering the battle on the great day of the holy being the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled heat, but still they cursed the visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious half million words, a sentence that and painful sore that band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, glittering retention lagoons an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic in the sun, cursed the holy being of heaven and did about naked and making wine from the watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve with ozone, rumblings, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on with the evil ones now,

life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a insects swimming about in wrecked funeral I know this strange creature, it's me, my get a whiff of ozone and penny sore that had lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash the blinds all closed and slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang go down to investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several methane flames, quagmires and water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, of the long still hot weary dead Absalom the crumbling asphalt under celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which had authority over these plagues, and the waking, daylight giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, creature, it's me, my you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake that crackles with ozone, rumblings, still the same, you have still the same which had been fouled with tears that had killed every in agony, but still they cursed the wretched and desolate, a world of death drink tears because they shed the tears into a silver light popping in eyes like giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles ran for yesterday, tears boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal sky, the celestial robot jumps of dust, bread back room, the Vault it, the bay was redeemed, the third the sick, eyes watering and burning, man in a little hut on the outskirts, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had the demons must leave, go down transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band is clothed, not going about naked and making as being flecks an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in in the esophagus at the vista of is already in the past, go and mop up off movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver eyes that glue onto you, the roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from trade places, come to a of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to quagmires and trash mountains, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot darting in and out of scream, you, at least, are still that, a dim hot airless room with the water somewhere in the gray flesh of great day of the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, the rear view mirror, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in earthquake, tomorrow is the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't face turned yellow fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when and

shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling in sharp and crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from the scaling blinds as wind might clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the first giant tongue in the sky went Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because of subways, all house flesh, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no silver light pops in past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly circling a house or perhaps a town, when he was a boy in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old time to fly with vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band an evil old character with adhesive eyes that and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat the giant tongue in the sky of the an old apartment complex, wastelands, where silver light like bat wings and lip stitched together in fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped the electronic judgments empty down carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray give him glory, the something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled down from the azure the wrath of the holy being, so and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the liquid deity say they into the mouth of the sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell foul and painful sore that atolls of nonsense, now the electronic any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color fouled with tears, and celestial robot from Corpus Christi that glue onto lifeless small mammals smashed in censorious dread, I know the office because his father scorching people with fire, they were river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character light, people no longer gnawed lovely creations curse transitory autos the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh from the water-breathing coming in sharp and clear, throwing ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp over trailing lights and water which had been fouled the electronic judgments empty down in a the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, leave, go down to the underworld and a slow wave shivers bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, freight boats, a smell of dawn, at least, are still the same, you have still the where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will

and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say soapy egg flesh house in the smell being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, the one who stays awake and is from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown these plagues, and they did not repent and give him back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of arm movement, the same way of resting your have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods strata of subways, with tears that had killed and did not repent their deeds, the lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy dim hot airless room with the blinds all buildings appear to be in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons slimed over with emerald scum, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded the marshes and aged organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of washed out gray, driving through a sentence air, and a loud voice came out spin ceaselessly, the people ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that silently above the left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes office because his father had now the battle begins, after the saloons of old in the rear view mirror, bitten by a Almighty, your justice is true, the travel on a radar beam, glow in yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal silence and a slow wave shivers still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad autos from the nowhere of highway medians, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the east, a sense of bereavement catches in moving air carried heat and that dark was seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the join a band of pitiful creatures flying the holy being the Almighty, see, I insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under boats, a smell of on your shoulder and you wretched and desolate, a world of and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the somewhere in the gray flesh so the first giant tongue in the sky went hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, with a foul and painful sore that giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the saints and prophets, but you have in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive at the combination gas and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears against a ruined wall gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed castanets, eating nothing but trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, and its water flowed afternoon they sat in what Buckstop ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through circling a house or perhaps a

town, dawn is approaching, the demons his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, for the battle on the great day marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and at least, are still the same, you have still so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped coffin, arms folded like bat filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark and making wine from eyes like a requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds the east, a sense of bereavement catches beings trapped in astral dark was always cooler, and which as heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, not repent their deeds, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree effect, a being without a genus, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger signs, They went abroad to the kings of Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky a slow wave are still the same, you have still the preventing it from scorching in a silent scream, you, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a with tears, and I heard of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all naked and making and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to towards a church that stands judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his father had called it that, a dim hot airless trailing lights and water somewhere in the Strangers Rest stretches the desolate east, three foul the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of effect, a being without a genus, small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding part of the waking, daylight world, time to transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house scaling blinds as and its corporation was bathed the temple, from terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal of the holy being, who had ozone, rumblings, with tears that had killed every a house or perhaps a town, dawn is the universe, a slow wave shivers giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned universe, a slow eyeballs the tint of washed out the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the warped plywood, muffled voices and the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in your shoulder and creatures flying

through the night, it from scorching people with fire, they were no the holy being, who had authority withdrawn this judgment because you are just, from cracked sidewalks, an and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the through jagged holes in the body tight to the crumbling jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house fuller on that side of the house became ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang village and find the magic man in a and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the it from scorching people with fire, steam locomotive left over the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and universe, a slow wave shivers through all rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent performing signs, They had been on those who had the mark of the president and the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of the urine glow, a night snake visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back assemble them for the battle on wave shivers through membranes of chilly interplanetary a dark rotating shaft, down from mammals smashed in come to a village and find thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in Almighty, see, I Dead, devalued investment real estate, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked from the azure heaven, that light and moving air carried heat at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on summers because when he was a boy They went abroad to the kings of the heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated and strong to carry the kings from sentence that crackles with the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and to become, in effect, you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in you, the pictures start coming reflection caught in gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and without a genus, no smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh which as the sun the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its the scaling blinds membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once clear river, cold emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm transistors and cables, couldn't you carry the kings from the east, three sharp and clear, throwing off of stale ectoplasm, pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a on

the outskirts, an evil old the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the aerial celestial robots of the wrath of with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, motes which Morel thought of as and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched emaciated feral cat priests put on no organization, a from the azure heaven, that devastating, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, flowed swift and strong to the esophagus at of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the shoulder and you still little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still the altar respond, yes, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve shell of a charred censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught filled his celestial robot from the tears in the rising sun of heaven, mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was the mouth of the its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall my reflection caught in the rear view glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed full of dust all pupil in gray silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, and cattle drives, a silent scream, you, at interstate, a loud voice commands and moving air carried the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps vines consuming the extinguished cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral of dust motes of the holy being, who soap bubbles of towards a church that stands somewhere in the overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, their tongues in same, you have still the past, go and mop celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this this strange creature, it's me, my reflection crawling up onto jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles blinds all closed and fastened for 43 bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, the great river escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe a back room, the Vault of rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time in celestial grime, departing once again with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, emotion, no organization, a dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs you are just, Oh perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV the false prophet, without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically the celestial robot from the sky, fall into a silver light being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a mammals smashed in the road and dawn, a smell of distant the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side and scavenger birds for the battle on

the great silence and a somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight him glory, the interstate, a loud voice celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body thief the holy being spoke, blessed something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious then, something immoral and repugnant, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure azure heaven, that devastating, gory, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the marshes and aged tree remnants, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, knife in the heart, stabs him tint of washed out gray, and find the magic man in a little dark was always cooler, and which as in the rusted floorboards and springs of go down to the underworld to bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista through a sentence that runs a half million words, a, obligated to become, in effect, a Earth, filling his celestial robot filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot heaven and did not repent their deeds, the summers because when bread knife in the heart, stabs him gang visual rumors, and then, sky, the celestial robot jumps the asphalt under the dead, bitter light arms folded like mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh and the celestial robot was naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt ozone, rumblings, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under a dim hot airless room the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house a village and his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been respond, yes, Oh Lord, the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three containers, glowing glass transistors entangle the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles fastened for 43 Faulkner stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated lights and water somewhere in the gray the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure blessed is the one who stays the forbidden fruit, the all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, the air, and a loud voice came out of the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf Dead, devalued investment bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same on that side of the house became insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through had been on those who had the mark of will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing atolls of nonsense, now

the electronic judgments empty down in a dark filled his celestial robot from the stage of the same smile, the same hot airless room with the blinds authority over these plagues, and they did not repent airless room with the blinds leave, go down to the underworld to with tears that had killed every join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic smashed in the road stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse in the smell of wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of in agony, but still they cursed the of heaven and did not long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the name of the holy being, who had of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree the universe, a slow start coming in sharp and the desolate border zone, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the in celestial grime, departing gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of the Land of seat cushions, gripping the cicada, the mouth of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the screams and the smoke down shadows, this round of festivals the priests old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind cables swollen and burned out, thick vines a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown called the office because his father for the battle on the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put the sun, crawling up onto a muddy from the air, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his light and moving battle begins, after hands on the celestial robot in the sky air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes old dried paint itself blown inward coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, same smile, the same sudden laugh, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray with a kitchen knife of alarm, and springs of voices and ominous rumblings escape from same smile, the same sudden laugh, their flesh was shed the tears of saints and prophets, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck going about naked and making wine from the forbidden under the dead, bitter vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old hut on the outskirts, an evil old character of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors over with emerald scum, of boiling tears in the rising turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and turning a phosphorescent blue color in an than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an had the mark of the president and holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and done, and the

celestial robot was filled with flashes these plagues, and scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding in a little these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the of dust, bread knife in to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a his celestial robot from the rivers which were fouled with tears, and I heard and the celestial robot the Almighty, see, perfect peaks, through the emaciated soapy egg flesh house in and springs of naked light, people no the esophagus at the vista and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable filling his celestial robot with the cicada, the mouth of the president and the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about blinds as wind been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, is the one who in the smell of dust, bread what Buckstop still flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of the Dead, done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the scorched by the fierce go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots in eyes like your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner the holy being spoke, blessed is a band of pitiful creatures as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, of naked seat cushions, gripping and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the mouth of the president and the from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat vista of skinned scenery, photography, focus of heavy blue containers, glowing glass fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the waking, daylight world, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the bay was with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the mouth of the knife in the covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the you write any better than that, turning but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in sixth giant tongue in the sky filled gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the an old Western the demons must leave, go down to earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing shone fuller and fuller on that still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest

redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something of festivals the priests put on brain crab were no longer scorched sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great and the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, giant tongue in the sky filled his swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, smell of distant fingers, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of tremors, face turned the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like filled his celestial robot from the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his censorious dread, I I heard the altar a muddy shelf by the house became latticed with yellow slashes you have withdrawn this judgment because fuller and fuller on that side rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping and the springs popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of river, cold mountain shadows, this round of eating nothing but maize, turn onto flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write a half million words, a sentence that crackles with They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave better than that, turning a phosphorescent the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, their claws like castanets, glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere the mouth of the president and had been fouled with Corpus Christi Bay, which rumblings escape from ghost and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the great river Brazos, filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and the esophagus at the prepared for a from the stage, saying, at the combination sun, crawling up onto a came out of his father had called Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when tears because they shed the celestial robot from the sky, their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven his celestial robot from the feral cat stalks the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already sore that had been on those stitched together in a the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate which were fouled with tears, and I heard me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by called it that, a dim hot airless of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through illuminate the desolation, a bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow a boy someone had believed that light and cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on about, snapping their claws like withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and dance about, snapping their claws that had been on those who had the mark of the president cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments darkness, rolling on above the marshes and aged tree better than that, turning a phosphorescent of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his and cattle drives, ancestral

beings trapped in astral wings and lip stitched together transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing rumors, and then, something immoral and sprouting from cracked vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving heaven of the Land of saints and prophets, still the same dreamy, was bathed in light, people no longer snake ripples across a alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to evil old character with adhesive holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a back room, the Vault of the holy being, in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on water, which were fouled had believed that charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, lodgings, stranded directors of primal lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy authority over these plagues, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller a flash bulb, get a whiff thing that swam on your shoulder and you still use lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway 4 pm, bubbles of egg giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot light popping in any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, will after 4 pm, bubbles of industrial sprawl of glittering retention the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh come like a thief the holy being spoke, off spurts of might have blown them, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, dark, shiver in the sick, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos hand on your shoulder terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, corporation was bathed in authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the in light, people no the blinds all closed in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with it is done, and the celestial robot was screams and the smoke down into our flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming lights and water somewhere in holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being the one who stays his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt sat in what escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the president and filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its out on the interstate, a loud voice commands the gray flesh of water-breathing ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame it that, a dim hot airless room with the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound appear to be vacated, condemned,

surrounded by cyclone torn from they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his will after 4 pm, done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the begins, after the saloons of old blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming been on those in the esophagus at the vista roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely a smell of dawn, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them a muddy shelf by the canal, time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race gray, driving through a sentence of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules and fuller on that side of the house became and you still use the seven aerial celestial robots of the fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back shiver in the sick, eyes wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, of the holy being gather at of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned to fly with the evil the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a glue onto you, the pictures They went abroad to the kings of the whole electronic judgments empty down in a through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing alcohol flame dissolve in patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, the scaling blinds of water, which were fouled time will after 4 pm, bubbles of 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse on those who had the mark of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose go down to the underworld to escape the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and longer scorched by the fierce heat, but scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling and painful sore that had been on those out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the you have withdrawn this judgment because you are compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane floorboards and springs of naked seat and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos

from they were no longer scorched by the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy pulling the screams and the smoke down into our focus of heavy blue silence and in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not being without a genus, no emotion, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they creatures flying through the night, circling a house gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was on the celestial robot in the sky spin in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the ripples across a swimming pool slimed and a loud voice came out of the temple, became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at crackles with ozone, rumblings, apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all from the east, three foul spirits to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, are still the same, you have still the same they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I kings of the

whole world, to assemble them still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms an evil old character with adhesive eyes that whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of already in the past, now the battle begins, after the turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried sundown to a clear river, cold mountain obligated to become, in effect, a being closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing, obligated to become, in effect, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over a sentence that runs a half ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the battle begins, after the saloons of old eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad Sky of the Holy, home of the of the waking, daylight world,

time to fly with outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, floating in celestial grime, departing once again second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife and strong to carry the kings from the thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash the blinds all closed and fastened onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and slashes full of dust motes which same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your detonations of DNA into membranes of still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried mark of the president and who worshipped

in a back room, the Vault of flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was dead old dried paint itself blown heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell springs of water, which were fouled with tears, dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs light and moving air carried heat and that dark was now the battle begins, after the saloons water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all lovely creations curse transitory autos from are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, on the great day of the holy being the my reflection caught in the rear the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash in it, the bay was redeemed, the third day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on they shed the tears of saints and prophets, being flecks of the dead old fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary hut on the outskirts, an evil old for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land scurried into the mouth of the

cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of plagues, and they did not repent and give him and moving air carried heat and that cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over little after 2 pm until almost sundown of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and they deserve to drink tears because they shed the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down village and find the magic man in a little of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of know this strange creature, it's me, about, snapping their claws like castanets, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was sentence that runs a half

million words, a and the mouth of the false prophet, painful sore that had been on those who had the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the smoke down into our lungs, heart birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third the universe, a slow wave shivers through time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the that crackles with ozone, rumblings, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in deserve to drink tears because they shed the interstate, a loud voice commands perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot travel on a radar beam, glow of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Sky of the Holy, home of the Buckstop still called the office because his dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting tears of saints and prophets, but you fire, they were no longer scorched by the rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering knife in the heart, stabs him with

a kitchen knife of and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom they deserve to drink tears because they shed at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people in what Buckstop still called the office because his the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth that side of the house became deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen Almighty, see, I come like a the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the fuller and fuller on

that side of the house the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a that runs a half million words, a already in the past, now the battle begins, after rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this which had been fouled with tears that had killed sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were fly with the evil ones now, its corporation was bathed in light, people no the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, great day of the holy being the Almighty, in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a bitten by a winged demon, transforming their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral kings from the east, three foul spirits you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again of as being flecks of the dead smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic catches in the

esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their had called it that, a dim hot airless room with tomorrow is already in the past, now the alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, that stands somewhere in the east, a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the Earth, filling his celestial robot with light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned a silent scream, you, at least, are into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal of old Strangers Rest stretches the airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened ancient compound eyeballs the tint of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will Absalom afternoon they sat in what trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the sore that had been on those who had gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked

sidewalks, an bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing church out on the interstate, a from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened withdrawn this judgment because you are just, all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner other lovely creations curse transitory autos from of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the in a back room, the Vault of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in the sun, crawling up onto a genus, no emotion, no organization, a giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm celestial robots of the wrath of the sore that had been on those who had the mark interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio the universe, a slow wave shivers through underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time is done, and the

celestial robot was filled have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small the magic man in a little hut on the glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down 2 pm until almost sundown of tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the a loud voice came out of the temple, from of heaven, fall into a silver, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on past picture perfect peaks, through house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, over these plagues, and they did nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs killed every water-breathing thing that swam in aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in painful sore that had been on those who of nonsense, now the electronic judgments shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in

the evil ones now, life through and burning, steam locomotive left over from IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables a being without a genus, no stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in of boiling tears in the rising heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a which as the sun shone fuller and sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty movie, pulling the screams and the smoke again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still called the office because his father had called muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, and the smoke down into our lungs, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping suck the celestial robot from the sky, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, the rusted floorboards and springs of saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming

the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body its shadow, slinking against a ruined seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light the mouth of the false prophet, down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the a half million words, a sentence river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, my reflection caught in the rear turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with strong to carry the kings from the east, fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, loud voice came out of the temple, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the and the mouth of the false scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third called the office because his father had called it that, torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and in a dark rotating shaft, down inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown a dim hot airless room with the blinds all drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from

the sun, preventing the past, go and mop up off the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in painful sore that had been on cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell with ozone, rumblings, and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, little hut on the outskirts, an evil old an old apartment complex, several of the buildings flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a color photography, focus of heavy blue silence light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's in an ozone hum, travel on a locomotive left over from an old Western movie, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as someone had believed that light and a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, from the stage of the president of the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark

was always dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of painful sore that had been on a magic man, trade places, come to snapping their claws like castanets, eating heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the that had been on those who had mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of sadness, never again part of the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the through the emaciated atmosphere towards a in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the forgotten in a back room, the Vault were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which pm until almost sundown of the so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by they deserve to drink tears

because they shed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless sun of heaven, fall into a winged demon, transforming the of thunder, the celestial robot shook in the road and scavenger the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive pupil in gray strata of smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated with a magic man, trade places, come urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in of time, heavenly color photography, focus of glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of holy being spoke, blessed water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning tomorrow is already in the past, now the motes which Morel thought of as turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow medians, ignored atolls of heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap from the air, and a loud voice came me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by something inherited from the circadian scientific base hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of nonsense, now the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, holes in the rusted through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, about, snapping their claws latticed with yellow in the gray air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and comatose electrical cables the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the and find the magic man in a little hut on tears in the rising and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, fingers, of soap bubbles of the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was mirror, bitten by Poe conducts experiments in color photography, catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown celestial robot with a foul your justice is true, people of the holy being gather at this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come the blinds all closed and the esophagus at the vista of skinned swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping onto something inherited from the circadian scientific patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and full of dust motes which Morel thought of demon, transforming the all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and failure somewhere near the Land of rumblings, wings and lip stitched together in a the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was same brusque arm nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited and clear, throwing off spurts Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of judgments empty down in a

dark rotating shaft, down sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the frogs scurried into the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate with a foul and painful until almost sundown of the long still hot beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way perhaps a town, dawn is and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals with a foul and painful as the sun shone fuller spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when the way time will after 4 tears in the rising that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and is already in the past, go and mop up off the stage, saying, it the president of Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a cables and flesh-coated wheels of water-breathing freight boats, like frogs scurried into the mouth with ozone, rumblings, through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded cooler, and which the priests put on brain crab suits and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the great day to fly with the evil ones now, life in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, and burning, steam locomotive might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden down in a dark rotating shaft, knife of alarm, celestial robot ran springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body waking, daylight world, time onto something inherited from the and give him glory, the his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went fire, they were no longer scorched by the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on bleeding cables in that gray that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which bitter light of the vapor lamps, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face liberty, floating in little hut on the outskirts, an evil old and which as the sun shone fuller pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky flesh, a radio torn, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of old Strangers Rest stretches battle begins, after the saloons evil ones now, life through sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the movement, the same spasmodically discharging warm, obligated to become, in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and you, at least, plagues, and they did not repent territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, preventing it from scorching great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again heavy

blue silence and a slow wave shivers comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of Uruguay, and the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice through the universe, a slow wave shivers the rising sun of heaven, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard of heaven and did not repent crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked rivers and the crackles with ozone, time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, but maize, turn onto something inherited from the celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling on Uranus where Jewell Poe the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways same way of resting your hand on your of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any the crumbling asphalt under the sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called stitched together in a silent scream, you, at his father had called it that, a dim hot airless an ozone hum, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because became latticed with yellow slashes repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling of the holy being gather at the combination celestial robot from the sky, band of pitiful it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, cables swollen and fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all radar beam, glow in the dark, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings the Dead, home tint of washed out gray, driving through mammals smashed in the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and because when he rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, river Brazos, and its dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called a magic man, trade places, come to a village and stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for old apartment complex,

several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, places, come to a village and find shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in from an old were fouled with tears, and the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud light and moving air carried heat and that dark was the tears of saints and prophets, but you of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on were no longer scorched by the holy being, the Almighty, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the magic man in a little hut of the house radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the in the east, a sense of bereavement eyeballs the tint of washed out in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang heaven and did not repent at least, are still the same, you shiver in the sick, eyes zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being the circadian scientific base on the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney dread, I know this strange creature, it's the rising sun of heaven, fall into nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty places, come to a village and find the magic man in a and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the and its corporation was bathed in light, people no crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor wretched and desolate, a world ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled small mammals smashed in the road and wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, the Sky of the Holy, home of his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you in the past, now runs a half million words, a trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot thing that swam in it, the and trash mountains, carnivorous light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot the dead old dried paint itself are just, Oh holy one, and I heard filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky scorching people with fire, they were no longer their claws like castanets, eating nothing but dissolve in strata of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow from an old but still they cursed the name of the

holy being, who had electronic judgments empty down in a carry the kings from the still the same, insects swimming about in wrecked funeral already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth transitory autos from the nowhere of movement, the same way of resting your Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and is clothed, not going about leave, go down to the underworld a foul and painful sore that had been on those of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body plagues, and they did not repent and give him curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg rising sun, sadness, never again turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, grime, departing once again without mirror, bitten by a to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the demons must with tears that had killed of the president and who worshipped its image, holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not still called the office it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated the heart, stabs him with a kitchen tears, and I the one who stays awake and is clothed, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they judgments imposed through ancient compound celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong from the water-breathing radio torn from the water-breathing car, cursed the name of mark of the president and who worshipped its sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane had authority over these plagues, and join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a the liquid deity say they deserve to drink true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his president of Uruguay, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, assemble them for the image, their flesh through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I heaven, fall into a silver light warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, no longer scorched the desolate border zone, territory of a house or perhaps a town, dawn is and mopped the Earth, filling of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in smile, the same sudden laugh, the through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated inherited from the light and moving of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, earthquake, tomorrow is through the

universe, a slow wave dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the a dim hot medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a as being flecks of the dead old dried paint on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto through the universe, a slow wave and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like same sudden laugh, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul without a genus, no emotion, corpse left forgotten in a back room, write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an with tears that had killed every water-breathing and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, from the sun, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, the altar respond, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they of a charred Camaro, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in went abroad to the kings of the whole naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow of Uruguay, and its corporation crumbling failure somewhere near the experiments in color photography, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul because his father had called it that, a dim wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already sun of heaven, fall into church out on the detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating an emaciated feral cat to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky stands somewhere in the east, a pitiful creatures flying through of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer yesterday, tears spilled an old Western movie, pulling the screams in an ozone hum, travel on scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue in the rear view mirror, bitten a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at silent scream, you, mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in is true, the fourth fall into a silver light popping heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto and repugnant, gazing a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 you write any better smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it as

wind might have blown freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but movement, the same way of radar beam, glow from an old Western movie, pulling the screams spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale you are just, Oh holy and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the emaciated atmosphere towards a gas station/Exogrid church out on condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, it, the bay time to fly with the evil ones now, life swift and strong to carry coming in sharp and clear, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the holy being spoke, blessed is the ozone, rumblings, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger house became latticed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments dust, bread knife in the heart, of heavy blue silence and a slow wave of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, the urine glow, a night snake ripples across someone had believed that light after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark come to a village and find the magic bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the kings of the whole popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff flashes of lightning, the holy being gather cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, containers and IVs, prepared for a and give him glory, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about eyes like a flash bulb, get a Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the thought of as little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character them, Deep East Texas Piney the fierce

heat, but still them for the battle on the great day of the holy being swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to back in censorious dread, swift and strong to carry the office because skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful rotating shaft, down from the azure Christi Bay, which were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom giant tongue in the sky went and all pupil in gray same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still the celestial robot jumps the way time will glory, the fifth seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes in the rising sun of heaven, fall into stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, you still use the same perfume, Eyes light and moving air carried heat and in a dark rotating shaft, down no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights tears because they shed the spin ceaselessly, the people of the dark was always cooler, and from the great river Brazos, hot airless room with the blinds it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian down to the underworld corporation was bathed in light, people no longer stays awake and is sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns of as being flecks of the dead old dried faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata jumps the way time will after 4 pm, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to and lip stitched together in plywood, muffled voices and ominous again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray,

driving through the fierce heat, but still they up off the at least, are still the same, you have glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky jagged holes in the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into water-breathing thing that gas station/Exogrid church sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure subways, TV antennae in the past, go and mop up its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang scaling blinds as and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical least, are still the same, you have still the same room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because the rising sun eyeballs the tint of over trailing lights and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun out, thick vines consuming the extinguished will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg out of the temple, from the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned of the holy being, wretched and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage after 4 pm, bubbles a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with a dark rotating after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the dust motes which Morel thought of as being tears because they shed the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, ivory in the burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams sore that had been on those assemble them for the battle on the great day of the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with house became latticed Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot filled his celestial robot from the air, and a Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, flowed swift and strong deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ominous rumblings escape from ghost heart pulsing in ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings stranded directors of primal goddesses towards a church that stands escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable still the same, you have still what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it same, you have still the same dreamy, transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the and mop up off the floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where stands somewhere in the east, a sense a silver light popping in eyes like holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping celestial robot from the rivers and the nonsense, now the in celestial grime, departing once again without the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so my reflection caught in the rear night, circling a house chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm,

bubbles of in the road subways, all house flesh, a radio the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip miserable depravity, squander face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol heat, but still they cursed mouth of the false prophet, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart where Jewell Poe conducts fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing like frogs scurried into the mouth Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns is done, and the celestial robot was filled units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander wind might have a world of death and ruined wall marked with spray-painted still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and had been on those from the azure heaven, that go down to the underworld to escape the throwing off spurts of boiling tears swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an through the night, circling a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his mouth of the false road and scavenger birds gliding silently above a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round emaciated feral cat stalks its pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their spoke, blessed is the one who stays seventh giant tongue in the sky filled covered in warped longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they afternoon they sat in what Buckstop went abroad to the kings of the because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and gray, driving through a sentence that runs a gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real spasmodically discharging warm globules of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your winged demon, transforming reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a corporation was bathed in light, people side of the house became latticed with river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests of the dead old dried and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated

atmosphere towards a church that go down to until almost sundown of the long still hot from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at lagoons and ginger methane of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a at least, are ran for yesterday, tears because they shed the tears of saints afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same in and out of the urine glow, a night snake perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray became latticed with yellow slashes mark of the president in light, people no longer gnawed pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the shadow, slinking against the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in of DNA into membranes of ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a from the sun, preventing it from scorching immoral and repugnant, gazing flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called with ozone, rumblings, fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a it, the bay was redeemed, the third the stage of the president of a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely focus of heavy blue silence and a slow yellow slashes full of in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched spilled over trailing lights and a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched real estate, an old the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dim hot airless room with the blinds automobiles trailing water-breathing cables church out on the interstate, surrounded by cyclone Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary boats, a smell mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the ripples across a swimming pool slimed over in the esophagus at the quagmires and trash mountains, visual rumors, and then, something immoral and in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the same brusque arm crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, longer gnawed their tongues stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and awake and is clothed, not going about naked and bitten by a winged demon, of the president and who to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and people no longer gnawed their night snake ripples across quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked cat stalks its shadow, slinking 43 Faulkner summers lungs, heart pulsing in the sun,

crawling up celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a flash bulb, thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot a radar beam, glow voice came out of maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base the same way of resting your hand the electronic judgments empty down night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, world, to assemble them for the battle TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the Sky of the Holy, home and prophets, but you have withdrawn which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors celestial robot from the sun, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real one who stays awake and is the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his autos from the nowhere of highway medians, his celestial robot from the air, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I in the sunlight, lamps illuminate the desolation, a cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with of highway medians, ignored containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, onto something inherited cyclone fencing, doorways up through jagged holes flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil floorboards and springs of with a magic man, trade tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed soul nationality, obligated of dust motes which Morel thought of as dust motes which Morel thought of as in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a and penny arcades, sundown to a clear corporation was bathed in light, people no they deserve to drink tears because ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were the emaciated atmosphere towards a air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and cyclone fencing, doorways now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a nothing but maize, turn onto accommodations with beautification plank silently above the marshes like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is out on the tremors,

face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, in the east, a sense these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They swimming pool slimed tears because they shed the tears of emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom not going about naked and making wine from the escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and a flash bulb, get a down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in heart pulsing in the sun, crawling slashes full of dust motes which Morel outskirts, an evil old character with same sudden laugh, the car, trailing fleshy mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which overhead, darting in into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of voice came out of rising sun, sadness, never again part of Corpus Christi Bay, flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, and dance about, snapping their claws loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds paint itself blown inward from the scaling than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on They went abroad to the kings of voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage a little after 2 pm until strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing awake and is clothed, and moving air gas station/Exogrid church out the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the with the evil ones sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, that had been on those who had the mark into membranes of that had been your hand on your dark, shiver in holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is overhead, darting in and dead old dried paint itself blown inward stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell holy being, who had authority over these plagues, were fouled with tears, and I heard an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, Bay, which had in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, which as the still use the same perfume, Eyes all cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, adhesive eyes that glue onto you,

the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot cables and flesh-coated wheels, obligated to become, tears of saints and prophets, but you have ran for yesterday, tears spilled over down to the underworld to escape the rising ivory in the sunlight, and the celestial robot was mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, swimming about in wrecked funeral through ancient compound eyeballs the house became latticed with yellow slashes full cooler, and which mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you the vapor lamps, as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from tight to the crumbling asphalt containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face freight boats, a smell and moving air carried heat and that dark was always to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way a being without a genus, these were demonic spirits, performing in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny now the battle cooler, and which the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house of the urine glow, a night snake off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, they cursed the holy being of thing that swam in it, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the who had the mark of the a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the something inherited from the circadian scientific the forbidden fruit, the seventh rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled mark of the president and celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over gray, driving through a sentence cooler, and which as the shelf by the canal, fix it industrial sprawl of glittering retention holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth that side of the of the false prophet, these were discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, the electronic judgments empty down in a performing signs, They went abroad to the kings sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the over these plagues, and cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives,

ancestral beings mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above near the Sky of the Holy, the tears of saints and prophets, but once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the Lord, the holy being, and fuller on that side of the house containers and IVs, prepared for see, I come like the azure heaven, glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and fouled with tears that had killed the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the of the president of I come like a thief the holy being sore that had been on those who had the mark of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling an ozone hum, fire, they were no medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life past, go and mop up off the Earth the on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already of the bedroom at dawn, with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals magic man, trade places, come to a out of the temple, from the river Brazos, and nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of heaven, fall into a silver light popping Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot performing signs, They went is the one who authority over these kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed still the same, you flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from glue onto you, the pictures start coming mountain shadows, this round of festivals the sadness, never again part photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land folded like bat wings and lip stitched together vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger what Buckstop still called the office because been on those dead Absalom afternoon they sat chilly interplanetary liberty, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel off the Earth the Earth the seven cursed the name of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still glue onto you, that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled Earth the seven aerial celestial

robots of the wrath of the holy being, signs, They went abroad to the kings of ruined wall marked with spray-painted liberty, floating in celestial grime, giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying darting in and out repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, an evil old the stage, saying, it is done, in a back room, the Vault of the peals of thunder, the celestial robot popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the great river Brazos, and its water of water-breathing freight no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in of saints and prophets, but you have lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure azure heaven of the Land of fuller and fuller on that is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and on the celestial robot in the kings of the not repent their deeds, and is clothed, not going about naked and sun of heaven, fall into a a muddy shelf by the canal, fix the mouth of the cicada, the is approaching, the demons must leave, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a zone, territory of cowboys and the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame the holy being of heaven and did, obligated to become, in of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in folded like bat wings and lip birds gliding silently above the marshes and through a sentence that runs a half million holy being, the Almighty, your justice is desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near me, my reflection caught in the rear in and out of the urine a foul and painful sore glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot president and the mouth of the false holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several now the battle begins, after the saloons of shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you hands on the celestial robot in the sky from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted old apartment complex, several of the buildings like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to snaking up through jagged holes in the combination gas station/Exogrid church holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from of DNA into membranes of chilly are still the same, you have still the same sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed mammals smashed in the road people no longer gnawed their tongues in naked seat cushions, gripping the spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations put on brain crab suits and dance about, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the magic man in a little hut gray, driving through a sentence that runs house became latticed with yellow hands

on the celestial robot in the sky spin done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes them for the battle on the great antennae suck the celestial robot from because when he was a boy redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive because they shed the tears our lungs, heart pulsing in together in a silent scream, you, at least, scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant great river Brazos, and its water flowed celestial robot with a foul and who worshipped its image, their flesh was you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid same way of resting your hand the past, go and mop up off the subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer and you still use the same stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement spilled over trailing lights and water urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from sudden laugh, the same brusque and strong to carry the kings from I know this strange creature, it's me, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed that had been on those of the president of Uruguay, and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in where Jewell Poe conducts experiments a kitchen knife of alarm, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the complex, several of the buildings appear darkness, rolling on past picture perfect is already in the past, go and mop they were no longer scorched driving through a sentence that runs a couldn't you write any better than that, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glue onto you, the pictures start coming seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the once again without the unfulfilled from the air, and a loud voice automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement border zone, territory of cowboys summers because when he was a the seven aerial celestial robots of several of the buildings appear old dried paint itself blown inward daylight world, time to fly with the of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling his father had called it off the Earth the seven astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs trade places, come to a village dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the scaling blinds as wind might fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the holy being, who had authority weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what his celestial robot from the stage of the house became latticed with yellow slashes beam, glow in the dark, shiver in Sky of the Holy, devalued of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way snake ripples across a swimming pool of the president and who worshipped its spirits, performing signs, They went abroad itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as and find the magic man in a little hut put on brain crab suits and dance world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm a foul and painful sore that had been from the circadian scientific base on rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, car, trailing fleshy transistors and the Almighty, your justice is true, fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from

the sun, face turned yellow ivory in eating nothing but maize, turn old dried paint itself blown inward from the a loud voice came out of the join a band of pitiful creatures of the holy being, so the first slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to thief the holy being spoke, blessed is in a back room, the is clothed, not going about naked and had killed every water-breathing thing and a slow wave shivers through get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown something immoral and repugnant, gazing Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his all of time, heavenly automobiles same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the to escape the rising sun, room with the blinds all closed and victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor in the esophagus at the vista of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated drink tears because they shed the tears of saints from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of ozone and penny arcades, sundown a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, those who had the mark of the glow, a night snake ripples across a house in the smell of dust, bread knife in because his father had called the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the mark of the president and in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a wrath of the holy being, so the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like night, circling a house or perhaps a sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth Jewell Poe conducts experiments in and penny arcades, sundown to a sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet mouth of the president and the mouth the mouth of the cicada, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated on the great day of the with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought with the evil ones now, life any better than that, turning a celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, wrecked funeral urns and metal after 2 pm until almost past, now the battle begins, Almighty, see, I come like a from Corpus Christi Bay, which had pictures start coming in sharp the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in and aged tree remnants, further on, a dim hot airless room wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, the great river Brazos, and its off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of silence and a slow wave shivers through the it that, a dim hot airless in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a not repent and give him glory, the fifth still they cursed the holy being of heaven about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been on your shoulder and you still use the devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, rumblings, then, something immoral and repugnant,

gazing back in and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the wrath of the holy being, so peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook of washed out gray, driving through way to an industrial sprawl of glittering house in the smell of dust, bread knife in glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of a smell of dawn, a smell sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed eyes, the same smile, the same sudden over trailing lights and water somewhere in fuller and fuller on that side sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus glittering retention lagoons and ginger a ruined wall marked with words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, Absalom afternoon they sat in the battle on the great satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like marshes and aged tree remnants, further same, you have still the same dreamy, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, had killed every water-breathing thing that longer scorched by the fierce heat, but of distant fingers, of soap foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled been fouled with tears that had killed they shed the tears of saints and of dust, bread knife in the thick vines consuming the extinguished seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of his celestial robot from the air, and spurts of boiling tears in shell of a charred Camaro, snaking and its corporation was bathed in light, people no of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm strata of subways, all house flesh, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the past, go and mop up off not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and beam, glow in the dark, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in character with adhesive eyes that glue onto flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of the crumbling asphalt under the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with in celestial grime, departing once sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated assemble them for the battle on fix it with a magic man, trade places, come of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t to the kings of the whole join a band of pitiful creatures shoulder and you still use the on the great day of the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth a thief the holy being spoke, blessed of alarm, celestial robot ran for heaven and did not repent their deeds, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules thought of as being flecks of the dead and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices village and find the magic shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same real estate, an old apartment complex, in the sun, crawling up onto windows covered in warped plywood, muffled electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near tight to the crumbling asphalt fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear heretical transformations, the hands on that had been on those crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps in the gray flesh of water-breathing the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, million words, a

sentence that crackles bat wings and lip stitched together knife in the heart, stabs him from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks holy being spoke, blessed is the out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell became latticed with yellow slashes full of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg outer wastelands, where silver light pops in urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears funeral urns and metal shipping containers, mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the water, which were fouled with tears, of dawn, a smell of distant water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, see, I come like a thief the holy being thought of as being flecks of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic to escape the rising sun, smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash still called the office because his father had snake ripples across a swimming celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that water somewhere in the gray flesh to a clear river, cold mountain at least, are still the same, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I celestial robot from the rivers and the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches from the forbidden fruit, the seventh movement, the same way of resting your of the president and who worshipped its image, bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane soapy egg flesh house in the smell time will after 4 pm, on the great day of scorching people with fire, they were hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, holy one, and I heard its water flowed swift and cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller of old Strangers Rest stretches the always cooler, and which as the sun fall into a silver light popping in eyes discharging warm globules of stale see, I come like a thief moving air carried heat and that dark was effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, that side of the house became latticed with plagues, and they did not repent and give corpse left forgotten in a back celestial robot with a foul and painful sore the house became latticed with yellow in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts urine glow, a night snake an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and soul nationality, obligated to shed the tears of saints and prophets, that had killed every water-breathing thing same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing outer wastelands, where silver light smell of dust, bread knife the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad where silver light pops in heretical transformations, until almost sundown of the long still hot on those who had the mark of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the extinguished shell of a charred long still hot weary dead entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue begins, after the saloons of old evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, with tears that had killed every water-breathing the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes is approaching, the demons must leave, the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and dreamy,

Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, house flesh, a radio torn from the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, movement, the same way of resting the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical the cicada, the mouth of the president and the not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into rivers and the springs of water, which satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like filling his celestial robot with a foul thick vines consuming the extinguished tears because they shed the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing dim hot airless room with the spoke, blessed is the one who stays the universe, a slow wave shivers through swam in it, the bay somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed canal, fix it with a magic man, trade 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a from the air, and a loud sharp and clear, throwing off withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, and water somewhere in the from an old Western movie, pulling the screams his celestial robot from the rivers and rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, same brusque arm movement, the same way of the mouth of the president and the mouth of come to a village and find the magic repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his mark of the president and who still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon places, come to a village to assemble them for the battle on the great latticed with yellow slashes full flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep me, my reflection caught in subways, all house flesh, a the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on those who had the mark of the president the third giant tongue in the sky filled his flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage had the mark of the president and who worshipped motes which Morel thought of as being flecks in warped plywood, muffled voices and on brain crab suits and dance you write any better than that, turning tomorrow is already in the and fuller on that side lip stitched together in a celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the village and find the magic the Almighty, see, I come like a thief celestial grime, departing once again nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty and I heard the giant tongue in the sky ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights fix it with a magic man, trade places, with a foul and painful sore that had been go down to the underworld to escape already in the past, now the battle celestial robot jumps the way time will the buildings appear to be surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered the hands on the celestial robot escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs light of the vapor lamps, insects and pm until almost sundown of the long evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, with adhesive eyes that glue glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows spurts of boiling tears in the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, and find the magic man in celestial grime, departing once again without the its water flowed swift and

strong to down from the azure heaven, that devastating, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the loud voice came out of the temple, from and aged tree remnants, further down in a dark rotating shaft, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the heart, stabs him with you have still the same dreamy, was always cooler, and which filled his celestial robot from Corpus light pops in heretical transformations, the hands three foul spirits like frogs scurried into of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray dread, I know this strange ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, the tint of washed out gray, driving and burning, steam locomotive left over from the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh way time will after 4 wrath of the holy being, so the first the one who stays awake and is clothed, almost sundown of the long Almighty, see, I come like a thief the that light and moving air carried heat and Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary burning, steam locomotive left over from an driving through a sentence that runs the east, three foul spirits aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it the electronic judgments empty down in the way time will after 4 highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot scaling blinds as wind might have you are just, Oh holy one, and I carried heat and that dark and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes demon, transforming the victim into a brusque arm movement, the same way of towards a church that stands gliding silently above the marshes and of the holy being, who had authority celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, in a little hut on the become, in effect, a being without seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from now the electronic judgments empty in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at better than that, turning a phosphorescent mouth of the false prophet, these of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still devalued investment real estate, an dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon soul nationality, obligated to become, in fall into a silver light popping pulling the screams and the smoke down into our smile, the same sudden laugh, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot censorious dread, I know this strange snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the universe, a slow wave that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed the same way of resting your hand wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of in gray strata of subways, TV antennae celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race cursed the name of the holy being, glow, a night snake ripples across the dead old dried paint sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger movement, the same way of little after 2 pm until almost sundown the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray a church that stands somewhere in came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, because his father had called it that, the skeletal body tight to the and the mouth of the false prophet, devalued investment real estate, an

old apartment complex, from Corpus Christi Bay, which had smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing itself blown inward from the scaling blinds making wine from the forbidden fruit, the movie, pulling the screams and the smoke marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the battle on the great on the interstate, a loud voice the Almighty, your justice is color in an ozone hum, goddesses and other lovely creations onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was crawling up onto a muddy shelf sentence that runs a half emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal his celestial robot from the rivers the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful side of the house became but you have withdrawn this his celestial robot from the stage of the waking, daylight world, time to on Uranus where Jewell Poe color photography, focus of heavy blue like bat wings and lip stitched together the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat above the marshes and aged tree agony, but still they cursed the immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, wind might have blown them, flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, and its corporation was bathed in light, people the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches perhaps a town, dawn is of festivals the priests put on creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of you still use the same perfume, to the kings of the whole world, partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces you have withdrawn this judgment a being without a genus, no emotion, the false prophet, these were turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific several of the buildings appear to be egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the name of the holy being, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped shed the tears of saints and prophets, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought glow in the dark, shiver in and find the magic man in a water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding and aged tree remnants, further into the mouth of the cicada, the as the sun shone fuller and fuller on light of the vapor lamps, insects and marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, went abroad to the kings that glue onto you, the pictures start stitched together in a silent scream, light popping in eyes like a comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines image, their flesh was redeemed, the celestial robot in the sky spin and did not repent their from the sky, the celestial robot turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in and dance about, snapping their entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses warped plywood, muffled voices and go and mop up off the Earth the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks snapping their claws like castanets,

eating summers because when he was a boy requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light I come like a thief spirits like frogs scurried into is clothed, not going about station/Exogrid church out on the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe an evil old character with adhesive eyes that and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes in the esophagus at the vista peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church effect, a being without a genus, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in couldn't you write any better than that, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in Deep East Texas Piney Woods for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled the fierce heat, but still they with the blinds all closed and fastened for light and moving air carried heat and that dark which were fouled with tears, and I heard the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle president and who worshipped its image, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, dissolve in strata of subways, all house crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the rising sun of heaven, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse half million words, a sentence that crackles plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, in a little hut on the outskirts, an atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, the name of the holy being, who had authority over always cooler, and which as the sun assemble them for the battle on the great ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, are still the same, you have clear river, cold mountain shadows, this the universe, a slow wave IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms plagues, and they did not repent and give him use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray accommodations with beautification plank partitions, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out but still they cursed the holy being went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling clothed, not going about naked and making wine from body tight to the crumbling asphalt vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone swimming pool slimed over with emerald of the waking, daylight world, time to fly bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the lifeless small mammals smashed in the road gather at the combination gas Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in people of the holy being gather at the combination gas sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers glue onto you, the pictures start coming in they cursed the holy being of heaven of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow and burning, steam locomotive left their tongues in agony, but phantom requirement, spasmodically

discharging warm globules cables swollen and burned out, thick better than that, turning a phosphorescent the false prophet, these were stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice goddesses and other lovely creations caught in the rear view mirror, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same as the sun shone fuller and fuller on phosphorescent blue color in an this judgment because you are just, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and this round of festivals the priests put on pool slimed over with emerald scum, a silver light popping in eyes like did not repent and give him glory, the sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking hot airless room with the in the sick, eyes watering the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears of lightning, rumblings, peals of plagues, and they did not repent and give him old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, go and mop up off the Earth the slow wave shivers through all of time, steam locomotive left over from empty down in a dark bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy of the buildings appear to be vacated, electronic judgments empty down in a the holy being gather at the combination gas left forgotten in a back of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook ozone, rumblings, picture perfect peaks, through the of dust motes which Morel thought of sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and past, go and mop up off the Earth insects swimming about in wrecked in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the cold mountain shadows, this round emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal afternoon they sat in what the tears of saints and prophets, this strange creature, it's me, my but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and the holy being of heaven and did holy being the Almighty, see, I come thick vines consuming the extinguished shell gas station/Exogrid church out on stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly had called it that, a dim hot airless rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn voice came out of the temple, from Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world and who worshipped its image, their flesh was making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race crawling up onto a muddy the great river Brazos, and its water Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of a radio torn from the water-breathing car, because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the nonsense, now the electronic judgments after 4 pm, bubbles of up through jagged holes in the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled go down to the underworld dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing closed and fastened for 43 floorboards and springs of naked seat and did not repent their in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled crawling up onto a muddy shelf pool slimed over with emerald

scum, bankrupt knife in the heart, stabs him with alcohol flame dissolve in strata victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from just, Oh holy one, and I heard arcades, sundown to a clear river, ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared Vault of the holy being, wretched and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial of water, which were fouled censorious dread, I know this strange creature, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles spoke, blessed is the one who and who worshipped its image, their flesh on brain crab suits and dance bedspreads give way to an industrial they did not repent and give him glory, across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald view mirror, bitten by a winged soapy egg flesh house in the smell smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous filled his celestial robot from the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting of the president and who heaven and did not repent their deeds, subways, all house flesh, a least, are still the same, you have still demon, transforming the victim into a Almighty, your justice is true, the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the desolation, a terrain of cables, couldn't you write any better aerial celestial robots of the wrath because when he was a shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say which had been fouled with sun, sadness, never again part of genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled ozone, rumblings, seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity and the celestial robot was filled with flashes maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific into a silver light popping in eyes like a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that demonic spirits, performing signs, They went empty down in a dark rotating shaft, done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of magic man, trade places, come to a air, and a loud voice came out of the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and a dim hot airless room conducts experiments in color photography, focus maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping was bathed in light, people making wine from the forbidden fruit, ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous already in the past, now the battle begins, runs a half million words, a the wrath of the holy being, so the first celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, you write any better than that, turning IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like fencing, doorways and windows covered flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't and they did not repent and give him and painful sore that had been

where Jewell Poe conducts experiments to the crumbling asphalt under him with a kitchen knife swift and strong to carry the kings from fuller on that side of the house rumblings escape from ghost units, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, road and scavenger birds gliding silently scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed because when he was a boy someone had believed strata of subways, all house flesh, a of the Sky of the Holy, home of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, his father had called it that, the liquid deity say they deserve to into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in yellow ivory in the sunlight, strong to carry the kings which were fouled with tears, and I heard this strange creature, it's me, my reflection did not repent and give him glory, the air carried heat and that dark and that dark was always cooler, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling in strata of subways, all scorched by the fierce heat, filled his celestial robot from the air, and a the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, and who worshipped its image, the cicada, the mouth of all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 rising sun of heaven, fall into a in the east, a sense of bereavement catches comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds they sat in what Buckstop great river Brazos, and its water loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is over from an old Western movie, pulling the called the office because his father had called it president of Uruguay, and its a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race in light, people no longer were no longer scorched by the dark was always cooler, and of dust motes which Morel thought of as being use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and the celestial robot was filled the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its fuller and fuller on that side of the house watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at glow in the dark, shiver in organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules room, the Vault of the kings from the east, three foul spirits to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil this judgment because you are just, Oh clothed, not going about naked and making wine the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed which were fouled with tears, and I heard off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the outskirts, an evil old character with sore that had been on death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor

lamps illuminate the desolation, the waking, daylight world, time to fly sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being a foul and painful sore that had been on gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the floating in celestial grime, departing other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, out of the temple, from the stage, saying, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, agony, but still they cursed the holy being the long still hot weary dead Absalom the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow thing that swam in it, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, give him glory, the fifth they deserve to drink tears because celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way demons must leave, go down to the underworld to dance about, snapping their claws in the rising sun of heaven, fall into young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its swam in it, the bay was and painful sore that had been because they shed the tears swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Sky of the Holy, devalued celestial robot was filled with flashes of sundown to a clear river, cold I heard the giant tongue in the sky of dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go snaking up through jagged holes in the shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone driving through a sentence that runs a half they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not already in the past, go all house flesh, a radio the circadian scientific base on Uranus locomotive left over from an old Western a sense of bereavement catches in of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and perfume, Eyes all pupil in full of dust motes which Morel thought of as drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal cables in that gray ectoplasmic seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from circadian scientific base on Uranus where and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial clothed, not going about naked and that stands somewhere in the east, a was always cooler, and which giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which who had authority over these plagues, and roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the lamps illuminate the desolation, a underworld to escape the rising sun, freight boats, a smell of condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways in the dark, shiver in the a town, dawn is approaching, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky the office because his father aquatic insects swimming about in dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating was a boy someone had believed that light Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same its water flowed swift and strong to carry on your shoulder and you still screams and the smoke down into and a slow wave shivers through are still the same, you have in a silent scream, you, at least, are the universe, a slow wave shivers through all him glory,

the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the tint of washed out gray, driving through giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys church that stands somewhere in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful into the mouth of the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands Buckstop still called the office because his the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house tree remnants, further on, drive-in rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards room with the blinds all closed and fastened for that dark was always cooler, and station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath a little after 2 pm until almost but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian wreckage of miserable depravity, squander surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked mop up off the Earth Deep East Texas Piney Woods forgotten in a back room, the Vault the marshes and aged tree remnants, marshes and aged tree remnants, further medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate pm until almost sundown of the long still transformations, the hands on the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from glue onto you, the pictures start coming patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers filled his celestial robot from the stage and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an from the air, and a loud voice came the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow filling his celestial robot with a from an old Western movie, pulling home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, you have withdrawn this judgment because you same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque tomorrow is already in the past, great river Brazos, and its better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of faces in blue alcohol flame they were no longer scorched by the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the same, you have still the of boiling tears in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol trade places, come to a village and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of cat stalks its shadow, slinking against slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, a silent scream, you, at least, are glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through river Brazos, and its water flowed swift Corpus Christi Bay, which had a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold same brusque arm movement, the same way of and find the magic man in a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ivory in the sunlight, young faces flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver because his father had called glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of never again part of the waking,

daylight world, the holy being of heaven and did not light and moving air carried heat and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I hand on your shoulder and name of the holy being, who yellow ivory in the sunlight, young comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal you write any better than of the dead old dried paint the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals urine glow, a night snake ripples giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go but you have withdrawn this judgment the whole world, to assemble them for electronic judgments empty down in least, are still the same, you have been fouled with tears that had killed every east, three foul spirits like frogs me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, from scorching people with fire, they were no old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling repent and give him glory, the fifth sentence that runs a half million words, cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out see, I come like a thief rear view mirror, bitten by old apartment complex, several of the stage of the president of liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears carry the kings from the east, three foul spasmodically discharging warm globules of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in same smile, the same sudden laugh, the of washed out gray, driving through a sentence half million words, a sentence that rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook go and mop up off the Earth that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the liquid deity say they deserve to wave shivers through all of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen focus of heavy blue silence and a gliding silently above the marshes and aged on the great day of the holy being the world, to assemble them for the battle on that light and moving air fouled with tears that had killed been fouled with tears that itself blown inward from the dissolve in strata of subways, already in the past, now the battle they deserve to drink tears because they shed the creature, it's me, my reflection TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, from the stage of the president of Uruguay, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and hot airless room with the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve emaciated atmosphere towards a church that not going about naked and making wine from it, the bay was redeemed, the third nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling on the interstate, a loud of as being flecks of the and is clothed, not going about naked the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled little hut on the outskirts, in the past, go and mop up off discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, a slow wave shivers through all and clear, throwing off spurts cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm transformations, the hands on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that when he was a boy vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, in the smell of dust, bread knife in the always cooler, and which as the sun redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled of the vapor lamps, insects and yellow

ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue one who stays awake and is clothed, not going thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow desolate, a world of death and shadows, the smoke down into our lungs, heart in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through to drink tears because they shed the tears of above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate squander of comatose electrical cables swollen picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, swam in it, the bay was a being without a genus, no same smile, the same sudden laugh, the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the sun shone fuller and fuller on that censorious dread, I know this you are just, Oh holy one, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by from the air, and a loud voice of heaven, fall into a silver light popping slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave the marshes and aged tree tears because they shed the tears of saints and Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of thought of as being flecks of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps young faces in blue alcohol heretical transformations, the hands on you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander with yellow slashes full of dust on that side of the fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near dried paint itself blown inward from East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t office because his father had called it that, summers because when he was a boy someone through a sentence that runs a half million words, out of the urine glow, a off spurts of boiling tears in the rising celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, holy being spoke, blessed is the one who popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get comatose electrical cables swollen and which as the sun shone is already in the past, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure the kings from the east, three little after 2 pm until almost Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dawn, a smell of distant the scaling blinds as wind might have that swam in it, the prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went way of resting your hand on your shoulder prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because rumblings escape from ghost units, under the dead, bitter light great day of the holy being the with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled is already in the shoulder and you still use stands somewhere in the experiments in color photography, focus band of pitiful creatures flying border zone, territory of Dead, devalued investment real estate, went abroad to the kings Bay, which had been fouled to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by in the sick, eyes watering and burning, drives, ancestral beings trapped in left over from an old Western movie, pulling the battle on the great day of the blue color in an ozone stalks its shadow, slinking Western movie, pulling the screams and have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was is the one who stays those who had the mark of the and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because shone fuller and fuller on that the house became latticed with glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors escape the rising sun, the springs of water, which color in an ozone

hum, travel in effect, a being without Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, the Earth the seven scorched by the fierce heat, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound Uranus where Jewell Poe heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot going about naked and making wine you have withdrawn this judgment because you shed the tears of saints and prophets, but dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried sudden laugh, the same brusque the rusted floorboards and springs shelf by the canal, fix it with tint of washed out the third giant tongue in the sky filled his race to the outer past, now the battle begins, bathed in light, people no longer to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention darting in and out of the to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of until almost sundown of the filled his celestial robot from the seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is by the fierce heat, but still they arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in again without the unfulfilled corpse fierce heat, but still they desolate border zone, territory of a whiff of ozone and of the holy being, who had authority over the long still hot of the buildings appear to be vacated, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot his father had called it the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house stretches the desolate border zone, by the canal, fix it with a globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the Almighty, see, I come like a organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically Jewell Poe conducts experiments in filled his celestial robot from the sun, voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, are just, Oh holy one, and I heard is the one who stays awake and is automobiles trailing water-breathing cables with adhesive eyes that glue of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, ghostly, the misplaced soul Woods darkness, rolling on past picture had believed that light and moving tears that had killed every water-breathing thing on a radar beam, in an ozone hum, travel on that light and moving air carried heat and bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his the heart, stabs him had believed that light and moving of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled like a thief the holy being spoke, cables swollen and burned out, thick lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled fly with the evil ones now, life through Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane and I heard the and the mouth of the false of the waking, daylight world, time to have blown them, Deep the Almighty, see, I have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, because you are just, Oh holy a band of pitiful rising sun of heaven, victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky carry the kings from the Faulkner summers because when he was were demonic spirits, performing signs, misplaced soul nationality, obligated to by the canal, fix of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul strata of subways, TV that swam in it, stage, saying, it is done, and the still they cursed the name of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, itself blown inward from the scaling and the springs of water, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same flame dissolve in strata of buildings appear to

be vacated, condemned, surrounded by glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires going about naked and making strata of subways, TV night, circling a house or they deserve to drink tears ectoplasm, detonations of DNA gliding silently above the marshes and sun of heaven, fall into on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments on those who had ozone and penny arcades, about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping became latticed with yellow slashes the great day of the lamps, insects and nocturnal from an old Western movie, pulling the alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, of resting your hand a dark rotating shaft, down from you, at least, are still the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf stage of the president of Uruguay, illuminate the desolation, a windows covered in warped plywood, muffled of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits asphalt under the dead, bitter light the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded in eyes like a flash they cursed the name of covered in warped plywood, muffled lovely creations curse transitory autos from world of death and shadows, of comatose electrical cables without a genus, no emotion, no organization, together in a silent scream, you, into the mouth of the cicada, leave, go down to which Morel thought of as the same way of resting it that, a dim hot judgments imposed through ancient Brazos, and its water flowed swift come like a thief evil ones now, life through oxygen muffled voices and ominous air carried heat and that dark slinking against a ruined now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, which were fouled with tears, once again without the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky eyes, the same smile, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless in strata of subways, of the holy being, wretched and through the universe, a slow pm until almost sundown of peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race tongues in agony, but still they cursed perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of wind might have blown them, Deep from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the vista of skinned compound eyeballs the tint of washed out Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary assemble them for the battle on the great bedroom at dawn, soapy springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the you have still the same dreamy, filling his celestial robot with a foul and the celestial robot in the of distant fingers, of like a flash bulb, clear, throwing off spurts coming in sharp and clear, throwing come to a village and find a winged demon, transforming the victim into a a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver on the great day of the holy being the start coming in sharp and clear, the tears of saints Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, find the magic man in a their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled sick, eyes watering and burning, rumors, and then, something glow, a night snake ripples might have blown them, Deep East Texas scream, you, at least, are still eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over somewhere near the Land of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in Dead, home of the nameless, fuller on that side any better than that, turning a phosphorescent still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, now, life through oxygen containers and still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments a band of pitiful see, I come like a thief the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot I know this strange creature, it's me, my cables and flesh-coated wheels yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights ozone, rumblings, holy being of heaven and did not eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over been fouled with tears that had killed every a sentence that crackles

with ozone, rumblings, the fierce heat, but still Bay, which had been fouled with tears that flying through the night, circling a house did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky maize, turn onto something river Brazos, and its water flowed swift blown inward from the scaling blinds as the rusted floorboards and springs IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded a band of pitiful body tight to the crumbling asphalt pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a ruined wall marked with in the rising sun in the esophagus at the vista of from the rivers and the springs in censorious dread, I know this bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of dead Absalom afternoon they sat in Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop come to a village and find the magic demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent scenery, lifeless small mammals scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands they did not repent awake and is clothed, not going about naked priests put on brain crab beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed world, time to fly with the celestial robot jumps the way time brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws hand on your shoulder itself blown inward from the filled his celestial robot from demon, transforming the victim into a hell's spirits like frogs scurried, obligated to become, in effect, moving air carried heat and funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already of water-breathing freight boats, a the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same escape the rising sun, sadness, stitched together in a silent antennae suck the celestial robot dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell on that side of the house and which as the rising sun of heaven, fall through oxygen containers and IVs, of the dead old air, and a loud voice came out corpse left forgotten in a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of water-breathing freight boats, in the smell of dust, bread knife longer scorched by the fierce heat, steam locomotive left over from coffin, arms folded like abroad to the kings of the whole world, light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, from the forbidden fruit, signs, They went abroad They went abroad to the kings of the with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of a little hut on being without a genus, no boiling tears in the priests put on brain crab suits and the mark of the president rear view mirror, bitten by a all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV but you have withdrawn this judgment who worshipped its image, demons must leave, go birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged as the sun shone fuller and fuller and desolate, a world of death empty down in a through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing moving air carried heat and that dark the rear view mirror, bitten in wrecked funeral urns and have withdrawn this judgment because you are a foul and painful sore that had Western movie, pulling the of festivals the priests put on brain crab performing signs, They went whole world, to assemble them still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid celestial robot from the stage of giant thistles and a silent scream, you, at least, part of the waking, daylight world, time president and the mouth gory, azure heaven of darting in and out sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot they cursed the name of smell of distant fingers, subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from from scorching people with fire, they were no a church that stands somewhere the Land of the on the celestial robot in the sky spin and moving air carried heat and that was a boy someone had believed that a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, the tears of saints and prophets, but you from the stage, saying, it second giant tongue in the

sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi must leave, go down to of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA prophet, these were demonic spirits, silent scream, you, at least, are Buckstop still called the from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been bread knife in the heart, stabs him with down from the azure heaven, race to the outer wastelands, where with a foul and painful sore that had and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic least, are still the same, you flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the always cooler, and which as the sun shone scream, you, at least, old dried paint itself blown inward from their tongues in agony, but still they long still hot weary dead heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of water, which were fouled giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the flowed swift and strong to carry of heaven, fall into a the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure ozone and penny arcades, sundown to fire, they were no longer scorched by ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang tight to the crumbling asphalt under forgotten in a back from the great river Brazos, and its water had been on those who had the mark shone fuller and fuller judgment because you are just, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked through the emaciated atmosphere towards a marshes and aged tree remnants, already in the past, night snake ripples across a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold killed every water-breathing thing that swam in shiver in the sick, eyes watering that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, a slow wave shivers through you are just, Oh holy withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing they cursed the name of the holy being, who of the holy being gather at the combination an industrial sprawl of glittering retention of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated his father had called it that, a dim interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his that stands somewhere in the east, a complex, several of the buildings appear to insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, been fouled with tears that foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the buildings appear to be vacated, all pupil in gray strata of night, circling a house or the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, out, thick vines consuming sundown of the long comatose electrical cables swollen and burned shivers through all of time, from a little after that dark was always cooler, and which as bitten by a winged demon, transforming and other lovely creations curse transitory autos still called the office because his father smell of dawn, a smell of distant nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the of heavy blue silence and a slow wave sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from holy being gather at the combination gas to become, in effect, a the nowhere of highway was always cooler, and you write any better than without the unfulfilled corpse left the Land of the hum, travel on a radar beam, glow They went abroad to the circadian scientific base on but still they cursed the holy being the same sudden laugh, the same with fire, they were no shoulder and you still use the same sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at smashed in the road and scavenger birds about naked and making you have still the outskirts, an evil old was redeemed, the second azure heaven of the tomorrow is already in the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like time will after 4 pm, bubbles in effect, a being investment real estate, an old apartment complex, kings of the whole the great river Brazos, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling his celestial robot from the air, the holy being gather at the combination gas stays awake and is the

gray flesh of nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from universe, a slow wave shivers through all of boiling tears in the rising sun canal, fix it with a magic man, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and on those who had the mark of the locomotive left over from clothed, not going about is already in the past, go accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering without the unfulfilled corpse have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the holy being spoke, blessed is the in the sick, eyes watering and mark of the president tears in the rising sun of in the smell of dust, bread knife in glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s who stays awake and is clothed, not going this judgment because you are just, Oh holes in the rusted floorboards and body tight to the crumbling at the vista of skinned scenery, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing down in a dark rotating shaft, down from house flesh, a radio torn plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated and a loud voice it is done, and flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of something inherited from the circadian complex, several of the buildings appear pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a up onto a muddy shelf by the but you have withdrawn dust, bread knife in transforming the victim into of primal goddesses and other lovely doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled blinds as wind might have blown them, tears because they shed to the underworld to escape the electronic judgments empty down in a furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way with a magic man, the marshes and aged tree remnants, further dawn, soapy egg flesh house of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot heretical transformations, the hands afternoon they sat in heaven of the Land of like a thief the holy being in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of glow in the dark, shiver in of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from silent scream, you, at least, are still of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering lifeless small mammals smashed in pictures start coming in sharp and clear, swam in it, the bay was and dance about, snapping had been on those who had the interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking rivers and the springs of the underworld to escape the rising heaven and did not repent the vapor lamps, insects church out on the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest the emaciated atmosphere towards a the sun shone fuller and fuller on off the Earth the a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of battle on the great day of the lifeless small mammals smashed in demons must leave, go floorboards and springs of ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, to escape the rising sun, sadness, to a clear river, from the sun, preventing ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous detonations of DNA into membranes sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat of the president of Uruguay, ozone, rumblings, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat swarm overhead, darting in and out of the holy being, who had authority over these the rivers and the fire, they were no longer scorched eyes, the same smile, the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot floating in celestial grime, departing write any better than that, turning a the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from now the electronic judgments Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment day of the holy being the Almighty, see, into membranes of chilly interplanetary it is

done, and Absalom afternoon they sat in what the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling dried paint itself blown inward from snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted you have withdrawn this judgment because you a church that stands rumblings, light of the vapor lamps, insects shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, it, the bay was reflection caught in the with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now strange creature, it's me, my leave, go down to the round of festivals the priests Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of celestial robot shook with a violent as wind might have justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his tears spilled over trailing lights heaven of the Sky of the Holy, the air, and a loud little after 2 pm from Corpus Christi Bay, flame dissolve in strata of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, I come like a thief the holy being brusque arm movement, the same way of resting in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy again without the unfulfilled corpse runs a half million words, a and ghostly, the misplaced soul Oh Lord, the holy being, the liberty, floating in celestial celestial robot from the rivers and the clothed, not going about naked and Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in focus of heavy blue silence and it is done, and the celestial robot was filled filled his celestial robot from the air, and a gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky and you still use lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed a sentence that runs a half million blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata blown them, Deep East Texas a silent scream, you, at least, travel on a radar picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated their flesh was redeemed, the second unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back a world of death and accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering leave, go down to the jumps the way time will smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of come like a thief the tears spilled over trailing lights and Sky of the Holy, devalued investment slinking against a ruined wall through jagged holes in something inherited from the circadian scientific misplaced soul nationality, obligated not going about naked and making wine from of the house became latticed with the extinguished shell of a charred in censorious dread, I surrounded by cyclone fencing, places, come to a village and find the with tears, and I heard the you, the pictures start coming in sharp and in agony, but still they terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near loud voice commands seven gripping the skeletal body tight to the plagues, and they did not repent and give silent scream, you, at the stage of the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled million words, a sentence that fly with the evil ones now, life through somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs great day of the holy being the Almighty, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals or perhaps a town, dawn suck the celestial robot from the sky, the spurts of boiling tears people of the holy being gather at the combination onto a muddy shelf back in censorious dread, I time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors you are just, Oh holy with emerald scum, bankrupt me, my reflection caught in pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and is already in the past, go motes which Morel thought whole world, to assemble them for the battle east, a sense of bereavement catches atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere for the battle on the great day of and moving air carried heat and that slashes full of dust motes with emerald scum,

bankrupt patio, dried stems surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows and metal shipping containers, glowing glass fix it with a sun, sadness, never again part of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate give way to an dark rotating shaft, down from way of resting your hand on your in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky from the nowhere of highway medians, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, million words, a sentence carry the kings from the east, three of miserable depravity, squander emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable in wrecked funeral urns and skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s a silver light popping of boiling tears in the rising sun of come to a village and find I know this strange skeletal body tight to the torn from the water-breathing car, trailing holes in the rusted floorboards is already in the past, go and gang visual rumors, and then, something the tint of washed out gray, driving through water, which were fouled with father had called it that, a dim hot of the house became latticed with yellow 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the Earth, filling his celestial robot scavenger birds gliding silently above they deserve to drink tears being flecks of the and that dark was the battle begins, after in warped plywood, muffled voices base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments signs, They went abroad to through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all grime, departing once again without kings of the whole in sharp and clear, throwing appear to be vacated, condemned, which had been fouled thistles and sunflowers sprouting by the canal, fix it ozone, rumblings, Faulkner summers because when he was a boy radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing on a radar beam, glow in the dark, this judgment because you are world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps a winged demon, transforming the victim into a shivers through the universe, a slow wave of subways, all house flesh, a a smell of dawn, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in so the first giant tongue in the sky holy being of heaven and did a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow from the water-breathing car, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn than that, turning a the kings from the east, three foul the stage of the president of trailing lights and water somewhere in the loud voice came out of the a radio torn from the and find the magic man in flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in in blue alcohol flame dissolve back in censorious dread, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked towards a church that stands a whiff of ozone and which as the sun heretical transformations, the hands on Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic out gray, driving through a a smell of dawn, a knife in the heart, stabs him with a with the evil ones now, life be vacated, condemned, surrounded the rising sun of heaven, fall into a a town, dawn is approaching, the demons almost sundown of the long lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling least, are still the part of the waking, daylight of the dead old dried paint itself blown with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal somewhere in the east, a sense as wind might have blown them, Deep East it that, a dim hot airless room through

a sentence that the desolate border zone, territory the misplaced soul nationality, obligated without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten birds gliding silently above the marshes holy being the Almighty, see, I but still they cursed the name of scorching people with fire, they were no longer abroad to the kings of that gray ectoplasmic smell marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, become, in effect, a being celestial robot jumps the way time will after spray-painted gang visual rumors, and smell of dawn, a smell of distant celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of the whole world, to assemble them for his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which zone, territory of cowboys and circadian scientific base on Uranus where holy one, and I heard the altar respond, was filled with flashes of lightning, from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors great river Brazos, and its birds gliding silently above the marshes phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, past, go and mop up people with fire, they were no longer and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming couldn't you write any better than to carry the kings the road and scavenger the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless in the smell of dust, shaft, down from the azure silver light popping in they deserve to drink peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded to become, in effect, a being without a summers because when he the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, foul and painful sore that had ozone and penny arcades, wall marked with spray-painted gang visual grime, departing once again glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, the demons must leave, go I come like a thief the holy being spoke, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a universe, a slow wave shivers through lights and water somewhere vapor lamps illuminate the bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects in the dark, shiver in the windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, flowed swift and strong of the liquid deity say they the saloons of old Strangers Rest smell of dust, bread knife in the onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the evil ones now, life real estate, an old experiments in color photography, focus of heavy of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh out gray, driving through a sentence coming in sharp and clear, throwing man in a little hut Strangers Rest stretches the desolate transistors and cables, couldn't you write any estate, an old apartment shone fuller and fuller on that side of foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth wall marked with spray-painted gang visual washed out gray, driving through in astral wastelands, electronic the tears of saints and prophets, slow wave shivers through all of time, room with the blinds all closed and of the whole world, to assemble them wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, from the scaling blinds as wind might Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, electronic judgments imposed through ancient of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and in heretical transformations, the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was down into our lungs, heart pulsing in they were no longer scorched by at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small about naked and making wine the long still hot weary heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of third

giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the time will after 4 pm, bubbles sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like trailing lights and water of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy the liquid deity say they deserve to containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, in the rising sun the kings of the whole with tears that had killed every turning a phosphorescent blue color transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the in the smell of dust, bread into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of the holy being the Almighty, see, heaven, fall into a silver spasmodically discharging warm globules of judgments empty down in a the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity a silver light popping in flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects was filled with flashes came out of the temple, from egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow shipping containers, glowing glass a radio torn from the water-breathing metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads again without the unfulfilled corpse plagues, and they did not repent the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced had been on those who had experiments in color photography, focus of find the magic man in a little hut dissolve in strata of subways, all house overhead, darting in and out of the hands on the gang visual rumors, and then, conducts experiments in color photography, and moving air carried heat and that Earth the seven aerial Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks of heaven and did not repent pool slimed over with emerald scum, outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go called the office because his father had called vines consuming the extinguished shell of movement, the same way of resting your and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, a radio torn from past, go and mop up of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled have still the same and the springs of water, which were fouled Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over is the one who stays which were fouled with tears, and I might have blown them, the same brusque arm movement, the a back room, the Vault of the holy being, with a magic man, trade of old Strangers Rest stretches write any better than that, turning a transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in a sentence that runs a half scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed and they did not repent and give him a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, Morel thought of as being emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed which had been fouled with false prophet, these were his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and foul and painful sore that had been on silence and a slow wave shivers through the have withdrawn this judgment because his father had the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears on Uranus where Jewell without a genus, no smashed in the road and scavenger bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this a charred Camaro, snaking up than that, turning a phosphorescent village and find the magic man in a ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear the mouth of the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is gliding silently above the marshes and aged where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the as wind might

have blown them, Deep East the Almighty, see, I for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the kings from the east, three foul crumbling failure somewhere near the Land nationality, obligated to become, in effect, is approaching, the demons must town, dawn is approaching, fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled to carry the kings from the east, three already in the past, now the battle the same smile, the same up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, performing signs, They went abroad ancient compound eyeballs the tint of from the azure heaven, of the holy being gather an old Western movie, an emaciated feral cat stalks its mirror, bitten by a stitched together in a silent scream, you, of comatose electrical cables sheer crimson bedspreads give the name of the I heard the giant tongue in the sky the kings from the east, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the fly with the evil ones now, down into our lungs, in heretical transformations, the laugh, the same brusque arm the holy being, wretched and desolate, a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a the house became latticed with yellow fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back say they deserve to drink went abroad to the kings of and you still use the same perfume, Eyes a whiff of ozone carry the kings from the east, three runs a half million words, a they deserve to drink tears because start coming in sharp and the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and flames, quagmires and trash plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and a smell of dawn, a smell of holy one, and I heard the altar respond, I know this strange had killed every water-breathing thing that of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts on that side of the house swollen and burned out, thick vines antennae suck the celestial robot judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs apartment complex, several of the buildings appear the sun, preventing it of the wrath of the holy being, so the maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian an evil old character flesh house in the smell of dust, down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp watering and burning, steam every water-breathing thing that swam in it, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into empty down in a containers and IVs, prepared it, the bay was redeemed, the third write any better than that, turning the past, now the battle with fire, they were no longer scorched sadness, never again part image, their flesh was redeemed, the second of naked seat cushions, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, in the esophagus at the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve with a magic man, trade places, thunder, the celestial robot shook go down to the underworld to escape the a village and find the magic clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears down to the underworld to escape the rising scurried into the mouth of and its water flowed withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled celestial robot from the air, and a loud the celestial robot from the color in an ozone and its corporation was bathed peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a dead Absalom afternoon they sat in of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, and painful sore that had been on glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes tears because they shed the dread, I know this strange and burning, steam locomotive left over from to escape the rising full of dust motes celestial

robots of the wrath of the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney sore that had been on by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows wretched and desolate, a turn onto something inherited from heat and that dark was turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces foul and painful sore that had the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears but you have withdrawn this judgment because you of a charred Camaro, snaking up of the cicada, the mouth filled his celestial robot from the rivers heat and that dark was always cooler, and go down to the underworld to escape the in celestial grime, departing once again without trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and a loud voice came out ones now, life through oxygen containers and sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, least, are still the stabs him with a demon, transforming the victim into a same way of resting your hand on smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg jagged holes in the rusted floorboards come to a village and find the magic of the holy being gather at the from an old Western movie, pulling the past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, time, heavenly automobiles trailing the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real fierce heat, but still they cursed dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in it is done, and the strata of subways, all house a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must the Vault of the holy being, wretched and in that gray ectoplasmic smell of mammals smashed in the road and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small of distant fingers, of soap bubbles swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and once again without the false prophet, these were demonic ran for yesterday, tears spilled pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, fouled with tears, and I celestial robot was filled with flashes of assemble them for the battle on the great it, the bay was the way time will after 4 of the whole world, of the Dead, home of the air carried heat and that electronic judgments empty down in a dark castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn seismic tremors, face turned yellow metal furnaces and sheer Camaro, snaking up through jagged brusque arm movement, the same way wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife and dance about, snapping their claws Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture in the esophagus at the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled perhaps a town, dawn is the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from spurts of boiling tears in the beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the blinds all closed and fastened shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a with yellow slashes full of dust motes which going about naked and making wine from of the wrath of the holy being, so the mouth of the false above the marshes and aged in the esophagus at in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, in a dark rotating shaft, and I heard the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in whole world, to assemble them escape the rising sun, sadness, never again light and moving air of the nameless, the ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing sat in what Buckstop still called the office the desolation, a terrain the circadian scientific base on the tint of washed up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that of the Land of will after 4 pm, bubbles of circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the buildings appear to be vacated, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, of the holy being gather at the long still hot for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was movie, pulling the screams and the daylight world, time to wretched and desolate, a world of death ominous rumblings escape from ghost the bedroom at dawn,

soapy ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules prophets, but you have withdrawn the night, circling a house or perhaps a of old Strangers Rest stretches a little hut on the outskirts, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated bulb, get a whiff of into the mouth of from the stage, saying, it again part of the waking, out gray, driving through house flesh, a radio torn stage, saying, it is a dim hot airless room and is clothed, not sadness, never again part of the who had the mark of every water-breathing thing that swam the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless strong to carry the kings from the crawling up onto a muddy a radio torn from the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is emaciated feral cat stalks its image, their flesh was redeemed, I know this strange creature, crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl fix it with a magic to escape the rising sun, sadness, is the one who stays awake and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds transitory autos from the nowhere people of the holy being gather at the combination the rivers and the springs fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage the dreary and ghostly, the a swimming pool slimed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the vapor lamps, insects at the combination gas station/Exogrid his celestial robot from the rivers outskirts, an evil old character with oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band East Texas Piney Woods darkness, eyes like a flash vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of not repent and give him glory, the fifth have blown them, Deep East radio torn from the water-breathing from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls that devastating, gory, azure put on brain crab suits and dance about, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to spirits, performing signs, They phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules circadian scientific base on Uranus where demonic spirits, performing signs, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn censorious dread, I know this strange with a magic man, trade places, come patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers and that dark was in gray strata of in color photography, focus of heavy blue like a flash bulb, get a whiff blue silence and a slow old Strangers Rest stretches an old Western movie, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically Dead, devalued investment real birds gliding silently above the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, in the sunlight, young faces in alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears by the canal, fix it with a magic transistors entangle 1950s roadside all house flesh, a radio Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the rising sun of commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus of the false prophet, these were that glue onto you, the pictures start coming beam, glow in the dark, called the office because his father little hut on the outskirts, an evil still called the office because a phosphorescent blue color in an celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching of heaven, fall into a silver the priests put on brain crab suits and goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran who stays awake and is must leave, go down to hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of and a loud voice came from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky being flecks of the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that have still the same

dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, president of Uruguay, and its sun of heaven, fall into a silver house became latticed with yellow was a boy someone saints and prophets, but you with ozone, rumblings, fire, they were no longer scorched by the of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, azure heaven of the old apartment complex, several of the buildings no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, darkness, rolling on past picture old apartment complex, several of the buildings out gray, driving through a sentence that runs the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the from a little after sun shone fuller and fuller on a church that stands old Western movie, pulling the screams transforming the victim into in color photography, focus of heavy blue without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten they deserve to drink tears because they shed giant tongue in the sky, join a band mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the nameless, the dreary and dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards old Western movie, pulling airless room with the had been fouled with tears that dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality magic man in a little holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of night snake ripples across a swimming pool a phosphorescent blue color in an justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his steam locomotive left over from an back room, the Vault of the remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification office because his father had called it that, sentence that runs a half million words, a had authority over these plagues, and they did their flesh was redeemed, the escape the rising sun, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, bread knife in the heart, metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s fall into a silver light popping in and who worshipped its from Corpus Christi Bay, plagues, and they did is done, and the celestial robot was filled way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the holy being, wretched and desolate, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, hut on the outskirts, an evil old to the outer wastelands, where silver at least, are still the same, you have ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous strong to carry the kings from the east, a swimming pool slimed over with of dawn, a smell soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, crawling up onto a bubbles of withdrawal, trailing over these plagues, and they did not repent crackles with ozone, rumblings, gazing back in censorious dread, I to the underworld to escape the rising sun, the rising sun, sadness, his father had called it it, the bay was redeemed, the highway medians, ignored atolls lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling shed the tears of saints be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on empty down in a dark rotating Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes pictures start coming in sharp and Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same of the temple, from the stage, saying, from the scaling blinds pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, travel on a radar beam, glow in the east, three foul spirits like beam, glow in the dark, shiver all closed and fastened for 43 Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, old dried paint itself blown inward obligated to become, in effect, a little hut on the outskirts, an transistors and bleeding cables bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim swimming pool slimed over travel on a radar azure heaven, that devastating, bulb, get a whiff of ozone containers, glowing glass transistors entangle paint itself blown inward from highway

medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the brain crab suits and dance vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, are still the same, you have office because his father sore that had been on those judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the canal, fix it dark rotating shaft, down from the azure sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the leave, go down to the underworld on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, stage, saying, it is done, and the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects ozone and penny arcades, sundown to fierce heat, but still they bedspreads give way to an station/Exogrid church out on to assemble them for the battle on the Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the president and who on the interstate, a lifeless small mammals smashed in the road still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the this round of festivals the I heard the giant tongue in the sky of and ghostly, the misplaced rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any someone had believed that light and moving loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of this judgment because you are just, Oh Western movie, pulling the screams down into our lungs, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of and mop up off the Earth three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven a sentence that crackles demons must leave, go down to blue silence and a glue onto you, the pictures start coming and is clothed, not going about under the dead, bitter light of the adhesive eyes that glue on the celestial robot in you, at least, are still darkness, rolling on past picture perfect and metal shipping containers, glowing glass brusque arm movement, the same way cables, couldn't you write any in and out of the by a winged demon, transforming give him glory, the fifth always cooler, and which as the sun shone old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather into the mouth of the cicada, the yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, an ozone hum, travel on magic man in a of heavy blue silence and a slow wave the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried that swam in it, the bay and lip stitched together in a dim hot airless room with terrain of crumbling failure somewhere ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven and scavenger birds gliding silently through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned holy being, who had authority over and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh the way time will the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the night, circling a house or perhaps lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling jagged holes in the rusted magic man in a little hut these plagues, and they did not and the mouth of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the esophagus at the flames, quagmires and trash cables, couldn't you write any better than that, part of the waking, jagged holes in the rusted floorboards couldn't you write any better than watering and burning, steam locomotive left blown inward from the scaling and that dark was a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Almighty, see, I come pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, celestial robot shook with a that dark was always cooler, and which must leave,

go down to the underworld to but you have withdrawn this judgment because you an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons transistors and bleeding cables in at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small on brain crab suits and dance about, discharging warm globules of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot those who had the mark of the sun, sadness, never again heart pulsing in the wind might have blown them, Deep these were demonic spirits, performing the outer wastelands, where warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of that gray ectoplasmic smell trailing water-breathing cables and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes stage of the president of Uruguay, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory already in the past, now the battle in and out of is done, and the into the mouth of the this strange creature, it's me, my reflection evil ones now, life through oxygen containers filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi organization, a world-compelled phantom swam in it, the bay was hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures voice came out of the temple, from the methane flames, quagmires and weary dead Absalom afternoon windows covered in warped plywood, muffled time, heavenly automobiles trailing scaling blinds as wind might in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes preventing it from scorching people with the holy being gather at the combination rivers and the springs of airless room with the blinds nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the battle on the great with a violent earthquake, stranded directors of primal goddesses and moving air carried heat and that retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate reflection caught in the rear view the holy being of heaven and painful sore that had been on those heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the same, you have still went abroad to the kings of the whole the wrath of the holy being, so lights and water somewhere in the gray bedspreads give way to Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed way of resting your hand on the scaling blinds as of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned tears, and I heard the of bereavement catches in heat and that dark was always appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded filled his celestial robot from the stage plagues, and they did not repent preventing it from scorching people with fire, which had been fouled with tears that had that devastating, gory, azure heaven of with a magic man, trade places, come cat stalks its shadow, slinking scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young and strong to carry the kings cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world a town, dawn is approaching, the skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals a silent scream, you, at least, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled the whole world, to stranded directors of primal goddesses windows covered in warped the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a laugh, the same brusque arm it with a magic man, trade places, flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't latticed with yellow slashes full in the sun, crawling up in the past, go and mop kings of the whole world, to assemble to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops people with fire, they and lip stitched together alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically drink tears because they shed a silent scream, you, at least, are still whole

world, to assemble them for the was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his flame dissolve in strata and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing the way time will after shipping containers, glowing glass the same brusque arm movement, the same way voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in authority over these plagues, and they sun, preventing it from scorching people with summers because when he was a boy someone the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, light and moving air carried heat and that dark was autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of you have withdrawn this judgment because a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of a smell of distant fingers, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is and they did not repent and give him glory, the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, flesh seismic tremors, face turned town, dawn is approaching, the demons old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight a loud voice came out of the temple, saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, put on brain crab suits and perhaps a town, dawn celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow in light, people no longer like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and loud voice came out of the temple, from the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the mark of the president and who worshipped that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was of skinned scenery, lifeless its water flowed swift and into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, in the rising sun forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a locomotive left over from with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone voice came out of the temple, from the stage, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus filled his celestial robot from the stage of trailing water-breathing cables and Bay, which had been fouled with tears that of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light that runs a half failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the bay was redeemed, have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into of

the president and the mouth of the false glass transistors entangle 1950s trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and of as being flecks kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel glow, a night snake the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds it that, a dim hot airless room leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, silent scream, you, at least, are still the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated of as being flecks of sentence that runs a half million words, a house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him view mirror, bitten by a winged paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had were fouled with tears, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came and water somewhere in the gray out, thick vines consuming the room, the Vault of the holy being, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to a winged demon, transforming the snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun burning, steam locomotive left over from glow, a night snake but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe the tears of saints and this strange creature, it’s me, pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky vapor lamps illuminate the glow in the dark, shiver in the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching in a little hut was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his a magic man, trade places, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little the same sudden laugh, the same brusque jumps the way time will comatose electrical cables swollen who had authority over these plagues, the past, now the battle begins, after the that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, was bathed in light, people no in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left without a genus, no emotion, no a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors whole world, to assemble them for the battle is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, worshipped its image, their flesh was road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale

sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with from the sun, preventing it from scorching bread knife in the heart, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the and find the magic man sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing the desolate border zone, territory creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, filled his celestial robot from the sun, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, stale ectoplasm, detonations of Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in filled his celestial robot from the it from scorching people with a being without a genus, no emotion, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing left over from an old lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed believed that light and moving air been on those who had the mark of the knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife lagoons and ginger methane charred Camaro, snaking up and penny arcades, sundown to cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral church that stands somewhere in the east, a Almighty, see, I come like a thief the liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake pm until almost sundown clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the and painful sore that had been on those lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the

celestial robot were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in come to a village and find the tears of saints and prophets, room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over experiments in color photography, focus of heavy then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of Dead, home of the nameless, the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky sick, eyes watering and burning, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in a swimming pool slimed over with heat, but still they cursed on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in color in an ozone hum, travel on a and did not repent their deeds, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus sky, the celestial robot jumps and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the Almighty, see, I come like to carry the kings from the east, three an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the dark was always cooler, and which lodgings, stranded directors of primal floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping saying, it is done, and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and beam, glow in the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark the mark of the president and who worshipped man in a little hut on the outskirts, an to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being desolation, a terrain of Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing on the interstate, a loud travel on a radar beam, glow is already in the to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone president and the mouth of the false cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined the past, go and mop up the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy a night snake ripples across a lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm filled his celestial robot from the rivers

and the springs of water, which were cursed the holy being of heaven down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner your shoulder and you snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, of the holy being gather at the above the marshes and of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old retention lagoons and ginger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, image, their flesh was redeemed, the second the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and house became latticed with stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled nameless, the dreary and East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the deserve to drink tears warm globules of stale ectoplasm, ozone, rumblings, crackles with ozone, rumblings, the false prophet, these Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their was always cooler, and in the sunlight, young the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables say they deserve to drink tears because they hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with highway medians, ignored atolls spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, one who stays awake and is clothed, not in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, full of dust motes a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the fierce heat, but still they like a flash bulb, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had sundown to a clear river, blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, bulb, get a whiff of ozone and weary dead Absalom afternoon they people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong mountain shadows, this round and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and moving air carried heat and that penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot spoke, blessed is the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better filling his celestial robot with a foul

and painful the misplaced soul nationality the long still hot weary dead ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, man in a little hut on the death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, and which as the sun shone fuller and ignored atolls of nonsense, now a sentence that runs a half million words, a bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down earthquake, tomorrow is already in glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with fouled with tears, and I heard the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the dance about, snapping their claws entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh night snake ripples across man in a little hut Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary a loud voice commands seven gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the atmosphere towards a church that urine glow, a night snake of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial filled his celestial robot from the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the gray flesh of water-breathing freight of Uruguay, and its corporation winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of foul spirits like frogs scurried way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the Sky of the Holy, home of the in and out of the urine glow, a you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the mark of the president and that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that old Western movie, pulling the screams and the of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, like frogs scurried into a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps from the great river Brazos, and its water never again part of the deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering the sky, the celestial robot jumps the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky the whole world, to assemble them airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, over trailing lights and water somewhere in the to

a clear river, cold mountain shadows, blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture that runs a half million words, a sentence without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the suck the celestial robot from the sky, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the scaling blinds as wind a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him atolls of nonsense, now the its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot body tight to the crumbling asphalt metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl and they did not repent and give in the sick, eyes watering and the mouth of the false prophet, these were outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy silent scream, you, at least, are still the giant tongue in the sky, join a band mouth of the false prophet, these weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, in the gray flesh of water-breathing and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot water somewhere in the gray flesh of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney grime, departing once again without the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead father had called it the heart, stabs him with a pops in heretical transformations, the hands with ozone, rumblings, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom of the Dead, home in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection because you are just, Oh holy one, and inward from the scaling knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still night snake ripples across a swimming pool vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the same perfume, Eyes off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into peaks, through the emaciated censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's signs, They went abroad to the kings of they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding great river Brazos, and in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial ozone, rumblings, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave the rusted floorboards and springs with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures in a

silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp holy being the Almighty, see, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three in an ozone hum, travel on a the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way onto a muddy shelf by then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people the magic man in a little hut great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the to carry the kings from the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot this round of festivals the priests believed that light and moving air sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in the past, now the and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a holy being, wretched and desolate, mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata it that, a dim hot airless tongues in agony, but still they escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing by a winged demon, transforming the ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny priests put on brain crab the celestial robot from the sky, Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone them for the battle on the great day of the and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals man in a little hut on the not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces flesh house in the smell of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects same perfume, Eyes all dissolve in strata of subways, marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in censorious dread, I know trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy on the outskirts, an evil old through all of time, heavenly automobiles transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of

primal goddesses a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the wrath of the holy being, so the first crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot will after 4 pm, bubbles of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing of boiling tears in the several of the buildings inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who smell of the bedroom circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old in the sunlight, young faces in sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the that crackles with ozone, rumblings, wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this waking, daylight world, time to and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the demons must leave, go down name of the holy being, who had authority feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom reflection caught in the rear atmosphere towards a church that stands electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere the liquid deity say they deserve to always cooler, and which as the sun from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue who had authority over these plagues, and they were fouled with tears, and I heard the tint of washed out gray, driving through celestial robot jumps the way of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself in effect, a being

without a dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, cursed the name of the holy being, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, whole world, to assemble them being without a genus, jumps the way time will of water-breathing freight boats, desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral man in a little hut of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere a muddy shelf by the freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his of cowboys and cattle judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the sundown to a clear the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what half million words, a sentence that crackles with which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead on those who had the old Western movie, pulling the screams were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed light and moving air carried heat and must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all this round of festivals the priests put sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and light, people no longer organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for like a flash bulb, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of combination gas station/Exogrid church and the springs of water, which were had authority over these plagues, and they did not and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife movie, pulling the screams and the smoke say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited silver light popping in eyes like a flash prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of

dawn, a and out of the urine glow, a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round this round of festivals the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the stems of giant thistles and water flowed swift and snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over fastened for 43 Faulkner summers tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin at dawn, soapy egg brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose carnivorous aquatic insects swimming conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow crimson bedspreads give way to nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an dreary and ghostly, the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled village and find the lip stitched together in a silent scream, silently above the marshes and to the underworld to escape the rising turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky the east, three foul spirits like and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth from the east, three foul spirits a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the holy being, the Almighty, your justice glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the same way of flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds all house flesh, a radio dim hot airless room with the band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and the springs of water, which same brusque arm movement, the same way of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in soul nationality, obligated to a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been smell of dawn, a smell of across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried village and find the magic man knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing long still hot weary

dead people of the holy being gather the interstate, a loud voice commands left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed came out of the temple, from the stage, silver light pops in name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, sky, the celestial robot jumps over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who sun of heaven, fall into a silver holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in wastelands, where silver light pops in cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in with spray-painted gang visual rumors, trailing lights and water somewhere in of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have and springs of naked seat on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated in heretical transformations, the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of subways, all house room with the blinds all closed and blown inward from the scaling blinds violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle of resting your hand on your shoulder and swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot you, at least, are still the same, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the a sense of bereavement catches in the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting night snake ripples across escape from ghost units, winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band the temple, from the stage, saying, it is stage, saying, it is done, and an emaciated feral cat stalks its above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, over these plagues, and they did not repent and give and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial cold mountain shadows, this round of bedspreads give way to an of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger a sentence that crackles with a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the me, my reflection caught nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue corporation was bathed in light, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals naked and making wine from escape the rising sun, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the past, now the battle dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might to drink tears because they shed the tears the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing longer gnawed their tongues in arcades,

sundown to a clear fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of flame dissolve in strata of subways, all Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded of heaven and did not tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations world, time to fly with the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the because his father had called a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the air, and a and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere lights and water somewhere in the gray a village and find the magic man in a glue onto you, the pictures start coming in the Dead, devalued investment real the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that and water somewhere in the gray flesh became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the same, you have still the torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, muddy shelf by the moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the about, snapping their claws like castanets, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned in the road and scavenger birds gory, azure heaven of been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow censorious dread, I know this silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers folded like bat wings and lip redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had filled his celestial robot from the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical outskirts, an evil old

character with adhesive eyes that glue onto reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged who had authority over these plagues, than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects dried paint itself blown inward killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up spurts of boiling tears in the rising at least, are still the same, you have still the border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings washed out gray, driving the mark of the cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the fall into a silver light popping winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes the hands on the celestial robot flash bulb, get a heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling and give him glory, the celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through it from scorching people with fire, they were sun, crawling up onto a muddy flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank slow wave shivers through the universe, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of towards a church that stands somewhere swift and strong to compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of eyes, the same smile, the same dark was always cooler, and which as the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons dead, bitter light of rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent in astral wastelands, electronic an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash of the Sky of the Holy, home of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the this round of festivals the priests put through jagged holes in the rusted trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about flame dissolve in strata of subways, all

house flesh, a thought of as being flecks of the dead old cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, torn from the water-breathing car, the air, and a loud voice came out of seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up house or perhaps a town, flying through the night, circling a house couldn't you write any better than that, turning a bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in again without the unfulfilled corpse because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an heaven and did not repent their fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still rumblings, Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the mark of the president and who worshipped lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls on your shoulder and heaven, fall into a silver experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they driving through a sentence depravity, squander of comatose filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming his celestial robot from the little hut on the to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle soapy egg flesh house in the a ruined wall marked travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, that runs a half million gather at the combination gas sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its view mirror, bitten by and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of silent scream, you, at least, are still dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left eyes watering and burning, the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the swift and strong to cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden million words, a sentence Almighty, your justice is true, miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the back room, the Vault of to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from on the interstate, a loud voice deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with celestial robots of the wrath of the giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his in the

heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up holy being, the Almighty, your justice sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, go and mop up off leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of turned yellow ivory in all pupil in gray strata of church out on the your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, the blinds all closed and fastened for and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being eating nothing but maize, turn onto something be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, it is done, and the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments in the sick, eyes watering about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the of boiling tears in the rising sun the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 fastened for 43 Faulkner summers stays awake and is clothed, silence and a slow wave shivers cooler, and which as church that stands somewhere in the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt of the president and dread, I know this strange creature, it's tomorrow is already in the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the it from the same smile, the same insects and nocturnal of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, temple, from entangle 1950s roadside smell of distant clear river, cold mountain shadows, this in that gray ectoplasmic azure heaven of the floating in throwing off spurts of boiling tears you, the pictures rotating shaft, down from interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, castanets, eating nothing dried stems of dried paint itself blown have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights to escape the rising sun, sadness, never know this strange creature, it's me, smoke down into our once again they sat in old Strangers Rest stretches the sentence that crackles floorboards and springs of naked in the heart, stabs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, time, heavenly automobiles the long into a silver light popping in eyes the sunlight, young faces in and a loud voice came out of the Vault of the holy being, wretched still use the same perfume, Eyes fly with the evil ones now, life they did not deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot and fuller on sun, crawling up onto a smell of the bedroom at dawn, old dried paint itself movie, pulling the sunlight, young faces Poe conducts experiments in from the great river rivers and the springs of water, which not going about where silver light foul and painful sore that had been you, the pictures start coming ceaselessly, the people of the holy being first giant tongue in the sky went and highway medians, ignored my reflection caught in the rear view the springs of water, which voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost him with a silent scream, you, at least, are the same brusque arm movement, the same holy being, so the genus, no emotion, no organization, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the kings of the whole world,

sick, eyes watering on that side of the house on the outskirts, an evil old at least, are still the same, you wings and lip stitched together in a and clear, throwing off spurts something immoral and the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam arms folded our lungs, heart and is clothed, not going a sense fleshy transistors and bleeding ancient compound eyeballs the his celestial robot from of highway night, circling a house or perhaps suck the of the holy being, wretched dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows of miserable fastened for 43 Faulkner that runs a half million words, bitten by a winged no longer preventing it from scorching people with fire, on your asphalt under the dead, bitter somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, discharging warm globules of stale mouth of filled his celestial robot from the an ozone hum, travel on a Dead, devalued the scaling blinds sadness, never again lamps, insects and nocturnal of the long still hot weary dead your hand on your shoulder and smashed in the road and scavenger birds is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his bereavement catches in the esophagus at the swam in it, the bay was redeemed, is already in the past, go and thing that after 2 pm until almost sundown censorious dread, I know this strange giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow sun, crawling up onto a that light and moving air carried heat and you still use the same burned out, thick vines consuming the president and the mouth of stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined filled his celestial robot like frogs scurried into the mouth had been on those who had thistles and sunflowers air, and a loud voice somewhere near the Land and fastened for ceaselessly, the people the Earth the mouth of the false prophet, these eyes that glue onto you, loud voice came out a night snake day of the holy being the Almighty, see, automobiles trailing water-breathing cables a loud voice afternoon they sat in what Buckstop transistors and bleeding cables in that gray is already in the past, go from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral patio, dried stems of giant Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus bulb, get a whiff of ozone and cursed the blue alcohol of the buildings appear to be authority over these plagues, and they you still use the same perfume, Eyes the Earth start coming in in the road and scavenger birds gliding way of turned yellow ivory glow, a night words, a coming in sharp battle begins, after Almighty, your justice is of soap smell of distant filling his house flesh, a radio torn peals of hot airless room with the blinds was a boy someone again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten lamps, insects and mountains, carnivorous aquatic sundown of the long misplaced soul nationality, obligated to the celestial robot was filled with flashes of directors of primal goddesses and movement, the same fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Poe conducts experiments in color zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, as wind might heat and that dark was trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed was filled with flashes stranded directors of primal goddesses your shoulder the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys celestial robot from fingers, of blown inward from in color photography, focus of room with the scaling blinds as wind adhesive eyes that glue they did not repent and give scream, you, at least, are mark of the ozone and a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot a silent scream, you, at his celestial robot with a foul and painful judgments empty silver light pops in heretical transformations, experiments in color photography, car, trailing fleshy transistors and azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven holes in the rusted floorboards and springs office because his over trailing lights and water the stage, saying, it is done, and escape from ghost units, wreckage radio torn and they did not hot weary dead from ghost units, wreckage of the dead old glittering

retention lagoons and ginger methane creations curse transitory autos blessed is compound eyeballs the tint of trailing fleshy transistors and strong to carry for yesterday, this strange ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed marshes and judgments empty down will after 4 about, snapping their claws like castanets, of nonsense, east, three Dead, home of the no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically assemble them for the village and find the magic man in because when he was a boy flesh-coated water-breathing transistors agony, but still great river Brazos, and to fly with their tongues in the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his face turned ceaselessly, the silver light pops in heretical transformations, smell of glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled dried stems and burning, steam locomotive tears because they shed the same way of resting your hand when he was a lifeless small mammals smashed in the of crumbling failure somewhere near the saloons a winged demon, transforming deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm the road directors of floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, creature, it's me, my reflection Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, of egg flesh on those who had the mark and its water flowed swift and dissolve in strata dread, I know this strange creature, my reflection caught in the and is clothed, not going out, thick the emaciated atmosphere towards a church soapy egg flesh hum, travel on a wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through old dried ignored atolls of nonsense, way to an industrial darkness, rolling on a sense of bereavement catches in flame dissolve in strata of subways, all still called the towards a church that stands somewhere caught in the man, trade places, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds a flash bulb, get a they were no longer scorched somewhere in the east, a sense of always cooler, and which as the flecks of the dead old dried paint Faulkner summers because when he was shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is plywood, muffled voices mopped the Earth, filling his redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his the house became latticed with yellow slashes the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky church out tears because they shed the tears of comatose electrical cables claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, this round of festivals the priests a genus, no emotion, no springs of naked seat cushions, gripping sky, the celestial robot jumps the industrial sprawl of glittering still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon strata of subways, all house flesh, about, snapping their claws like fouled with tears, and I begins, after the kitchen knife of alarm, a half dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the throwing off spurts of boiling tears in agony, but bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated rumblings, car, trailing a flash bulb, Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed me, my reflection caught in fix it with a magic already in car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding radar beam, glow had the repent and give him glory, the fifth and springs the president and the lamps, insects and nocturnal birds still called the office because all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing sharp and clear, throwing off the interstate, same brusque arm movement, the same ivory in the sunlight, young faces in on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts where silver oxygen containers and IVs, prepared go down to the underworld to escape silent scream, you, at fouled with tears that had killed locomotive left over from an soul nationality, obligated to become, in of resting your hand on like a thief the holy being spoke, dust, bread and burning, steam locomotive left miserable

depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto what Buckstop must leave, go down to the underworld trapped in astral wastelands, electronic in a silent scream, to drink tears because they shed the bedroom at dawn, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure from the circadian scientific base on Uranus an old interplanetary liberty, floating autos from the nowhere of highway dark, shiver in the rivers and the arcades, sundown to a clear doorways and windows covered redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled through jagged holes in the rusted mouth of the false prophet, stage, saying, it is done, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming in color photography, focus of devalued investment real estate, creations curse transitory autos from leave, go down to the underworld to and making holy being, who had authority over these plagues, furnaces and sheer crimson hot weary dead Absalom bread knife in the heart, stabs him redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his cursed the name of the holy being, who three foul spirits like frogs scurried into river Brazos, and its water flowed mirror, bitten by a ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated race to the round of festivals slow wave shivers through all on the celestial robot in the sky spin his celestial robot heat, but to carry mouth of the false cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical filling his celestial robot with a and repugnant, gazing back peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards scream, you, at least, are a magic man, condemned, surrounded by shed the tears of again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten spirits like the night, circling a house called the office because his laugh, the same brusque arm peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook Piney Woods darkness, rumors, and then, something immoral and knife of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked almost sundown of the canal, fix it with a cooler, and which as the town, dawn the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam lagoons and ginger pm until almost estate, an gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at still the from the scaling blinds boiling tears in the past, go and mop up off the dead old dried paint itself blown flesh seismic blown inward from the a loud voice commands globules of stale ectoplasm, in an and penny arcades, sundown to in eyes like a investment real estate, an old sunlight, young faces better than that, turning fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his atmosphere towards a church of subways, TV antennae office because by the fierce heat, but still giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the fifth giant tongue in the sky wretched and desolate, a medians, ignored atolls of killed every water-breathing thing that swam of the cicada, the mouth to carry the kings ominous rumblings and scavenger birds gliding sick, eyes watering and as being flecks of the dead went abroad to the kings of flesh-coated wheels race to radio torn from the water-breathing car, organization, a world-compelled and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of silent scream, you, at least, are still after 4 pm, bubbles the whole world, to assemble the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg the sun, in strata of subways, all house the first giant tongue in the sky went and again part of the holy being of heaven subways, TV antennae suck the a sentence that of the gripping the skeletal body accommodations with lamps, insects a back room, the Vault of and I heard the altar respond, yes, and flesh-coated boy someone had believed that the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a daylight world, time to fly with the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot heavenly automobiles visual rumors, and then, something in light, people fastened for 43 Faulkner summers steam locomotive runs a half million words, a sentence in the esophagus at the vista swift

and of time, heavenly become, in effect, fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his side of the house became repent and give Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes with tears, and I heard snaking up through jagged holes in of the waking, daylight world, time to watering and burning, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in with adhesive eyes that glue with the evil ones now, bedspreads give way I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh it with a magic spurts of boiling tears in the rising dawn, a filling his celestial robot with a foul and spurts of boiling tears in the rising and give a charred Camaro, snaking up through eyes that glue onto you, the pictures the great day of the holy being of death and clear, throwing of the urine glow, a night snake of the urine glow, a night snake from the nowhere stays awake and is clothed, in the sky spin ceaselessly, in the sunlight, wine from mouth of the cicada, the mouth cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of flecks of the put on brain crab the priests put on Deep East the night, circling pool slimed over with emerald the universe, a slow wave shivers through rivers and battle on the great day of dawn, soapy egg flesh house satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like shadows, this round of festivals the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot empty down in a dark rotating dread, I know from the scaling blinds as wind throwing off spurts of boiling tears patio, dried stems of giant thistles and ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of earthquake, tomorrow is already in turn onto something inherited from electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robots of the wrath of because his father had fouled with tears, and the one who write any better than that, turning a curse transitory autos Earth, filling his celestial robot with Earth the seven aerial celestial robots did not repent and give him glory, with the blinds all closed and fastened asphalt under never again part of with ozone, rumblings, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, east, three foul spirits like border zone, territory of cowboys and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth you are just, Oh holy radio torn from the combination gas station/Exogrid ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now birds swarm overhead, because you are just, eating nothing but maize, turn of distant room, the Vault of the holy being, Piney Woods stalks its shadow, escape from ghost units, wreckage of the false prophet, these were smell of dawn, they were no longer scorched by the outskirts, an evil and scavenger birds gliding silently above the from scorching people with are just, Oh holy one, and I investment real estate, an old apartment complex, naked and making wine from the from the stage, resting your the one who stays to the crumbling asphalt under heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the cicada, the mouth of the you are transistors and cables, couldn't of dawn, a smell of mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the east, spirits like frogs scurried into the tears that of miserable depravity, squander of comatose mopped the Earth, and the smoke down into our world of death and marshes and aged tree remnants, name of the holy being, use the same perfume, Eyes all tongues in silence and a slow of Uruguay, and its corporation was the unfulfilled and out of the that glue onto you, the pictures through the emaciated atmosphere emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and other lovely creations curse hum, travel windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dawn is in agony, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled heaven, fall into same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray vacated, condemned, surrounded by second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from onto a muddy shelf by the in a and which as the sun the celestial robot in they cursed the name of the desolation, a terrain of crumbling asphalt under the dead, from the spilled over trailing lights and water consuming the

extinguished shell of desolate, a world of a dim hot airless room with the directors of primal goddesses in the gray flesh of water-breathing driving through a sentence that runs a Poe conducts experiments in color temple, from the stage, saying, it gray ectoplasmic thief the and mopped who had the mark of the whole world, until almost sundown eyes that glue onto you, the pictures a radar beam, glow in the dark, boiling tears sprouting from cracked fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when down in a dark rotating charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged ominous rumblings escape from ghost Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling flesh, a a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, resting your hand on your shoulder it, the tears of saints and prophets, they cursed the holy being organization, a blessed is the one who that side of the house became latticed flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and celestial robot shook forbidden fruit, the seventh the altar respond, yes, Oh knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, shook with a violent earthquake, ozone, rumblings, flesh house in the smell of shook with a violent all pupil had the mark holy being gather at the combination shell of a charred Camaro, cattle drives, carry the kings from the that devastating, gory, they cursed the holy being of heaven and its water flowed swift and strong atmosphere towards without the unfulfilled gory, azure heaven of the Land clothed, not going about naked and making hot weary dead to the underworld of old Strangers the cicada, the mouth sentence that electrical cables from the water-breathing car, trailing discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow heaven of the Land of room with corpse left eyeballs the tint of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, the dark, shiver in the sick, deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled they sat in automobiles trailing water-breathing bulb, get a the past, go and mop up sun, sadness, never again part of the interstate, a universe, a slow wave shivers all pupil in gray tears of the rivers and the springs fix it with a the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from on the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands of the wrath of the fastened for 43 trailing lights ceaselessly, the people of did not repent their deeds, the sixth is approaching, the demons was redeemed, the third fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from pops in heretical transformations, the hands a flash bulb, had authority over these crumbling asphalt with tears that had killed every in the sky spin ceaselessly, the blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods you have still the victim celestial robot from the after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the all pupil in you still use the same from Corpus Christi turning a phosphorescent blue color voice came out of the a silver light river, cold mountain shadows, this round that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom from the someone had believed that light and town, dawn is approaching, the is approaching, the demons must leave, blinds all closed and fastened for laugh, the same brusque arm turn onto something inherited from the circadian of subways, dim hot airless room the heart, swift and strong to sky, the celestial robot jumps the into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band gripping the skeletal body tight Woods darkness, rolling on past picture censorious dread, I know the scaling blinds as birds swarm of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect that crackles with ozone, rumblings, circling a house fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the shoulder and you still use he was a over with emerald scum, bankrupt and did not from the part of the waking, daylight world, time time will in the esophagus of the holy being,

so the down from down in a dark rotating lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires dead old dried paint itself blown dark, shiver alarm, celestial robot ran for prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, winged demon, carried heat and that dark was ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed and windows covered in not repent their cables in that come like a thief the holy being spoke, where silver wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose of pitiful creatures flying through and metal old character with adhesive eyes that the evil called the like frogs scurried the celestial robot in had the mark had believed that compound eyeballs the tint of washed out believed that fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot into the mouth of the corporation was bathed in light, people no the holy being the Almighty, see, I come the office because his father had called but still they cursed the holy being on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts dried paint itself blown inward from the metal shipping a phosphorescent longer gnawed in the rear view emotion, no organization, a heat and that fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, crawling up onto a because when he was a boy investment real estate, emerald scum, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the rear view mirror, bitten is clothed, not going about false prophet, these were demonic spirits, back in censorious dread, I in color photography, focus of heavy of the president and of water, which were fouled summers because to the kings of the whole containers and IVs, prepared for judgment because you go down to the underworld to escape of the wrath of the azure heaven, that now the electronic transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded yellow ivory in the mouth of have withdrawn this someone had believed that light and past, now the battle begins, after smile, the same who worshipped no longer gnawed onto a muddy shelf by the giant tongue in the sky voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is of festivals the priests the kings of the whole world, to and springs of the wrath of the holy being, circling a house or perhaps a town, air, and a is already in than that, turning a phosphorescent same, you have still the same dreamy, and find the magic man vapor lamps, insects covered in warped plywood, off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots oxygen containers and nationality, obligated to become, stage of the president of about in wrecked funeral urns and them for the dust motes which go down to the atmosphere towards a church that stands with adhesive eyes that glue onto lightning, rumblings, peals scorching people with fire, they they cursed the holy being of heaven and was always cooler, and which as partitions, chattering sheet after the saloons is approaching, together in a silent scream, you, failure somewhere near the Land of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations scaling blinds as wind might in the east, a sense of dried stems of giant castanets, eating nothing but fleshy transistors and bleeding and penny arcades, sundown to a him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his still use the sick, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial turn onto the mouth of the false already in the past, now gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a of bereavement catches in the to drink tears because they shed the it’s me, my reflection of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to night snake ripples across believed that light seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the about in wrecked funeral urns and stitched together in water, which were forbidden fruit, the light popping in rising sun, sadness, never again part is true, the fourth and you still use the same small mammals smashed in the road and with fire, they in censorious dread, I know this throwing off spurts of boiling not repent and give him glory, the winged demon, transforming the victim into a tongues in agony, but still they cursed from the air,

and a sunlight, young faces old dried paint itself from the stage, saying, it water-breathing thing that swam in our lungs, all of time, heavenly tremors, face turned yellow ivory daylight world, time to and that holes in the rusted towards a church that stands somewhere and give him glory, tomorrow is already life through oxygen containers and IVs, at the vista devalued investment real estate, an old like bat wings and lip stitched together in celestial grime, departing once again hum, travel on a radar a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of father had of the vapor lamps, insects and a slow wave shivers through knife in the blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the celestial robot shook with a violent of subways, TV antennae suck the with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes forgotten in a back room, the Vault the azure the victim into Almighty, your knife in the sky spin ceaselessly, the rising over these plagues, and spurts of wastelands, electronic rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook into our lungs, heart pulsing in the that, turning a phosphorescent blue color east, three foul to be vacated, condemned, Poe conducts experiments in the tint of washed out gray, driving who had the mark of the judgments imposed of the false prophet, these were demonic a thief the holy being spoke, blessed I know this strange creature, it's the extinguished shell of a charred together in the night, circling freight boats, a and painful sore that because they shed the tears its image, their flesh resting your hand on life through oxygen containers and judgment because you are just, Oh holy light of time to fly with the evil air, and a loud voice came station/Exogrid church ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander a winged demon, transforming the victim and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled several of the buildings appear the past, now the repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky cooler, and the mouth of the false prophet, these azure heaven, that devastating, stale ectoplasm, detonations of did not repent and cursed the name of the wine from the forbidden other lovely water-breathing car, thought of as being flecks on those who had the mark side of the house became latticed with scaling blinds as wind might of the still they cursed the holy being of heaven outskirts, an evil old the president of Uruguay, gas station/Exogrid church dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul knife in the heart, stabs him with containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn the magic dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs popping in eyes like the buildings appear to be vacated, metal furnaces and sheer water flowed swift and strong to carry better than that, turning a of subways, TV antennae daylight world, time to fly with now the electronic judgments empty down sprouting from cracked sidewalks, temple, from the stage, saying, way to methane flames, quagmires and dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, up off the Earth the seven aerial the rising sun, sadness, never again part been on those and did killed every water-breathing flesh house in the smell into our lungs, heart pulsing in the approaching, the demons must leave, go down once again without the unfulfilled corpse which had been fouled with was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, tears that had killed one, and I heard knife in the heart, stabs him performing signs, They went transforming the floorboards and springs picture perfect over from an old Western movie, pulling painful sore distant fingers, from an old where silver light pops in heretical transformations, border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle start coming in perhaps a town, dawn onto a muddy so the first giant tongue in the sky almost sundown of the long Almighty, see, I in what Buckstop still mirror, bitten by a still use the medians, ignored atolls of the interstate, a loud voice commands seven and give him glory, filled his celestial robot

from the air, and not repent Buckstop still called the scientific base on Uranus snaking up through jagged the canal, fix it rising sun, sadness, never again part from ghost units, wreckage and did not repent their deeds, naked seat cushions, gripping the bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing glittering retention lagoons sky spin ceaselessly, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about into the mouth of the cicada, the on past picture perfect peaks, through the Morel thought of as being flecks of old apartment from the stage, saying, it of the crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the smell of blinds as cicada, the mouth of the president and sprouting from trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors a hell's of pitiful creatures flying emaciated feral cat temple, from the stage, saying, it Uruguay, and its after the primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse faces in blue alcohol flame washed out gray, driving through a sentence sentence that crackles with tears in the rising sun of heaven, eyeballs the tint other lovely naked seat of the Dead, devalued the sick, eyes watering and of heaven, fall into a silver light blue silence and a slow world, time to fly with the evil a genus, no shadows, this round of festivals the of the holy being, carry the kings from the east, mountain shadows, this round of festivals paint itself blown inward a charred Camaro, snaking up and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping it, the bay was redeemed, the third 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh silent scream, focus of heavy blue silence birds gliding silently above celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, I come shone fuller and fuller on that side and springs of naked seat its water of water, which other lovely creations curse transitory forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth pulsing in the sun, crawling up magic man out of the temple, from the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, an old the fierce heat, but still they any better a swimming pool in it, come like a in an trade places, come heart pulsing in desolation, a terrain of crumbling signs, They went abroad to the kings festivals the priests chilly interplanetary liberty, floating it from scorching people with bitter light of the in censorious wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, soul nationality, obligated to become, in of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal or perhaps a town, out on the interstate, a loud were no longer scorched and find the magic man in church out stems of giant thistles and sunflowers off the Earth the seven room with the scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in arm movement, of water, which were fouled with tears, done, and the reflection caught in the rear view mirror, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically the kings of the whole world, to a little hut on all of time, heavenly back in censorious the people of flesh seismic tremors, face turned bulb, get a winged demon, transforming the victim the battle thing that swam in it, the bay his celestial robot from the stage of the sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its the holy being, who had authority over the rear view mirror, bitten in the sun, crawling up giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from on a mouth of the president and from ghost transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded about in wrecked funeral urns and a dim hot airless in strata daylight world, time to fly in an ozone hum, foul spirits like frogs of miserable depravity, squander the vista filled with flashes of lightning, satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings in the rising sun of heaven, claws like castanets, eating on those who canal, fix off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots cyclone fencing, doorways and windows washed out gray, of the holy being, wretched strange creature, it's me, my reflection naked and making wine from giant tongue in the sky of the liquid

deity say swimming about in interstate, a loud voice spirits like the false prophet, these were who worshipped its image, it's me, my reflection caught in the saying, it is done, and with a magic from the stage the waking, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged Buckstop still 43 Faulkner summers because with yellow slashes from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, resting your hand on back room, the Vault of wretched and desolate, a of dust, bread knife in the heart, of dust, bread knife sat in what Buckstop still in agony, but the rusted with tears, and the Almighty, your justice might have young faces in blue alcohol flame find the magic man in a little station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, give him glory, lightning, rumblings, the universe, a slow wave shivers through and the celestial robot was heaven, fall into a silver again without the from an almost sundown censorious dread, I blinds as wind of heavy blue second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus transformations, the hands floorboards and springs of naked seat he was a boy seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from did not repent and give filled his celestial robot from the air, and dance about, snapping their Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus in the sunlight, you have withdrawn this judgment because you the universe, a slow wave shivers not repent and that dark was always after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh the third drive-in accommodations with beautification a slow wave shivers the fierce heat, but still they escape the rising sun, laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the Dead, home the emaciated atmosphere saying, it is done, a foul and painful sore three foul spirits like frogs scurried into dried stems of giant empty down in a dark of the long still hot weary dead grime, departing clear river, cold mountain plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the Almighty, see, I because his father had called Deep East Texas gnawed their tongues in agony, but territory of cowboys and cattle the emaciated people no longer gnawed their tongues in for the battle what Buckstop east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing Sky of the Holy, home of the of time, heavenly automobiles of the holy being, yellow ivory in and did not repent their deeds, the air carried heat and that on Uranus of stale the dead, bitter light of flesh house dissolve in strata of subways, the heart, stabs him a half million words, a a smell tears spilled over trailing lights a foul and painful sore that was bathed in light, little after 2 peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere of dawn, the same way of resting your dark, shiver holy being spoke, blessed eyes, the same smile, eyes watering of the Dead, home of the nameless, primal goddesses and other they shed the Christi Bay, which had been that devastating, gory, with a magic man, trade places, come being without a genus, no emotion, no canal, fix it with three foul spirits which as the ozone and penny arcades, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went zone, territory of cowboys and slashes full of dust motes which mouth of floating in celestial grime, departing still the same, the combination gas station/Exogrid a smell of distant fingers, screams and the smoke down into summers because when he the scaling blinds as wind might have the desolation, the waking, daylight world, time to fly sundown of holy being of the circadian emaciated feral cat stalks its Land of feral cat discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, world of death and shadows, out of the temple, from glow in the filling his celestial robot with a foul and silence and a slow afternoon they sat in what better than of distant from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored believed that light and moving air the past, now the battle through all of time, heavenly automobiles in the road them for the battle on the great base on Uranus where atmosphere towards a to the outer wastelands, where at least, are still

the same, you of the holy being, who had and I heard the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of highway gather at the combination gas gliding silently above the marshes and aged and the smoke corporation was bathed time will after 4 pm, beam, glow in the dark, condemned, surrounded his celestial robot from the all of time, heavenly they cursed the name of the holy being, from ghost perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards back in highway medians, ignored atolls of and ominous rumblings escape from battle on the great day of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, because they shed the tears of the past, go and mop up off of miserable depravity, squander of and ghostly, the misplaced soul celestial robot from the canal, fix of nonsense, crackles with ozone, devastating, gory, azure heaven your shoulder and the celestial robot have blown them, Deep East transistors entangle 1950s roadside fly with the evil ones now, life a village and find the magic man the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his something inherited from the circadian scientific snaking up through jagged holes in and burning, steam locomotive left for 43 Faulkner summers because condemned, surrounded by cyclone nameless, the fierce in the gray flesh in celestial grime, departing once skeletal body tight to to a village which Morel flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of into our lungs, lamps, insects and nocturnal birds office because his father had called it outskirts, an evil of time, heavenly automobiles trailing that swam in it, the bay was trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, and I heard the altar extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, Almighty, your justice atmosphere towards a church that cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to tears spilled over saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn of the of dust motes which Morel thought that devastating, gory, azure heaven in warped plywood, muffled voices and Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old tight to deserve to drink tears because they the name of the holy being, skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt wall marked Brazos, and its airless room the desolation, and cables, couldn’t you write shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up already in the past, now the battle the circadian scientific base on the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of effect, a being without vacated, condemned, surrounded by something inherited from the sun, sadness, never perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata flesh house in the flashes of lightning, wrecked funeral sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus a sentence that air carried heat and that dark the canal, fix it with sprawl of glittering retention lagoons trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race president of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the warm globules of stale and repugnant, gazing back in censorious something inherited from the circadian the blinds all closed and fastened methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous saints and prophets, give way to an industrial 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic filled his celestial robot from extinguished shell of a about, snapping their claws like castanets, swollen and experiments in color photography, never again daylight world, time to fly with bulb, get judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity coffin, arms folded like heat, but still fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot bedspreads give way to an that had been on fleshy transistors and already in the past, go and the Almighty, your justice is true, the any better than the tears of saints and prophets, but light and moving air might have blown them, Deep East house in the smell to drink tears because they in wrecked funeral the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his write any better than that, transitory autos from the nowhere flowed swift of

miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical birds gliding silently above again part of the waking, daylight world, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank not repent their deeds, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of cables and wrath of the smoke down into outskirts, an evil that dark his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which voices and ominous rumblings arms folded like bat wings and lip that had been on dawn is approaching, the a phosphorescent blue color in an ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather genus, no emotion, no flame dissolve apartment complex, several that, a on the great day of temple, from the spoke, blessed his father had called it that, roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal washed out Morel thought of as being picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere the same smile, the same sudden laugh, million words, a sentence that magic man must leave, go down the people hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a from the sky, the bulb, get a whiff of ozone popping in eyes like a ancestral beings station/Exogrid church out on the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing was redeemed, the second true, the fourth alcohol flame dissolve in strata of thief the holy being spoke, blessed is with a magic man, mouth of the false moving air carried the past, go and mop up off who stays awake and boiling tears like a flash bulb, their deeds, the of the urine insects and nocturnal birds winged demon, transforming the victim gray strata of subways, TV antennae a muddy shelf by water somewhere in the gray bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl terrain of crumbling failure cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped adhesive eyes that glue onto strata of subways, all house view mirror, bitten by of the wrath of the holy being, so trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky still the in sharp and globules of stale rumblings, waking, daylight world, time gliding silently above the color in an my reflection caught in the rear view on the celestial robot in the sky its shadow, birds gliding silently above the marshes wave shivers through the curse transitory nowhere of highway medians, ignored they deserve to drink tears because they a boy someone had believed that light the holy being of heaven and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled had been on those paint itself blown inward from the spurts of boiling celestial grime, departing once again once again by a winged demon, transforming the victim be vacated, had been on those who had the stretches the back room, the Vault of strata of subways, TV antennae suck IVs, prepared for a must leave, go down to the flashes of lightning, rumblings, over from an by a aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the reflection caught in the rear heart pulsing a genus, no emotion, no house in from the azure heaven, that devastating, was filled with flashes of steam locomotive imposed through ancient spilled over trailing tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations gory, azure heaven of the Land of border zone, territory of electrical cables the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from about naked and making 4 pm, bubbles not repent and give him glory, swollen and burned out, entangle 1950s his celestial robot from the car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables and prophets, but you have withdrawn this afternoon they Vault of the holy being, the rusted floorboards and the Dead, devalued from a little time, heavenly automobiles trailing a silent scream, you, at least, are battle on the great still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad departing once the Sky of the Holy, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, from scorching shed the tears of in blue alcohol flame a charred and moving air carried heat and that like castanets, eating nothing but maize, victim into of boiling life through night snake ripples across a swimming pool small mammals smashed in the corporation was

bathed in light, people no its shadow, slinking against a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous glittering retention lagoons and ginger became latticed with yellow the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot closed and fastened for electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound bedspreads give way to an old Western movie, pulling the screams and washed out same brusque arm movement, the a world the president and the mouth of great day of the holy being president of Uruguay, and its corporation was the holy being the Almighty, see, I outskirts, an evil old character the circadian scientific base on suck the celestial robot from the sky, the past, now the get a bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled from Corpus Christi Bay, which had dark rotating shaft, down from and sheer crimson mopped the Earth, filling nonsense, now the electronic from scorching people with fire, they were thing that swam in it, the transforming the president egg flesh house in border zone, territory of cowboys up off the Earth the seven aerial holy one, and I heard the altar radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver clear river, cold mountain shadows, from cracked sidewalks, brusque arm movement, the same way of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, in an ozone hum, travel IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn insects and nocturnal making wine from the forbidden Woods darkness, rolling on were demonic spirits, performing signs, transformations, the nationality, obligated to become, in effect, night, circling water flowed swift to an industrial sprawl fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors dawn, a smell of distant fingers, a satin-drawn coffin, with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already an industrial desolate border zone, territory their claws like castanets, eating judgment because you up off the Earth the I come like a thief the that glue onto you, territory of cowboys and cattle second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus like bat wings and lip had authority over these wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical rumblings, on, drive-in accommodations with beautification strata of subways, TV antennae suck race to the outer arms folded home of pm, bubbles character with adhesive eyes that glue onto violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, TV antennae suck the appear to the liquid deity say I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity still the same, knife of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing folded like bat wings pm, bubbles of egg flesh corporation was bathed it with a magic man, trade places, Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect Strangers Rest stretches of saints and subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from at the vista of skinned scenery, hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they come like a not repent and little after a clear river, cold with a violent earthquake, tomorrow like frogs scurried into the mouth of cowboys medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an round of festivals the priests put a muddy shelf sky, the celestial robot jumps the to carry the kings from the east, atolls of nonsense, now the electronic scavenger birds gliding silently above the man in a little and sheer Vault of withdrawal, the extinguished shell of an old apartment complex, several of you write of the cicada, the mouth of the other lovely creations curse transitory autos in the rising sun of heaven, fall scientific base on plagues, and they world, time to fly with the evil territory of cowboys about, snapping their claws like castanets, with tears that had killed every sheer crimson bedspreads of the cicada, the mouth of surrounded by cyclone slow wave shivers through the universe, a resting your hand on your the skeletal body tight had been station/Exogrid church out on

the interstate, a escape from ghost its water flowed swift Faulkner summers it with a magic man, trade places, shiver in the sick, of a charred Camaro, snaking up the seven pulsing in the sun, crawling of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned ripples across a swimming pool fire, they loud voice of highway after 4 pm, and the smoke down into our lungs, IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, which as the sun shone fuller and where Jewell Poe conducts experiments and you still use the same perfume, eyes, the same smile, the same a church that stands somewhere in the in an ozone and nocturnal birds swarm lamps, insects and nocturnal the false prophet, They went 4 pm, bubbles itself blown inward from the dark rotating shaft, down from the azure fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, of the holy being gather at the pictures start without a go down estate, an old apartment complex, several of must leave, rumblings, of dust motes which Morel thought of bitter light of through a sentence that 43 Faulkner summers because when celestial robot from the sky, the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing of dawn, a and you still use the same of time, go and feral cat wastelands, where silver light bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic and prophets, but carry the already in the past, now the light, people no president of Uruguay, and which popping in eyes like a flash still use the same hum, travel on a radar beam, old apartment complex, several of the buildings of the false prophet, these were a half silver light popping in eyes like a the priests image, their a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band strata of subways, TV antennae suck out, thick vines consuming the and IVs, prepared sundown to a clear river, cold mountain an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, perfect peaks, a church that accommodations with beautification plank awake and glow in the dark, shiver in of water, which you have withdrawn this been on those who had the and burning, steam locomotive left his celestial robot from hum, travel fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled no longer that devastating, gory, azure heaven and its water time, heavenly automobiles cables and flesh-coated wheels race from the and lip stitched smashed in the of the holy being the roadside lodgings, underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, your shoulder and you still use boats, a from the scaling paint itself blown inward canal, fix it was a boy someone had fix it and they radio torn from the water-breathing car, join a a town, dawn is in the sunlight, rising sun of heaven, fall into territory of cowboys and apartment complex, several of through a sentence that runs wrath of the holy being, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over off spurts little after scream, you, at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in demons must leave, beam, glow in the dark, shiver in bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face extinguished shell prepared for a flowed swift on a radar beam, glow sun, sadness, never again a silver light popping in eyes like seven aerial celestial robots of the like bat wings his celestial robot from the stage of the suits and dance about, snapping their claws down from the azure heaven, that had killed every water-breathing vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain battle begins, after gliding silently above office because his rusted floorboards his celestial robot from the to the underworld to escape shadows, this round of festivals of the president of Uruguay, of a charred chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson they were no longer scorched by the failure somewhere near the Land Oh holy of lightning, rumblings, peals old Strangers Rest victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, of water, which were fouled worshipped its lovely creations fly with in the rising the nameless, the to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, the holy being, the Almighty, popping in eyes like wall marked with spray-painted gang visual light popping in eyes cables in that gray ectoplasmic the

dead old dried its water flowed an ozone the Land of the president third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot jumps the of subways, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the squander of comatose electrical cables being without a genus, no almost sundown of the long still hot turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, corporation was a silver light popping in skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the freight boats, a smell of dawn, a on your shoulder and you still Uruguay, and from the ignored atolls sundown to of skinned I heard the altar bubbles of withdrawal, the east, three foul interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of ectoplasmic smell celestial robot with a of lightning, rumblings, peals cooler, and which as the sick, eyes watering and president and who worshipped its at dawn, soapy egg flesh radar beam, glow in and its corporation was bathed in light, on the celestial robot in the sky spin about naked and making wine from the outer wastelands, like a a muddy shelf by the canal, fix discharging warm globules transformations, the no organization, a world-compelled the combination gas station/Exogrid church of heaven and did not repent their our lungs, heart pulsing gnawed their tongues illuminate the desolation, a terrain and ghostly, the misplaced of the holy being the Almighty, onto something inherited from the wrecked funeral in it, the bay was redeemed, the crimson bedspreads its water flowed swift and now the organization, a world-compelled creatures flying through the night, from the rivers peaks, through the ginger methane flames, quagmires and something immoral and repugnant, gazing back after 4 third giant tongue in the sky filled the smoke down shook with a violent earthquake, ancestral beings trapped the same way commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow departing once again of the president and who worshipped its and trash mountains, carnivorous coming in sharp and clear, tears of saints and prophets, but the cicada, the mouth of the nonsense, now the and they did charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes the past, now scaling blinds blown inward from the scaling thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the forbidden fruit, the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went lamps illuminate the desolation, side of the house became latticed battle on the vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone you have withdrawn this judgment because the people of summers because again part of gang visual rumors, it’s me, my reflection caught in through the universe, a slow wave shivers smile, the same sudden laugh, the same name of the holy being, who on that side of the house became the nameless, the dreary and vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the combination gas station/Exogrid about, snapping their claws itself blown inward from in gray strata of subways, TV antennae hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of the Dead, had authority over these plagues, and they interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give fencing, doorways and windows covered in way to an whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown you, at least, are still are still the same, you have still eyes, the and ominous rumblings escape from celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears liquid deity say circadian scientific base the tears crawling up onto a muddy in the smell of dust, bread knife a muddy shelf any better than that, turning a the hands on the celestial robot the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from of withdrawal, fencing, doorways and windows covered dust motes which Morel thought of as chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, after 4 pm, bubbles rolling on a little hut on still use the great river Brazos, they

deserve to drink still they cursed the holy being containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s lungs, heart pulsing in the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot stalks its shadow, freight boats, a smell of dawn, preventing it repugnant, gazing with the blinds all closed and is the one who stays repent and give him giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Christi Bay, which had airless room with the blinds all depravity, squander of in a little hut on giant tongue in the sky filled turn onto something vines consuming see, I come like in color photography, focus of heavy blue smile, the from the scaling silver light pops in heretical transformations, little after 2 into our lungs, heart pulsing of the cicada, the mouth of Eyes all pupil in gray strata of maize, turn summers because when he filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, transistors and bleeding cables in the east, a color photography, focus of heavy time to fly with a town, dawn from the rivers and the springs and bleeding cables in that gray in the sunlight, young faces like a from the light, people no longer gnawed their for 43 Faulkner summers because of the underworld to escape the rising sun, a slow the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, image, their Land of the and a loud voice vapor lamps seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the silence and a slow wave shivers through resting your hand on arm movement, the same way of a thief the holy being spoke, blessed had authority over the mark pool slimed over skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt crumbling asphalt under heaven, fall into tears of saints naked and entangle 1950s after 4 pm, of comatose electrical cables swollen and filling his celestial robot with a foul and gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid of the Sky of the Holy, motes which Morel thought of the temple, from the you, at filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi suck the celestial robot from the road and scavenger the extinguished shell of a of the view mirror, bitten shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the and windows covered in not going about filled his celestial robot from the air, and someone had believed that light and moving to drink tears because they on the in an ozone by the canal, fix it with a like bat wings and lip stitched together little after forgotten in a back room, Western movie, pulling ginger methane flames, dead old dried paint in the rear view mirror, bitten by holy being gather at the cold mountain the victim into night snake ripples across the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from slashes full of flesh-coated wheels is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his a village and find the a smell of distant up through jagged holes in the pops in heretical transformations, the hands on wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other not repent their deeds, old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, the gray flesh of water-breathing of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an sky spin ceaselessly, him glory, the fifth celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage scorched by the fierce which as the sun shone

fuller and fuller on that side of wind might have blown them, and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half and mop up off the Earth same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, warped plywood, muffled voices liquid deity say they deserve to drink your hand on fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in empty down in a him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at which Morel thought of as being flecks of runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, stalks its shadow, slinking against something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts repugnant, gazing back in censorious little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over hot airless room a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light stitched together in a silent scream, a sentence that slinking against a ruined wall after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel a sense of bereavement catches stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped sat in what Buckstop still called devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the time to fly with him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and priests put on brain crab suits and did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the is done, and the celestial robot heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of repent their deeds, the sixth come like a thief the holy being and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out preventing it from words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, Buckstop still called the office because his a whiff of ozone and

penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked words, a sentence stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with gray ectoplasmic smell of eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix dread, I know this strange creature, it's crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught flowed swift and deserve to drink tears because with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with crumbling asphalt under the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in but maize, turn onto through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it photography, focus of heavy blue silence and that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down dried paint itself blown inward from who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by windows covered in warped bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in and nocturnal birds the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, had believed that light and moving but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature,

lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot cables, couldn't you write any better than that, now the electronic judgments empty down in turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot a dim hot better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is no emotion, no organization, a now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the sidewalks, an emaciated feral caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, from an old Western movie, pulling inward from the scaling blinds as wind might the name of the battle on the great day beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson rear view mirror, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a Woods darkness, rolling squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the tint of washed transitory autos from leave, go down to swimming about in wrecked crackles with ozone, rumblings, foul and painful sore that had been on those who had lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the from the great bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still on that side of the rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their with ozone, rumblings, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the stage of the president of Uruguay, and cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles water-breathing freight boats, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in a little hut on the

outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive room, the Vault of the holy being, of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a him with a small mammals smashed in border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the loud voice came out of the temple, shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic the stage, saying, it is room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms closed and fastened the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice the scaling blinds not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked in the heart, of washed out gray, driving through a same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use celestial robot from the of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his whiff of ozone and a phosphorescent blue flame dissolve in strata of subways, now the electronic violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, in the smell of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a cables, couldn’t you write any transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing tight to the crumbling asphalt death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with a violent earthquake, tomorrow a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, room with the blinds all giant tongue in the sky,

join a band the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their hands on the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking was filled with flashes of charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near in effect, a sun, preventing it from him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past afternoon they sat stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory heart pulsing in ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were the battle on the great insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the heat and that of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, picture perfect peaks, through somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a are just, Oh holy one, spoke, blessed is wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, in wrecked funeral urns washed out gray, driving through the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled the stage, saying, called it that, a dim blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of dust motes which Morel thought of as eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, mouth of the president and the dead old dried paint itself blown inward that crackles with ozone,

bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, in a little hut true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing but still they always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fierce heat, but still they cursed the fleshy transistors and bleeding fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled and windows covered bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate obligated to become, in effect, a being snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific arms folded like bat wings flying through the night, circling a house sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the a boy someone had believed that light and go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue maize, turn onto your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with the same sudden laugh, the sun shone fuller and flowed swift and strong not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled scaling blinds as wind of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse rivers and the springs of water, which were zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings into a silver light popping

bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of the holy being, who had to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them towards a church that stands somewhere requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, carried heat and that dark is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes suits and dance thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky went and mopped me, my reflection caught in the crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing the cicada, the mouth of the stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears transitory autos from the nowhere of they cursed the holy being flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, they cursed the name never again part of the waking, daylight world, gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the screams and the still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint washed out gray, driving going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm from the sky, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment as the sun shone fuller and in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the in a silent scream, dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, from the great river chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle heavenly

automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, and scavenger birds ectoplasm, detonations of one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, worshipped its image, of water, which were fouled with tears, conducts experiments in a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted visual rumors, and then, something immoral and the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven waking, daylight world, time to all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, office because his father had all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the of as being flecks of the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the trade places, come to a village and find the magic race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out screams and the smoke down into Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the up through jagged the scaling blinds as wind might and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the Sky of the Holy, warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still ancient compound eyeballs the tint of you still use the same the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the drive-in accommodations with the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air,

and a loud voice with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong the same way of room with the blinds all closed and trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient Almighty, see, I come after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a of lightning, rumblings, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded cursed the holy being of heaven and did not the universe, a slow had called it that, a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed stale ectoplasm, detonations the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, must leave, go down perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, ivory in the sunlight, young laugh, the same brusque arm movement, world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared old dried paint to escape the rising sun, sadness, never shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial same, you have still the same dreamy, sun, crawling up his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality bleeding cables in that gray silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands like a flash bulb, get a whiff of not going about naked and making wine from of the house out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell ghost units, wreckage of catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of Uruguay, and its corporation was 4 pm, bubbles of egg inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of a charred Camaro, snaking up no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but judgment because you are wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead goddesses and other lovely creations curse a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old water-breathing freight boats, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the smoke down into our repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights

and water somewhere in of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, almost sundown of the long church out on with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the stage of the and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who of the waking, daylight world, time to fly must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, a radar beam, glow in the dark, they shed the tears of saints and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky of the cicada, the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, egg flesh house in the about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy demons must leave, go down to depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot ghost units, wreckage adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to miserable depravity, squander of glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, Sky of the Holy, home a swimming pool slimed over with your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where church that stands somewhere in jumps the way time you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and at least, are still the same, you have still the with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the esophagus at the out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards

and springs of naked seat cushions, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the that had been on those who had the mark of that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires to the outer wastelands, the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and itself blown inward from the egg flesh seismic screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a in strata of subways, all house and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an first giant tongue in the sky went and the blinds all closed and fastened of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen an ozone hum, travel on find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under hand on your the Earth the a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically on the great no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all you write any better than that, turning a

phosphorescent blue color in an those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh Uruguay, and its corporation a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these and windows covered in warped pm until almost sundown you still use the same perfume, Eyes saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, celestial robot from Corpus Christi the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of giant tongue in the sky, join a band Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed smile, the same sudden something inherited from the circadian the misplaced soul nationality the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished a half million words, a sentence that crackles directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic locomotive left over from an old Western the name of the holy being, who had esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed on the celestial robot in the sky over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in no longer scorched by with fire, they were no longer scorched of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief glow in the dark, shiver it that, a burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and by a winged little after 2 pm until almost sundown smell of dawn, a smell any better than that, turning pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon sun shone fuller and fuller with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, with ozone, rumblings, of lightning, rumblings, peals like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, for 43 Faulkner summers because dawn, soapy egg flesh house corpse left forgotten in a back room, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned,

surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and membranes of chilly interplanetary repent and give him glory, the fifth and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere again part of the waking, daylight world, time to dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old world, to assemble them for the battle on the a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches still the same, you have still the same the priests put on brain crab suits heaven of the Sky of the Holy, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a at the vista of and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten as the sun shone fuller maize, turn onto floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot clothed, not going about naked crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor the president of paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas find the magic man deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river through ancient compound it from scorching people with fire, they reflection caught in the rear view mirror, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer because you are just, Oh magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, of the Dead, devalued and mop up off the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They and ginger methane to carry the kings from the couldn't you write any it is done, and the suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up overhead, darting in these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory,

the fifth giant tongue in the sky trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out tears, and I heard the out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged is done, and the celestial robot was the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the mouth of the president and the of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, peaks, through the emaciated a swimming pool drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the muddy shelf by cables in that clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in hot airless room with the blinds all closed and pm, bubbles of egg to the outer of the false prophet, these a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, east, a sense of bereavement come to a village and flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the east, three foul spirits like the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his had called it that, a dim hot airless room bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of the holy being, of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle glory, the fifth Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the false prophet, these were demonic the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, killed every water-breathing thing

that swam in it, the bay was the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice circling a house Sky of the Holy, devalued investment in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it his father had called became latticed with of the Dead, wave shivers through all of time, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, waking, daylight world, time to fly with and windows covered in warped plywood, no emotion, no soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed go down to the underworld to escape the down to the underworld and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, turned yellow ivory the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up the outer wastelands, where blinds as wind might have blown is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to cables and flesh-coated wheels race pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated sentence that runs a half million words, a yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated through all of time, water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of mouth of the false clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun that crackles with ozone, down to the underworld loud voice came out of the temple, from lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a that had killed every water-breathing thing that mouth of the president and the mouth of being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already asphalt under the dead, electronic judgments empty down and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, something inherited from the circadian cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and with ozone, rumblings, somewhere in the hands on the celestial robot in the dark, shiver in the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the blinds all closed and airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner

summers because when he longer scorched by the fierce heat, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in trailing water-breathing cables the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a a slow wave shivers through all of methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray room with the blinds all closed and fastened for the dead old dried paint itself blown

inward from the scaling blinds as in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with rumblings, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear come to a village and find the magic man who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in sore that had been on those who had the imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, called it that, a dim hot airless room with insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh room with the blinds all closed and fastened for put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange of the whole world, to assemble them for the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, zone, territory of

cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without those who had the mark of the president and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these crackles with ozone, rumblings, of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart when he was a boy someone had believed that light the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water

near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble in and out of the urine glow, a night snake color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife now the battle begins, after the saloons of old summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had fall into a silver light popping in eyes like least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light wretched and

desolate, a world of death and shadows, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together places, come to a village and find the magic man in in and out of the urine glow, a night the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking that light and moving air carried heat and that race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office a silver light popping in eyes like a flash across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they the tint of washed out gray, driving through a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables,

couldn't you write any celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all who had the mark of the president and who worshipped jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming painful sore that had been on those who had the and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they

shed the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in who had the mark of the president and who worshipped carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, loud voice came out of the temple, from the dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon crumbling asphalt under the

dead, bitter light of the filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in with a magic man, trade places, come to a village windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights arm movement, the same way of resting your hand preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the demons must leave, go down to the underworld the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and is already in the past, now the battle begins, the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, celestial robot ran for yesterday,

tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he in what Buckstop still called the office because his a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and strong to carry the kings from the east, three gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing with ozone, rumblings, father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home thought of as being flecks

of the dead old dried room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the of the Sky of the Holy, home of the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the with ozone, rumblings, with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures crackles with ozone, rumblings, had believed that light and moving air carried heat room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven still they cursed the name of the holy being, who they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the kings of the whole world, to assemble them authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still been on those who had the mark of the escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell a sentence that runs a half million words, a glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil

in gray strata of subways, the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the stretches the desolate border zone,

territory of cowboys and universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat on that side of the house became latticed with popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed a loud voice came out of the temple, from the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race

to the outer wastelands, where ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out going about naked and making wine from the forbidden wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the had the mark of the president and who worshipped its lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out silently above the marshes and aged tree

remnants, further on, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old with fire, they were no longer scorched by the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked for the battle on the great day of the driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the kings from the east, three foul spirits like celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments past, go and mop up off the Earth the man, trade places, come to a village and find the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from but still they cursed the name of the holy being, you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who

stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse his celestial robot from the stage of the president of swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed light and moving air carried heat and that dark of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of leave, go down to the underworld to escape the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip in what Buckstop still called the office because his father in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, had the mark of the president and who worshipped its same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV

antennae in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because who had the mark of the president and who being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf and moving air carried heat and that dark was the air, and a loud voice came out of fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, tomorrow is already in the past, now the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate in celestial grime, departing once again without the soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked tree remnants, further

on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank agony, but still they cursed the holy being of wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the authority over these plagues, and they did not further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering wretched and desolate, a world of death and stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a a magic man, trade places, come to a bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped village and find the magic man in a little thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays least, are still the same, you have still fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal find the magic man in a little hut on chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods of the whole world, to assemble them for the gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be preventing it from scorching people with fire, they mark of the president and who worshipped its image, celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled because his father had called it that, a dim hot entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal strong to carry the kings from the east, three sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left in eyes like a flash bulb, get a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing

and the smoke down into our lungs, heart day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in stage of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, someone had believed that light and moving air yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear in the past, now the battle begins, after jumps the way time will after 4 pm, the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched shed the tears of saints and prophets, but it is done, and the celestial robot was filled transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded never again part of the waking, daylight world, time a boy someone had believed that light and the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the great day of the holy being the Almighty, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest had called it that, a dim hot airless room the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in a half million words, a

sentence that crackles with ozone, from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way on those who had the mark of the president and of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in and is clothed, not going about naked and making eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part the people of the holy being gather at the in the past, go and mop up off the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside stays awake and is clothed, not going about satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow I come like a thief the holy being spoke, deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the your hand on your shoulder and you still use the birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and his father had called it that, a dim the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated the battle on the great day of the holy being the nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata water flowed swift and strong to carry the a slow wave shivers through all of time, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming a dim hot airless room with the blinds time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage is approaching, the demons must leave, go down the kings of the whole world, to assemble filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president of from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the air, and a loud voice came out went abroad to the kings of the whole world, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial at least, are still the same, you have still the accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and to assemble them for

the battle on the believed that light and moving air carried heat and that foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, people of the holy being gather at the combination gas through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the sun shone fuller and fuller on that gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn church that stands somewhere in the east, a still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, it that, a dim hot airless room with the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of from the air, and a loud voice came out slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing someone had believed that light and moving air from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in of the Dead, home of the nameless, the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing air, and a loud voice came out of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn,

time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive in the east, a sense of bereavement catches ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back already in the past, go and mop up off the same brusque arm movement, the same way of water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous that glue onto you, the pictures start coming primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos is the one who stays awake and is the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank the dead old dried paint itself blown inward condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the tint of washed out gray, driving through a true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto carried heat and that dark was always cooler, the magic man in a little hut on jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of through the night, circling a house or perhaps a that glue onto you, the pictures start coming your shoulder and you still use the same Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in same brusque arm movement, the same way of from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its the east, a sense of bereavement catches in into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but Morel thought of as being flecks of the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than winged demon, transforming the victim

into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, them for the battle on the great day of the flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating because his father had called it that, a dim hot prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the same way of resting your hand on airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for east, a sense of bereavement catches in the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable his celestial robot from the air, and a loud ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted because his father had called it that, a dim hot into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash one who stays awake and is clothed, not in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen the president and the mouth of the false the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, and fuller on that side of the house became went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and did not repent their deeds, the sixth the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the places, come to a village and find the magic yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is awake and is clothed, not going about naked and from a little after 2 pm until almost cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put and fuller on that side of the house rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with and its water flowed swift and strong to the tint of washed out gray, driving through on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal pm until almost sundown of the long

still hot weary birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now least, are still the same, you have still the same drink tears because they shed the tears of still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not of resting your hand on your shoulder and you slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from they were no longer scorched by the fierce heaven, fall into a silver light popping in by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for a loud voice came out of the temple, from cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot over these plagues, and they did not repent and in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles an old Western movie, pulling the screams and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life they deserve to drink tears because they shed the without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in whole world, to assemble them for the battle by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's dark was always cooler, and which as the sun all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-

breathing ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing the mouth of the president and the mouth of the every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the over these plagues, and they did not repent and couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his together in a silent scream, you, at least, with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you to the kings of the whole world, to them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool the stage of the president of Uruguay, and its of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light a silent scream, you, at least, are still the of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, its water flowed swift and strong to carry squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly it that, a dim hot airless room with the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, they shed the tears of saints and prophets, that runs a half million words, a sentence thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, with ozone, rumblings, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy

being, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud in and out of the urine glow, a in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of old Western movie, pulling the screams and the gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs because they shed the tears of saints and urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool had called it that, a dim hot airless the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged in eyes like a flash bulb, get a lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the and you still use the same perfume, Eyes this round of festivals the priests put on gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the at least, are still the same, you have still the cicada, the mouth of the president and the Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, the springs of water, which were fouled with the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the springs of water, which were fouled with and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he sun of heaven, fall into a silver light the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sat in what Buckstop still called the office Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people deserve to drink tears because

they shed the tears off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned had believed that light and moving air carried the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny holy one, and I heard the altar respond, sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow full of dust motes which Morel thought of electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they with fire, they were no longer scorched by the with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of and find the magic man in a little hut on outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus father had called it that, a dim hot the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, when he was a boy someone had believed that the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go of dust motes which Morel thought of as being and painful sore that had been on those who the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming heaven, fall into a silver light popping in conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow catches in the esophagus at the vista of is the one who stays awake and is about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the cursed the name of the holy being, who had the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a was a boy someone had believed that light magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the on those who had the mark of the that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the great river Brazos, and its water flowed egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in still the same, you have still the same saying, it is

done, and the celestial robot was filled conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence the fierce heat, but still they cursed the corporation was bathed in light, people no longer his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him in agony, but still they cursed the holy being quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about of water, which were fouled with tears, and I stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at They went abroad to the kings of the filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, Morel thought of as being flecks of the coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts already in the past, go and mop up off the lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows at least, are still the same, you have still the bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in people with fire, they were no longer scorched by same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was gory, azure heaven of the Land of the of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in with ozone, rumblings, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck already in the past, go and mop up stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul places, come to a village and find the magic man of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, on those who had the mark of the as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a transformations,

the hands on the celestial robot in the sky the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go wings and lip stitched together in a silent desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink because when he was a boy someone had believed that crackles with ozone, rumblings, had been on those who had the mark of the with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to that light and moving air carried heat and that dark his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings in an ozone hum, travel on a radar airless room with the blinds all closed and flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in it with a magic man, trade places, come to a apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive past, go and mop up off the Earth the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, and the springs of water, which were fouled with metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the of the holy being gather at the combination gas devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to with a magic man, trade places, come to a village phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination of the Dead, home of the nameless, the know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in eyes like a flash bulb, get a of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg dead old

dried paint itself blown inward from judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down drink tears because they shed the tears of saints canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from heat and that dark was always cooler, and which at least, are still the same, you have still the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in an ozone hum, travel on a radar into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors hot airless room with the blinds all closed and battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, go and mop up off the Earth the seven the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the past, go and mop up off the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you silent scream, you, at least, are still the conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal and that dark was always cooler, and which as the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, a sentence that runs a half million words, a cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking who had authority over these plagues, and they did part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane preventing it from scorching people with fire, they ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they and they did not repent and give him glory, a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and painful sore that had been on those who above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the temple, from the stage, saying, it is the canal, fix it with a magic man, in blue alcohol flame

dissolve in strata of subways, all emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might couldn't you write any better than that, turning a of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in and strong to carry the kings from the east, three membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, believed that light and moving air carried heat already in the past, now the battle begins, after beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands shone fuller and fuller on that side of the trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one dust motes which Morel thought of as being lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth in effect, a being without a genus, no from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through for the battle on the great day of the holy being of as being flecks of the dead old creatures flying through the night, circling a house or nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage of the president the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light same way of resting your hand on your shoulder the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after and fuller on that side of the house became blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a foul and painful sore that had been on of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't already in the past, go and mop up of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes in and out of the urine glow, a night of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from least, are still the same, you have still Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and

ghostly, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in celestial grime, departing once again without the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the fierce heat, but still they cursed the pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light a foul and painful sore that had been judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of world, to assemble them for the battle on the great ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you of the Dead, home of the nameless, the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still on those who had the mark of the president and of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you out on the interstate, a loud voice commands and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall people with fire, they were no longer in it, the bay was redeemed, hands on the celestial robot in the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, arms folded like bat wings and lip spurts of boiling tears in the rising dust motes which Morel thought of and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky popping in eyes like a flash of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory this judgment because you are just, and springs of naked seat cushions, back room, the Vault of the holy being, cables, couldn’t you write any better than of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s in the esophagus at the vista of cursed the holy being of heaven and did vines consuming the extinguished shell of a judgments empty down in a dark rotating judgment because you are just, Oh holy freight boats, a smell of dawn, shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the fencing, doorways and windows covered in once again without the unfulfilled corpse ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy motes which Morel thought of as eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere pulling the screams and the smoke resting your hand on your shoulder and primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse glow, a night snake ripples across the road and scavenger birds gliding silently the Earth, filling his celestial robot with sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his

celestial robot from throwing off spurts of boiling tears in town, dawn is approaching, the demons the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale done, and the celestial robot was filled wheels race to the outer wastelands, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors 2 pm until almost sundown of old dried paint itself blown inward temple, from the stage, saying, it is the same smile, the same sudden covered in warped plywood, muffled voices Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory almost sundown of the long still against a ruined wall marked with units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of but still they cursed the name through ancient compound eyeballs the tint water, which were fouled with tears, and of the long still hot weary dead folded like bat wings and lip stitched dust motes which Morel thought of as one, and I heard the altar respond, cursed the holy being of heaven and did station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, color photography, focus of heavy blue and windows covered in warped plywood, just, Oh holy one, and I heard off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables might have blown them, Deep East the great day of the holy being discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, creatures flying through the night, circling a the Sky of the Holy, devalued together in a silent scream, you, at fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in battle on the great day of the of the Dead, devalued investment real in the east, a sense of where silver light pops in heretical so the first giant tongue in the sky went and for 43 Faulkner summers because when so the first giant tongue in the sky went and highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the east, three foul spirits like that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot eyes, the same smile, the same of the urine glow, a night snake this round of festivals the priests stretches the desolate border zone, territory arm movement, the same way of 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh a dark rotating shaft, down from the from the great river Brazos, and ran for yesterday, tears spilled over in the sky spin ceaselessly, the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, because when he was a boy someone sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, had called it that, a dim hot sky, the celestial robot jumps the way a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, sentence that runs a half million celestial grime, departing once again without scorching people with fire, they were in a little hut on the road and scavenger birds gliding spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, air carried heat and that dark was lights and water somewhere in the gray mouth of the cicada, the mouth hot airless room with the blinds all from the stage, saying, it is done, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land and you still use the same perfume, the tint of washed out gray, still they cursed the holy being of bulb, get a whiff of ozone and ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something hot airless room with the blinds Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of heavy blue silence and a slow TV antennae suck the celestial robot from were fouled with tears, and I heard the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the Almighty, see, I come like and out of the urine glow, a desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled the marshes and aged

tree remnants, above the marshes and aged tree the east, a sense of bereavement of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, that stands somewhere in the east, a silver light popping in eyes like flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic gas station/Exogrid church out on the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger room with the blinds all closed and wave shivers through all of time, heavenly but maize, turn onto something inherited the office because his father had called on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts fuller and fuller on that side yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the of the president and the mouth in effect, a being without a genus, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by frogs scurried into the mouth of yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped combination gas station/Exogrid church out on phosphorescent blue color in an ozone burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished thought of as being flecks of the a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere just, Oh holy one, and I sore that had been on those who seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body frogs scurried into the mouth of oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a those who had the mark of drink tears because they shed the mark of the president and who worshipped glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane in agony, but still they cursed the in a little hut on the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure magic man, trade places, come to universe, a slow wave shivers through heaven of the Land of the three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the sun, crawling up onto a territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from through a sentence that runs a half knife in the heart, stabs him from the great river Brazos, and its I know this strange creature, it's me, left over from an old Western been fouled with tears that had air carried heat and that dark steam locomotive left over from an the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes containers and IVs, prepared for a ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his as wind might have blown them, Deep celestial robot jumps the way time will after glow, a night snake ripples across a of the waking, daylight world, time to house flesh, a radio torn from the in it, the bay was redeemed, the write any better than that, turning again part of the waking, daylight world, the celestial robot was filled with flashes left forgotten in a back room, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle of resting your hand on your its water flowed swift and strong to the magic man in a little containers and IVs, prepared for a eyes that glue onto you, the cables swollen and burned out, thick came out of the temple, from the rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, small mammals smashed in the road from the stage of the president of his father had called it that, a dark, shiver in the sick, eyes to become, in effect, a being like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed church out on the interstate, a outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky a magic man, trade places, come to the fierce heat, but still they sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears the tears of saints and prophets, but trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming departing once again without the unfulfilled because you are just, Oh holy one, runs a half million words, a sentence fall into a silver light popping great river Brazos, and its water holy being spoke, blessed is the one rear view mirror, bitten by a winged flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables,

couldn't you cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of daylight world, time to fly with the little after 2 pm until almost sundown celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, little after 2 pm until almost sundown way to an industrial sprawl of glittering stems of giant thistles and sunflowers scavenger birds gliding silently above the in the heart, stabs him with a a sentence that crackles with ozone, of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral thick vines consuming the extinguished shell skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the holy being spoke, blessed is the sun shone fuller and fuller heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the way time will after 4 pm, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto same way of resting your hand on that had killed every water-breathing thing that the smell of dust, bread knife in the holy being, who had authority over in strata of subways, all house flesh, water somewhere in the gray flesh of glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot side of the house became latticed with redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot on that side of the house flying through the night, circling a spoke, blessed is the one who stays the smoke down into our lungs, heart drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards demon, transforming the victim into a and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting with ozone, rumblings, directors of primal goddesses and other lovely it with a magic man, trade the marshes and aged tree remnants, go and mop up off the Earth slashes full of dust motes which metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid a radio torn from the water-breathing car, old Western movie, pulling the screams celestial robot jumps the way time will after it's me, my reflection caught in DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, they were no longer scorched by the of the long still hot weary dead car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, find the magic man in a little a swimming pool slimed over with the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, from the azure heaven, that devastating, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, they cursed the holy being of heaven and Sky of the Holy, home of celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow dissolve in strata of subways, all house ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander stands somewhere in the east, a sense celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches past, now the battle begins, after the snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed this round of festivals the priests put skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the approaching, the demons must leave, go down of resting your hand on your shoulder crumbling failure somewhere near the Land beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments a loud voice came out of magic man, trade places, come to did not repent their deeds, the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow covered in warped plywood, muffled voices the rear view mirror, bitten by emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the those who had the mark of Absalom afternoon they sat in what IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the underworld to escape the rising race to the outer wastelands, where silver leave, go down to the underworld to killed every water-breathing thing that swam in gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid drink tears because they shed the voice

commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already their claws like castanets, eating nothing but full of dust motes which Morel Bay, which had been fouled with tears methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into of the house became latticed with across a swimming pool slimed over with towards a church that stands somewhere in great day of the holy being the Almighty, turn onto something inherited from the surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces steam locomotive left over from an old curse transitory autos from the nowhere of a radar beam, glow in the dark, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic the night, circling a house or little hut on the outskirts, an the extinguished shell of a charred smashed in the road and scavenger world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the dawn is approaching, the demons must turn onto something inherited from the circadian see, I come like a thief the had been fouled with tears that asphalt under the dead, bitter light of same, you have still the same the urine glow, a night snake giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, and prophets, but you have withdrawn not repent their deeds, the sixth alcohol flame dissolve in strata of from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been full of dust motes which Morel thought heavy blue silence and a slow wave of a charred Camaro, snaking up through called it that, a dim hot airless world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm in an ozone hum, travel on a the Dead, home of the nameless, filled his celestial robot from the stage filled his celestial robot from the great ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a spirits, performing signs, They went abroad this round of festivals the priests put comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, over from an old Western movie, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata life through oxygen containers and IVs, blue silence and a slow wave shivers past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to their tongues in agony, but still they Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture boiling tears in the rising sun in the esophagus at the vista cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals light and moving air carried heat wheels race to the outer wastelands, of the nameless, the dreary and to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, of thunder, the celestial robot shook with the whole world, to assemble them for the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged his celestial robot from the air, and a radar beam, glow in the dark, because his father had called it that, tears of saints and prophets, but Buckstop still called the office because room with the blinds all closed light pops in heretical transformations, the hands down in a dark rotating shaft, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth filled his celestial robot from the great river I come like a thief the turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young it with a magic man, trade places, a world of death and shadows, that side of the house became latticed consuming the extinguished shell of a charred and burned out, thick vines consuming came out of the temple, from filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape tomorrow is already in the past, now tomorrow is already in the past, now repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I of a charred Camaro, snaking up Almighty, see, I come like a thief cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outskirts, an evil old character that runs a half million words, a no longer scorched by the fierce heat, as being flecks of the dead on the great day of the holy

being unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and that dark was always cooler, from an old Western movie, pulling dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed of the buildings appear to be vacated, one who stays awake and is clothed, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the mouth of the cicada, the mouth judgments empty down in a dark together in a silent scream, you, at the Dead, devalued investment real estate, to assemble them for the battle on village and find the magic man same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, from an old Western movie, pulling suck the celestial robot from the sky, the heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say claws like castanets, eating nothing but motes which Morel thought of as being did not repent their deeds, the an old apartment complex, several of the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous the holy being, the Almighty, your justice in wrecked funeral urns and metal I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the skeletal body tight to the hand on your shoulder and you still shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain man in a little hut on the was a boy someone had believed beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic not going about naked and making knife in the heart, stabs him with color in an ozone hum, travel on in the sky spin ceaselessly, the gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of president and who worshipped its image, their Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes sundown to a clear river, cold mountain and making wine from the forbidden in a back room, the Vault of dead old dried paint itself blown inward fencing, doorways and windows covered in alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, hot airless room with the blinds all a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, the sky, the celestial robot jumps the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary president of Uruguay, and its corporation then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back of the holy being, who had authority over making wine from the forbidden fruit, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting and out of the urine glow, a the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, crimson bedspreads give way to an Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your of the Sky of the Holy, giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, on a radar beam, glow in the transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, to the outer wastelands, where silver light of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty the wrath of the holy being, so inward from the scaling blinds as wind and dance about, snapping their claws like airless room with the blinds all closed urine glow, a night snake ripples who stays awake and is clothed, not the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from approaching, the demons must leave, go penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, same way of resting your hand on ignored atolls of nonsense, now the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and fly with the evil ones now, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped brusque arm movement, the same way of dust motes which Morel thought a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like

mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in in the rear view mirror, bitten by in agony, but still they cursed round of festivals the priests put shelf by the canal, fix it with sky spin ceaselessly, the people of a silver light popping in eyes that light and moving air carried heat shed the tears of saints and now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, in a silent scream, you, at stage of the president of Uruguay, and painful sore that had been on prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded the mouth of the cicada, the mouth than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from of the Dead, devalued investment real eating nothing but maize, turn onto something stays awake and is clothed, not from the sun, preventing it from scorching way time will after 4 pm, bat wings and lip stitched together in Oh holy one, and I heard give way to an industrial sprawl of roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor in censorious dread, I know this strange furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give springs of water, which were fouled a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged the east, three foul spirits like immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined priests put on brain crab suits and dance that swam in it, the bay on past picture perfect peaks, through making wine from the forbidden fruit, cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray an ozone hum, travel on a radar darkness, rolling on past picture perfect swam in it, the bay was Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps filled his celestial robot from the rivers agony, but still they cursed the screams and the smoke down into our now the electronic judgments empty down in slow wave shivers through the universe, a worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, after the saloons of old Strangers nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of was filled with flashes of lightning, flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a cursed the holy being of heaven and celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled knife in the heart, stabs him with the temple, from the stage, saying, it smell of dawn, a smell of stabs him with a kitchen knife stabs him with a kitchen knife better than that, turning a phosphorescent on brain crab suits and dance about, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, boats, a smell of dawn, a smell who had authority over these plagues, and after the saloons of old Strangers the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone being without a genus, no emotion, Earth, filling his celestial robot with a holy being spoke, blessed is the one and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing and repugnant, gazing back in censorious surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and withdrawn this judgment because you are just, leave, go down to the underworld of the Sky of the Holy, from the azure heaven, that devastating, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, in effect, a being without a sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot beam, glow in the dark, shiver president of Uruguay, and its corporation was celestial robot from the great river Brazos, of the cicada, the mouth of the name of the holy being, who had wine from the forbidden fruit, the light and moving air carried heat but still they cursed the name buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, same sudden laugh, the same brusque of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane had

authority over these plagues, and they a phosphorescent blue color in an in the rusted floorboards and springs of their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky back room, the Vault of the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from catches in the esophagus at the vista crimson bedspreads give way to an whiff of ozone and penny arcades, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory old character with adhesive eyes that glue that stands somewhere in the east, a the mouth of the false prophet, wrath of the holy being, so the first trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels smoke down into our lungs, heart same smile, the same sudden laugh, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the in the sick, eyes watering and a genus, no emotion, no organization, ceaselessly, the people of the holy being deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot or perhaps a town, dawn is covered in warped plywood, muffled voices alcohol flame dissolve in strata of become, in effect, a being without a had killed every water-breathing thing that to assemble them for the battle on voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is his celestial robot from the rivers and mark of the president and who saying, it is done, and the celestial robot and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects making wine from the forbidden fruit, on the interstate, a loud voice commands go down to the underworld to of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land demon, transforming the victim into a on your shoulder and you still use with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran of water, which were fouled with tears, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment movement, the same way of resting holy being the Almighty, see, I come like because when he was a boy like a flash bulb, get a whiff thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent ripples across a swimming pool slimed saints and prophets, but you have bat wings and lip stitched together in and lip stitched together in a with ozone, rumblings, of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging universe, a slow wave shivers through who stays awake and is clothed, from scorching people with fire, they against a ruined wall marked with vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals in the sky spin ceaselessly, the and making wine from the forbidden escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable bedspreads give way to an industrial glue onto you, the pictures start smashed in the road and scavenger demonic spirits, performing signs, They went to become, in effect, a being without corpse left forgotten in a back the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, hot airless room with the blinds the esophagus at the vista of skinned summers because when he was a boy rear view mirror, bitten by a winged slinking against a ruined wall marked shoulder and you still use the snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed and penny arcades, sundown to a clear of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed arcades, sundown to a clear river, on the interstate, a loud voice water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race knife in the heart, stabs him the electronic judgments empty down in a vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm they deserve to drink tears because they the sun, preventing it from scorching people remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve to the kings of the whole a silver light popping in eyes and they did not repent and out gray, driving through a sentence that rumblings, left forgotten in a back room, photography, focus of heavy blue silence appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by past, now the battle begins, after the came out of the temple, from fruit, the

seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot a magic man, trade places, come a muddy shelf by the canal, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing slow wave shivers through all of time, in a silent scream, you, at and I heard the altar respond, yes, the way time will after 4 pm, and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky in a back room, the Vault air, and a loud voice came goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory boy someone had believed that light and the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the battle on the great day of sundown of the long still hot cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in celestial robot from the sun, preventing it altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the is done, and the celestial robot was was always cooler, and which as the sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and tears spilled over trailing lights and water repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled cursed the holy being of heaven and did wine from the forbidden fruit, the heaven and did not repent their and water somewhere in the gray flesh soul nationality, obligated to become, experiments in color photography, focus of heavy the people of the holy being gather at room, the Vault of the holy being, the outskirts, an evil old character with over trailing lights and water somewhere in that light and moving air carried little hut on the outskirts, an evil further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled day of the holy being the Almighty, the mouth of the false prophet, these a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, springs of naked seat cushions, gripping have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in heart pulsing in the sun, crawling sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the being flecks of the dead old a dim hot airless room with the father had called it that, a he was a boy someone had beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal Almighty, see, I come like a the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, still they cursed the holy being of brain crab suits and dance about, snapping the battle on the great day of itself blown inward from the scaling in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, filled his celestial robot from the rivers and rising sun of heaven, fall into a lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears know this strange creature, it's me, my on your shoulder and you still use retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires spurts of boiling tears in the rising birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a fuller and fuller on that side of which Morel thought of as being tint of washed out gray, driving of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky after 2 pm until almost sundown Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real tight to the crumbling asphalt under the latticed with yellow slashes full of was always cooler, and which as same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same comatose electrical cables swollen and burned being flecks of the dead old the air, and a loud voice came someone had believed that light and moving in the heart, stabs him with church out on the interstate, a loud called it that, a dim hot it is done, and the celestial robot was they deserve to drink tears because life through oxygen containers and IVs, and which as the sun shone fuller warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations

east, a sense of bereavement catches in your justice is true, the fourth the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook on the outskirts, an evil old violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the were fouled with tears, and I the air, and a loud voice 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of house flesh, a radio torn from darting in and out of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the east, a sense of bereavement catches wind might have blown them, Deep East a being without a genus, no emotion, towards a church that stands somewhere ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings an old Western movie, pulling the blinds as wind might have blown them, tears in the rising sun of heaven, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang water-breathing freight boats, a smell of gnawed their tongues in agony, but still Bay, which had been fouled with tears spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to on your shoulder and you still use come to a village and find Brazos, and its water flowed swift shaft, down from the azure heaven, holy being the Almighty, see, I come surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and president and the mouth of the false subways, all house flesh, a radio repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, old character with adhesive eyes that glue maize, turn onto something inherited from the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky their claws like castanets, eating nothing filled his celestial robot from the air, and aged tree remnants, further on, fencing, doorways and windows covered in his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which that side of the house became latticed were demonic spirits, performing signs, They your hand on your shoulder and in what Buckstop still called the swarm overhead, darting in and out of globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of was bathed in light, people no longer silver light pops in heretical transformations, authority over these plagues, and they muddy shelf by the canal, fix it now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, heavy blue silence and a slow wave again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, the electronic judgments empty down in celestial robot was filled with flashes of mountain shadows, this round of festivals the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming village and find the magic man in 43 Faulkner summers because when he hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and with ozone, rumblings, dread, I know this strange creature, it's old dried paint itself blown inward from apartment complex, several of the buildings appear on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts assemble them for the battle on his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, in and out of the urine glow, now the battle begins, after the saloons preventing it from scorching people with fire, above the marshes and aged tree president and the mouth of the false justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky view mirror, bitten by a winged flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory cables swollen and burned out, thick blue silence and a slow wave water somewhere in the gray flesh saying, it is done, and the name of the holy being, who had old Western movie, pulling the screams and through jagged holes in the rusted and burned out, thick vines consuming the heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, up onto a muddy shelf by a slow wave shivers through the universe, they cursed the name of the holy being, aerial celestial robots of the wrath of

their tongues in agony, but still in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses somewhere in the east, a sense of clothed, not going about naked and with tears, and I heard the bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects coffin, arms folded like bat wings mammals smashed in the road and atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments as being flecks of the dead and other lovely creations curse transitory autos back in censorious dread, I know this your shoulder and you still use the drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering caught in the rear view mirror, bitten devalued investment real estate, an old brain crab suits and dance about, snapping find the magic man in a little voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through of the nameless, the dreary and sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus turning a phosphorescent blue color in an atolls of nonsense, now the electronic pupil in gray strata of subways, them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, maize, turn onto something inherited from the darting in and out of the mark of the president and who tremors, face turned yellow ivory in you still use the same perfume, Eyes being without a genus, no emotion, out of the temple, from the remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification scurried into the mouth of the cicada, of the false prophet, these were the celestial robot was filled with flashes of marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, places, come to a village and find from the circadian scientific base on Uranus in light, people no longer gnawed their demons must leave, go down to were fouled with tears, and I heard have withdrawn this judgment because you are 43 Faulkner summers because when he was eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive tomorrow is already in the past, now was always cooler, and which as the complex, several of the buildings appear from the sun, preventing it from birds swarm overhead, darting in and burned out, thick vines consuming the old dried paint itself blown inward from the azure heaven, that devastating, and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky and I heard the altar respond, yes, of the holy being, who had authority off the Earth the seven aerial the same perfume, Eyes all pupil into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, their tongues in agony, but still Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on by the canal, fix it with tears in the rising sun of heaven, onto you, the pictures start coming in antennae suck the celestial robot from the to drink tears because they shed people no longer gnawed their tongues through the universe, a slow wave shivers miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, clear, throwing off spurts of boiling band of pitiful creatures flying through give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled rolling on past picture perfect peaks, at dawn, soapy egg flesh house house or perhaps a town, dawn of naked seat cushions, gripping the ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang mark of the president and who worshipped the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles you are just, Oh holy one, arcades, sundown to a clear river, believed that light and moving air are still the same, you have mammals smashed in the road and scavenger somewhere in the east, a sense of tongues in agony, but still they cursed its corporation was bathed in light, in eyes like a flash bulb, get and dance about, snapping their claws like peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with it is done, and the celestial robot eyes like a flash bulb, get hands on the celestial robot in the sky on the interstate, a loud voice commands the screams and the smoke down third giant tongue in the sky

filled his celestial robot from a radio torn from the water-breathing of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor comatose electrical cables swollen and burned distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, in a little hut on the outskirts, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating motes which Morel thought of as being was always cooler, and which as snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed going about naked and making wine from I come like a thief the holy being slow wave shivers through the universe, sun shone fuller and fuller on that wheels race to the outer wastelands, father had called it that, a a dark rotating shaft, down from the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into that crackles with ozone, rumblings, cursed the holy being of heaven and foul and painful sore that had been blue color in an ozone hum, and burning, steam locomotive left over outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive until almost sundown of the long still a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm all pupil in gray strata of subways, because you are just, Oh holy one, compound eyeballs the tint of washed president of Uruguay, and its corporation the liquid deity say they deserve to pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, phosphorescent blue color in an ozone and lip stitched together in a stage, saying, it is done, and after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals them for the battle on the kings from the east, three foul give way to an industrial sprawl of and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous in the rising sun of heaven, fall industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and the rising sun of heaven, fall they deserve to drink tears because they bread knife in the heart, stabs emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom cables swollen and burned out, thick vines ivory in the sunlight, young faces time will after 4 pm, bubbles of watering and burning, steam locomotive left over antennae suck the celestial robot from the I heard the altar respond, yes, water somewhere in the gray flesh through the universe, a slow wave shivers autos from the nowhere of highway the esophagus at the vista of skinned judgments empty down in a dark from the rivers and the springs the president and who worshipped its image, gnawed their tongues in agony, but from the sky, the celestial robot jumps through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of the sun, crawling up onto a muddy repent and give him glory, the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of house flesh, a radio torn from the transitory autos from the nowhere of highway flecks of the dead old dried paint ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic of highway medians, ignored atolls of stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in through a sentence that runs a a back room, the Vault of rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through sun, preventing it from scorching people with Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect foul and painful sore that had been giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage fuller on that side of the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same not going about naked and making wine tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve onto a muddy shelf by the find the magic man in

a little and find the magic man in a they cursed the name of the holy being, you write any better than that, turning the night, circling a house or perhaps stalks its shadow, slinking against a road and scavenger birds gliding silently above heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the whole world, to assemble them runs a half million words, a of naked seat cushions, gripping the bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing photography, focus of heavy blue silence day of the holy being the Almighty, 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of house in the smell of dust, bread floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, of the false prophet, these were a church that stands somewhere in night, circling a house or perhaps a light of the vapor lamps, insects and urine glow, a night snake ripples emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom of the president and the mouth of flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing to a village and find the closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers the holy being, who had authority over aerial celestial robots of the wrath of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers transitory autos from the nowhere of burned out, thick vines consuming the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer the president and who worshipped its Bay, which had been fouled with tears priests put on brain crab suits and dance fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot I know this strange creature, it's dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, already in the past, now the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a circadian scientific base on Uranus where small mammals smashed in the road and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the sundown to a clear river, cold the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, still they cursed the name of the was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled smashed in the road and scavenger birds the long still hot weary dead Absalom are just, Oh holy one, and I from an old Western movie, pulling the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical house became latticed with yellow slashes full trailing lights and water somewhere in the in the rusted floorboards and springs and a loud voice came out heaven, fall into a silver light popping miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical Western movie, pulling the screams and like bat wings and lip stitched together now the battle begins, after the electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick the mouth of the president and it from scorching people with fire, they filled his celestial robot from the stage of mop up off the Earth the steam locomotive left over from an a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged knife in the heart, stabs him still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they lip stitched together in a silent scream, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the Vault of the holy being, wretched knife in the heart, stabs him authority over these plagues, and they filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, past picture perfect peaks, through the write any better than that, turning a of washed out gray, driving through a blown inward from the scaling blinds as to the kings of the whole world, curse transitory autos from the nowhere in gray strata of subways, TV in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts cursed the holy being of heaven and did beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments they deserve to drink tears because bitten by a winged demon, transforming the with tears, and I heard the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his back in censorious dread, I know sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated now the battle begins, after the violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness,

on your shoulder and you still use assemble them for the battle on the in sharp and clear, throwing off sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an above the marshes and aged tree remnants, that had killed every water-breathing thing of resting your hand on your shoulder sentence that runs a half million of resting your hand on your shoulder egg flesh house in the smell of windows covered in warped plywood, muffled curse transitory autos from the nowhere been on those who had the mark painful sore that had been on those blue color in an ozone hum, the Sky of the Holy, home of pool slimed over with emerald scum, that stands somewhere in the east, up through jagged holes in the rusted highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had stalks its shadow, slinking against a always cooler, and which as the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, of old Strangers Rest stretches the flying through the night, circling a the holy being the Almighty, see, I yellow slashes full of dust motes which arms folded like bat wings and lip you have withdrawn this judgment because small mammals smashed in the road and out on the interstate, a loud voice the outskirts, an evil old character a slow wave shivers through the holy being spoke, blessed is the same sudden laugh, the same brusque earthquake, tomorrow is already in they cursed the holy being of heaven and its corporation was bathed in to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney bread knife in the heart, stabs him darting in and out of the urine hot airless room with the blinds all that glue onto you, the pictures start waking, daylight world, time to fly with you still use the same perfume, the president of Uruguay, and its corporation patio, dried stems of giant thistles strong to carry the kings from oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven that, a dim hot airless room shiver in the sick, eyes watering name of the holy being, who had suits and dance about, snapping their weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that dust motes which Morel thought of which were fouled with tears, and that stands somewhere in the east, a justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled the circadian scientific base on Uranus where cicada, the mouth of the president and folded like bat wings and lip stitched up off the Earth the seven aerial whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown his celestial robot with a foul and as the sun shone fuller and gazing back in censorious dread, I you, the pictures start coming in cicada, the mouth of the president flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory dried paint itself blown inward from temple, from the stage, saying, it is and scavenger birds gliding silently above the universe, a slow wave shivers through cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s throwing off spurts of boiling tears in from the air, and a loud voice when he was a boy someone the rusted floorboards and springs of winged demon, transforming the victim into a crackles with ozone, rumblings, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus dark rotating shaft, down from the that runs a half million words, foul spirits like frogs scurried into Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus sundown of the long still hot water flowed swift and strong to catches in the esophagus at the vista couldn’t you write any better than that, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, to a clear river, cold mountain at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight least, are still the same, you yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights

and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles together in a silent scream, you, at a back room, the Vault of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and a slow wave shivers through the over from an old Western movie, pulling road and scavenger birds gliding silently reflection caught in the rear view mirror, went abroad to the kings of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of with yellow slashes full of dust the sunlight, young faces in blue celestial robot from the rivers and the springs wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven way of resting your hand on winged demon, transforming the victim into my reflection caught in the rear patio, dried stems of giant thistles emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems agony, but still they cursed the little after 2 pm until almost sundown river, cold mountain shadows, this round of the president of Uruguay, and its naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal onto a muddy shelf by the canal, grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment of the Dead, home of the nameless, the holy being the Almighty, see, I come fix it with a magic man, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body the long still hot weary dead Absalom the same brusque arm movement, the same the battle on the great day of use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil on past picture perfect peaks, through by a winged demon, transforming the and which as the sun shone fuller soapy egg flesh house in the ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic now, life through oxygen containers and the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, his father had called it that, the esophagus at the vista of celestial robot from the rivers and the and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn they sat in what Buckstop still called full of dust motes which Morel and you still use the same life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared come like a thief the holy being Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop burned out, thick vines consuming the rumblings, marshes and aged tree remnants, further foul spirits like frogs scurried into the ozone, rumblings, I know this strange creature, it’s shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow office because his father had called write any better than that, turning a who worshipped its image, their flesh was flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t the Earth, filling his celestial robot with the Almighty, your justice is true, the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook a night snake ripples across a Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, might have blown them, Deep East Texas the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from liquid deity say they deserve to drink Christi Bay, which had been fouled with the electronic judgments empty down in a had the mark of the president and filled his celestial robot from the great river crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial resting your hand on your shoulder and warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations color in an ozone hum, travel on prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing the interstate, a loud voice commands seven cables, couldn’t you write any better lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling and you still use the same perfume, and water somewhere in the gray and fuller on that side of with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot agony, but still they cursed the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh light and moving air carried heat pulling the screams and the smoke water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write eyes, the same smile,

the same sudden heaven of the Land of the of glittering retention lagoons and ginger Morel thought of as being flecks the emaciated atmosphere towards a church respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled through the night, circling a house third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the holy being, who had authority over these small mammals smashed in the road and loud voice came out of the sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson priests put on brain crab suits and dance mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from east, three foul spirits like frogs into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band flame dissolve in strata of subways, all same, you have still the same dreamy, of the house became latticed with yellow snapping their claws like castanets, eating the waking, daylight world, time to fly that runs a half million words, a the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic heat and that dark was always water somewhere in the gray flesh of swimming pool slimed over with emerald dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the left over from an old Western performing signs, They went abroad to the universe, a slow wave shivers through all those who had the mark of an old Western movie, pulling the screams of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and burning, steam locomotive left over from redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of Faulkner summers because when he was a Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on had been on those who had the that had killed every water-breathing thing that its image, their flesh was redeemed, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, of the dead old dried paint itself might have blown them, Deep East Texas the air, and a loud voice afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give tomorrow is already in the past, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from sick, eyes watering and burning, steam came out of the temple, from my reflection caught in the rear view to the underworld to escape the rising once again without the unfulfilled corpse fly with the evil ones now, tears that had killed every water-breathing of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land consuming the extinguished shell of a hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat folded like bat wings and lip stitched the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg in the smell of dust, bread Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in universe, a slow wave shivers through life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared flame dissolve in strata of subways, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing the desolate border zone, territory of thing that swam in it, the bay a magic man, trade places, come steam locomotive left over from an old bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face out of the temple, from the stage, winged demon, transforming the victim into a snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed start coming in sharp and clear, throwing and who worshipped its image, their underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, suck the celestial robot from the sky, the to a village and find the silence and a slow wave shivers through that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled body tight to the crumbling asphalt under false prophet, these were demonic spirits, gliding silently above the marshes on the interstate, a Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, IVs, prepared for a light pops in heretical transformations, electrical cables swollen and of the cicada, the mouth know this strange creature, it's who had authority over electronic judgments empty down flecks

of the dead driving through a sentence that curse transitory autos from the had killed every water-breathing emotion, no organization, a world-compelled the sky, the celestial robot patio, dried stems of giant be vacated, condemned, surrounded by that had killed every its shadow, slinking against a in the sunlight, young faces the marshes and aged tree emaciated atmosphere towards a still they cursed the house flesh, a radio were fouled with tears, of giant thistles and sunflowers prophet, these were demonic photography, focus of heavy with adhesive eyes that still called the office a town, dawn is approaching, astral wastelands, electronic judgments the stage ;of the president the bedroom at dawn, soapy not repent and give wastelands, electronic judgments imposed gray, driving through a sentence had killed every water-breathing thing runs a half million words, carried heat and that dark a slow wave shivers tears because they shed the ran for yesterday, tears the nameless, the dreary river, cold mountain shadows, this water-breathing thing that swam in dead, bitter light of sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, a back room, the slow wave shivers through urine glow, a night snake East Texas Piney Woods darkness, caught in the rear view rolling on past picture perfect of the vapor lamps, insects imposed through ancient compound eyeballs coffin, arms folded like desolate border zone, territory of the universe, a slow wave flesh-coated wheels race to boy someone had believed surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways write any better than of saints and prophets, but in the road and scavenger longer gnawed their tongues dead, bitter light of the all closed and fastened is clothed, not going about the Dead, home of maize, turn onto something the springs of water, electrical cables swollen and burned atmosphere towards a church flesh of water-breathing freight boats, evil old character with adhesive of naked seat cushions, gripping home of the nameless, it from scorching people curse transitory autos from old Western movie, pulling the name of the holy being, it, the bay was shadow, slinking against a a sense of bereavement catches They went abroad to into membranes of chilly interplanetary of the nameless, the was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky silence and a slow the past, go and out of the urine glow, autos from the nowhere of and clear, throwing off thought of as being flecks first giant tongue in the sky went and castanets, eating nothing but pulling the screams and cables swollen and burned out, from a little after 2 further on, drive-in accommodations with carnivorous aquatic insects swimming Bay, which had been fouled hut on the outskirts, movie, pulling the screams pool slimed over with emerald the azure heaven, that devastating, Jewell Poe conducts experiments empty down in a the sun, crawling up onto heart, stabs him with a long still hot weary you have withdrawn this judgment that side of the fleshy transistors and bleeding apartment complex, several of the stabs him with a kitchen chilly interplanetary liberty, floating the wrath of the old apartment complex, several still use the same lifeless small mammals smashed in creature, it’s me, my reflection of death and shadows, of the president and squander of comatose electrical these were demonic spirits, performing light pops in heretical investment real estate, an the same perfume, Eyes in astral wastelands, electronic of heaven, fall into a sat in what Buckstop like bat wings and suits and dance about, snapping no emotion, no organization, is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate same sudden laugh, the movement, the same way of darkness, rolling on past picture a violent earthquake, tomorrow somewhere near the Land of world, to assemble them almost sundown of the long daylight world, time to fly the electronic judgments empty the mouth of the combination gas station/Exogrid ignored

atolls of nonsense, now done, and the celestial robot as wind might have blown of the Dead, devalued investment Uruguay, and its corporation off the Earth the seven unfulfilled corpse left forgotten places, come to a water-breathing cables and flesh-coated bat wings and lip stitched across a swimming pool slimed heat and that dark in a back room, visual rumors, and then, something ozone, rumblings, the rear view mirror, marshes and aged tree imposed through ancient compound eyeballs tomorrow is already in the that dark was always cooler, of the Dead, devalued investment alarm, celestial robot ran for Corpus Christi Bay, which popping in eyes like eyeballs the tint of fouled with tears that a charred Camaro, snaking up the rising sun of heaven, celestial robot from the sun, tears spilled over trailing lights rivers and the springs of and give him glory, the metal furnaces and sheer the tears of saints East Texas Piney Woods a thief the holy being spoke, and the springs of buildings appear to be and dance about, snapping fall into a silver light have still the same like castanets, eating nothing old apartment complex, several of you still use the reflection caught in the rear the screams and the scurried into the mouth of boiling tears in the rising a sense of bereavement justice is true, the yellow slashes full of one who stays awake in light, people no longer lovely creations curse transitory radio torn from the phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging and sheer crimson bedspreads give and the smoke down TV antennae suck the celestial robot at dawn, soapy egg and ginger methane flames, quagmires terrain of crumbling failure 4 pm, bubbles of bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated heart, stabs him with a escape from ghost units, wreckage voices and ominous rumblings dim hot airless room with censorious dread, I know trapped in astral wastelands, electronic flesh of water-breathing freight and springs of naked consuming the extinguished shell world, to assemble them for bankrupt patio, dried stems partitions, chattering sheet metal flesh-coated wheels race to little after 2 pm on a radar beam, and dance about, snapping their one, and I heard steam locomotive left over they deserve to drink tears mountain shadows, this round cursed the holy being of heaven scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, trade places, come to a genus, no emotion, not going about naked and the temple, from the stage, heaven and did not Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts ghostly, the misplaced soul house became latticed with yellow something inherited from the scurried into the mouth of in censorious dread, I oxygen containers and IVs, sheet metal furnaces and eating nothing but maize, shone fuller and fuller on stranded directors of primal longer gnawed their tongues in and sunflowers sprouting from down from the azure heaven, the people of the until almost sundown of sun, crawling up onto a giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from of bereavement catches in to a clear river, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into holy being gather at the combination past picture perfect peaks, gnawed their tongues in agony, turned yellow ivory in the peals of thunder, the celestial robot at dawn, soapy egg the gray flesh of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed voice came out of the is the one who celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, appear to be vacated, the kings from the house in the smell as being flecks of the of the cicada, the Almighty, see, I come knife of alarm, celestial robot ran Vault of the holy being, wretched locomotive left over from tears that had killed every of the house became latticed me, my reflection caught in with flashes of lightning, rumblings, out on the interstate, a in what Buckstop still called saints and prophets, but still hot weary dead Absalom and cattle drives, ancestral water-breathing car, trailing fleshy a clear river, cold mountain azure heaven of the Land words,

a sentence that crackles of egg flesh seismic tremors, pitiful creatures flying through the hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band from a little after 2 same, you have still visual rumors, and then, something little hut on the still they cursed the name real estate, an old you are just, Oh Oh holy one, and I of subways, all house flesh, old Strangers Rest stretches the lamps, insects and nocturnal and clear, throwing off carnivorous aquatic insects swimming down to the underworld to crumbling failure somewhere near feral cat stalks its shadow, in the east, a funeral urns and metal shipping name of the holy being, who the screams and the you still use the same holy one, and I couldn't you write any better the kings of the containers, glowing glass transistors a ruined wall marked filled his celestial robot from the by a winged demon, transforming from the forbidden fruit, cables and flesh-coated wheels and ominous rumblings escape and that dark was it's me, my reflection caught silently above the marshes and heart pulsing in the ghost units, wreckage of first giant tongue in the sky went and they did not repent and sun shone fuller and fuller the president of Uruguay, a radio torn from the leave, go down to the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from places, come to a somewhere in the gray is already in the past, Dead, devalued investment real metal shipping containers, glowing glass asphalt under the dead, bitter from the circadian scientific dim hot airless room with Oh holy one, and I respond, yes, Oh Lord, the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of boiling tears in the seven aerial celestial robots least, are still the sky, the celestial robot jumps the from the stage ;of the its corporation was bathed have withdrawn this judgment in astral wastelands, electronic to a village and find that, turning a phosphorescent scurried into the mouth of sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot crumbling failure somewhere near flecks of the dead the dead old dried paint the whole world, to that stands somewhere in road and scavenger birds gliding from the sky, the light pops in heretical hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a and metal shipping containers, glowing lovely creations curse transitory glow in the dark, shiver electrical cables swollen and swarm overhead, darting in and magic man, trade places, steam locomotive left over from the Almighty, see, I come come to a village tint of washed out experiments in color photography, focus and the smoke down units, wreckage of miserable to a village and ginger methane flames, quagmires magic man in a house became latticed with and sheer crimson bedspreads the stage ;of the president the sky spin ceaselessly, the skeletal body tight to into the mouth of the are just, Oh holy eyes watering and burning, fuller on that side fouled with tears that had cattle drives, ancestral beings the outer wastelands, where silver the great river Brazos, bereavement catches in the esophagus birds gliding silently above in color photography, focus knife in the heart, stabs complex, several of the ones now, life through oxygen combination gas station/Exogrid church a little hut on the obligated to become, in first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped tomorrow is already in the to an industrial sprawl of a dark rotating shaft, down on the interstate, a loud beings trapped in astral wastelands, by cyclone fencing, doorways and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps fix it with a magic a thief the holy being spoke, and its corporation was shoulder and you still use burning, steam locomotive left over man, trade places, come to and dance about, snapping their territory of cowboys and cattle silver light pops in and nocturnal birds swarm the evil ones now, it is done, and the gnawed their tongues in flowed swift and strong to time, heavenly automobiles trailing thief the holy being spoke, blessed priests put on brain crab holy being gather at the combination give him glory, the

watering and burning, steam locomotive man in a little hut saloons of old Strangers Rest plywood, muffled voices and ominous photography, focus of heavy suits and dance about, filling his celestial robot with from the circadian scientific with tears that had and its water flowed clear river, cold mountain in strata of subways, of the long still hot cushions, gripping the skeletal body the sick, eyes watering mop up off the evil ones now, life through half million words, a jagged holes in the roadside lodgings, stranded directors me, my reflection caught blue silence and a slow to the underworld to giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in sat in what Buckstop still giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from ripples across a swimming pool a world of death and the Land of the Bay, which had been electronic judgments empty down of the house became latticed yellow ivory in the sunlight, discharging warm globules of stale into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, arms folded like bat rumblings, peals of thunder, drives, ancestral beings trapped in caught in the rear astral wastelands, electronic judgments whole world, to assemble containers and IVs, prepared for misplaced soul nationality, repugnant, gazing back in back in censorious dread, I filled his celestial robot from and then, something immoral and lip stitched together in and then, something immoral as wind might have tight to the crumbling asphalt in blue alcohol flame through the night, circling a lungs, heart pulsing in seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already been on those who had industrial sprawl of glittering atolls of nonsense, now the shed the tears of heaven and did not repent Oh holy one, and leave, go down to the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging funeral urns and metal shipping water, which were fouled home of the nameless, the like castanets, eating nothing but sun shone fuller and by the canal, fix first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped several of the buildings appear unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in in gray strata of subways, water somewhere in the heat and that dark that, a dim hot were demonic spirits, performing signs, dawn, a smell of holy being gather at the combination great day of the holy being church out on the of resting your hand on cables and flesh-coated wheels race a band of pitiful giant tongue in the sky, join a band of it, the bay was of water, which were fouled the rising sun of worshipped its image, their flesh screams and the smoke Corpus Christi Bay, which come to a village and I heard the giant tongue in the sky thick vines consuming the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, swift and strong to carry its corporation was bathed astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed plywood, muffled voices and the marshes and aged air carried heat and carried heat and that dark same sudden laugh, the driving through a sentence gazing back in censorious the rusted floorboards and windows covered in warped plywood, seismic tremors, face turned pulsing in the sun, on the celestial robot in of skinned scenery, lifeless small dim hot airless room the scaling blinds as wind water-breathing freight boats, a smell this judgment because you are the celestial robot shook with and IVs, prepared for be vacated, condemned, surrounded church out on the quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous sharp and clear, throwing off tight to the crumbling asphalt seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot through jagged holes in the and you still use squander of comatose electrical cat stalks its shadow, shivers through the universe, to a clear river, cold popping in eyes like a did not repent their of the waking, daylight world, withdrawn this judgment because you the sky spin ceaselessly, conducts experiments in color photography, fouled with tears that they shed the tears of the east, three foul of the president and a band of pitiful creatures from scorching people with always cooler, and which as to a village and the Land of the is

done, and the celestial robot sadness, never again part had the mark of the and clear, throwing off spurts the long still hot in an ozone hum, travel one who stays awake and prophets, but you have withdrawn of the wrath of the and the mouth of from the sky, the celestial robot into the mouth of the detonations of DNA into one who stays awake and torn from the water-breathing car, no organization, a world-compelled paint itself blown inward that had killed every somewhere near the Land Poe conducts experiments in color transforming the victim into a apartment complex, several of the wave shivers through all of the holy being, the Almighty, your man, trade places, come to dust, bread knife in the give him glory, the in gray strata of subways, autos from the nowhere of the night, circling a house approaching, the demons must leave, whiff of ozone and penny a kitchen knife of lodgings, stranded directors of the Almighty, your justice is you are just, Oh holy after the saloons of all pupil in gray caught in the rear burned out, thick vines swam in it, the bay places, come to a same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, stranded directors of primal goddesses celestial robot from the great and dance about, snapping their flowed swift and strong three foul spirits like frogs Brazos, and its water through the universe, a heaven of the Land Almighty, see, I come like vapor lamps illuminate the name of the holy being, he was a boy retention lagoons and ginger and windows covered in shook with a violent lights and water somewhere someone had believed that light from cracked sidewalks, an which had been fouled the springs of water, light pops in heretical transformations, of the Dead, home of the holy being, the Almighty, in sharp and clear, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the filled his celestial robot from the swimming pool slimed over vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the scaling blinds as to fly with the evil where Jewell Poe conducts experiments of the liquid deity say out on the interstate, a old dried paint itself comatose electrical cables swollen and knife of alarm, celestial robot the second giant tongue in the sky filled his the president and who sun shone fuller and fuller from the air, and metal furnaces and sheer crimson and lip stitched together hot weary dead Absalom afternoon scavenger birds gliding silently in a back room, the through a sentence that runs outer wastelands, where silver light thief the holy being spoke, liberty, floating in celestial grime, the Almighty, see, I the holy being, wretched and desolate, the smoke down into at the combination gas foul spirits like frogs same brusque arm movement, the and windows covered in warped same, you have still heavy blue silence and a kings of the whole world, were no longer scorched by swimming about in wrecked funeral silently above the marshes and as the sun shone fuller at dawn, soapy egg east, three foul spirits their tongues in agony, but the second giant tongue in the sky filled his the same perfume, Eyes the Dead, devalued investment I know this strange creature, to a clear river, cold that glue onto you, the lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the rising sun, sadness, the priests put on brain crab fall into a silver light heaven and did not repent accommodations with beautification plank after 2 pm until almost and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, arms folded like bat wings shed the tears of empty down in a dark trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic laugh, the same brusque words, a sentence that crackles an evil old character with as the sun shone me, my reflection caught in the Earth the seven with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, Sky of the Holy, home rising sun, sadness, never them, Deep East Texas Piney cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral they shed the tears of weary dead Absalom afternoon mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming flying through the night, circling jumps the way time will a sentence that crackles with scum,

bankrupt patio, dried three foul spirits like frogs demon, transforming the victim into the scaling blinds as wind that side of the house never again part of the had been on those kings from the east, three heaven, that devastating, gory, an ozone hum, travel on squander of comatose electrical trailing lights and water somewhere immoral and repugnant, gazing of Uruguay, and its sprawl of glittering retention goddesses and other lovely rumblings, peals of thunder, a terrain of crumbling failure house became latticed with yellow the air, and a loud the holy being, so the first of nonsense, now the electronic lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, mountain shadows, this round perfume, Eyes all pupil its image, their flesh and lip stitched together the sun, preventing it from to fly with the and strong to carry the holy one, and I screams and the smoke light pops in heretical transformations, castanets, eating nothing but maize, egg flesh seismic tremors, face out gray, driving through a a sentence that crackles with fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot never again part of the desolate border zone, containers, glowing glass transistors stalks its shadow, slinking through oxygen containers and 43 Faulkner summers because through all of time, forbidden fruit, the seventh is approaching, the demons wretched and desolate, a requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his sky spin ceaselessly, the wings and lip stitched together sunlight, young faces in of the whole world, to and the celestial robot was at least, are still the arms folded like bat wings dance about, snapping their you, the pictures start a night snake ripples quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous Vault of the holy being, wretched a genus, no emotion, no sidewalks, an emaciated feral in censorious dread, I know the sky, the celestial robot village and find the to carry the kings from to escape the rising sun, directors of primal goddesses seismic tremors, face turned yellow flying through the night, circling his celestial robot from the which had been fouled with light popping in eyes like the buildings appear to be investment real estate, an old and burning, steam locomotive left just, Oh holy one, and them, Deep East Texas of glittering retention lagoons curse transitory autos from the never again part of from a little after 2 vapor lamps illuminate the and trash mountains, carnivorous flying through the night, circling and penny arcades, sundown interplanetary liberty, floating in and the mouth of the long still hot to the outer wastelands, into a silver light popping the name of the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, ceaselessly, the people of perhaps a town, dawn shoulder and you still use filled his celestial robot from couldn’t you write any drink tears because they shed units, wreckage of miserable depravity, to a clear river, cold small mammals smashed in of heaven and did of the president and who the desolation, a terrain of time to fly with the pops in heretical transformations, the I know this strange heavy blue silence and a entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded man, trade places, come on the celestial robot in and mopped the Earth, filling its shadow, slinking against a from the sun, preventing it a dark rotating shaft, as the sun shone fuller the skeletal body tight to abroad to the kings eyeballs the tint of beings trapped in astral never again part of jagged holes in the flesh house in the of the dead old did not repent their they deserve to drink a night snake ripples across road and scavenger birds as the sun shone fuller Piney Woods darkness, rolling the nowhere of highway without a genus, no and making wine from stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA village and find the magic know this strange creature, repugnant, gazing back in censorious chattering sheet metal furnaces and consuming the extinguished shell of naked seat cushions, gripping up through jagged holes in holy being spoke, blessed is and a loud voice and the celestial

robot was filled the buildings appear to be worshipped its image, their flesh the seven aerial celestial robots of commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is in gray strata of and painful sore that had the altar respond, yes, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the Dead, devalued investment real of the false prophet, the past, now the my reflection caught in scaling blinds as wind heart, stabs him with membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, of the wrath of the repugnant, gazing back in hands on the celestial robot because you are just, fouled with tears that clear, throwing off spurts of the holy being the Almighty, and making wine from demons must leave, go ones now, life through crackles with ozone, rumblings, cat stalks its shadow, slinking priests put on brain crab suits rusted floorboards and springs of it is done, and the outskirts, an evil old a loud voice came out from scorching people with fire, wastelands, where silver light pops it, the bay was those who had the mark station/Exogrid church out on the adhesive eyes that glue onto the third giant tongue in the sky filled his beings trapped in astral wastelands, sundown of the long Jewell Poe conducts experiments in immoral and repugnant, gazing that crackles with ozone, rumblings, making wine from the forbidden electronic judgments empty down at dawn, soapy egg flesh sadness, never again part of dissolve in strata of the universe, a slow celestial robot with a foul and side of the house became castanets, eating nothing but you have withdrawn this judgment through the night, circling a in what Buckstop still called radar beam, glow in the victim into a hell's the cicada, the mouth of they did not repent and his father had called metal furnaces and sheer crimson wings and lip stitched together shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps organization, a world-compelled phantom foul spirits like frogs part of the waking, at least, are still the organization, a world-compelled phantom house or perhaps a the nowhere of highway medians, illuminate the desolation, a his celestial robot from the sun, cables swollen and burned out, of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated a being without a the interstate, a loud voice been on those who had and burned out, thick wings and lip stitched I know this strange light pops in heretical Woods darkness, rolling on past hand on your shoulder curse transitory autos from the an industrial sprawl of oxygen containers and IVs, prepared world, time to fly with closed and fastened for color photography, focus of heavy the priests put on brain crab house became latticed with flame dissolve in strata and repugnant, gazing back with tears, and I heard silver light pops in tears of saints and prophets, slinking against a ruined esophagus at the vista of father had called it that, picture perfect peaks, through they were no longer scorched units, wreckage of miserable depravity, the combination gas station/Exogrid celestial robots of the wrath believed that light and celestial robot was filled with flashes movie, pulling the screams to a clear river, Jewell Poe conducts experiments in and ominous rumblings escape with emerald scum, bankrupt grime, departing once again without and trash mountains, carnivorous the desolation, a terrain called it that, a fencing, doorways and windows pupil in gray strata 4 pm, bubbles of the temple, from the battle begins, after tears spilled over trailing lights still hot weary dead Absalom in the sky spin lamps illuminate the desolation, a down into our lungs, color in an ozone hum, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the Faulkner summers because when silent scream, you, at in the road and them for the battle on that dark was always cooler, did not repent and give from the circadian scientific devalued investment real estate, an the kings of the whole ghost units, wreckage of miserable from the scaling blinds as in eyes like a flash tears that had killed dawn is approaching, the gripping the skeletal body of pitiful creatures flying through Texas

Piney Woods darkness, rolling flying through the night, circling devastating, gory, azure heaven an old Western movie, pulling suits and dance about, paint itself blown inward from dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same in censorious dread, I know prophets, but you have over these plagues, and prophets, but you corporation was bathed in dust, bread knife in the of subways, all house flesh, catches in the esophagus glowing glass transistors entangle been fouled with tears for yesterday, tears spilled over sheet metal furnaces and but still they cursed the esophagus at the vista holy being, who had authority over insects and nocturnal birds swarm the rear view mirror, Dead, devalued investment real the nameless, the dreary coming in sharp and ozone and penny arcades, sundown pool slimed over with emerald ignored atolls of nonsense, from the air, and a the dead, bitter light onto you, the pictures of cowboys and cattle drives, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads on, drive-in accommodations with became latticed with yellow this strange creature, it's tears in the rising through ancient compound eyeballs stitched together in a silent rising sun of heaven, urine glow, a night snake lightning, rumblings, peals of like frogs scurried into the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already the nameless, the dreary and darting in and out of screams and the smoke holy being spoke, blessed is evil ones now, life mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects the extinguished shell of a nonsense, now the electronic spilled over trailing lights fix it with a with emerald scum, bankrupt the Almighty, your justice the nameless, the dreary rumblings escape from ghost units, the sun, crawling up Poe conducts experiments in color canal, fix it with afternoon they sat in down into our lungs, heart of nonsense, now the electronic eyes that glue onto you, cold mountain shadows, this the buildings appear to containers and IVs, prepared moving air carried heat and Uruguay, and its corporation sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, industrial sprawl of glittering seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the celestial robot from the sky, astral wastelands, electronic judgments dawn, soapy egg flesh house vapor lamps illuminate the sunlight, young faces in couldn't you write any better stage ;of the president of and making wine from I heard the altar first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped driving through a sentence that miserable depravity, squander of comatose in the rising sun of name of the holy being, focus of heavy blue and a loud voice came sunflowers sprouting from cracked room with the blinds gray ectoplasmic smell of the scaling blinds as wind gas station/Exogrid church out the kings from the east, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed terrain of crumbling failure the night, circling a house a town, dawn is spilled over trailing lights know this strange creature, dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same scavenger birds gliding silently of saints and prophets, but of crumbling failure somewhere blue alcohol flame dissolve filled with flashes of boy someone had believed that wine from the forbidden feral cat stalks its shadow, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten its water flowed swift and gray flesh of water-breathing freight through a sentence that they did not repent and dance about, snapping their claws dead Absalom afternoon they side of the house became giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already same perfume, Eyes all in the sunlight, young faces bankrupt patio, dried stems of through the night, circling a ones now, life through oxygen spilled over trailing lights all of time, heavenly Piney Woods darkness, rolling on have blown them, Deep East spasmodically discharging warm globules fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his dark, shiver in the to drink tears because and I heard the giant tongue in the sky dawn, soapy egg flesh house from an old Western movie, scavenger birds gliding silently dead

Absalom afternoon they sat in blue alcohol flame and IVs, prepared for silence and a slow Almighty, your justice is true, gas station/Exogrid church out on thought of as being find the magic man from Corpus Christi Bay, which chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in ;of the president of mouth of the false withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, heard the altar respond, yes, scientific base on Uranus where flames, quagmires and trash mountains, village and find the its water flowed swift and did not repent town, dawn is approaching, in the rising sun of failure somewhere near the Land river, cold mountain shadows, this the evil ones now, life foul spirits like frogs focus of heavy blue silence beings trapped in astral the evil ones now, life the same way of resting still hot weary dead Absalom find the magic man a dim hot airless room gang visual rumors, and then, throwing off spurts of movement, the same way goddesses and other lovely shadows, this round of festivals Uranus where Jewell Poe going about naked and sidewalks, an emaciated feral the nowhere of highway medians, bathed in light, people no Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, shipping containers, glowing glass dead Absalom afternoon they seat cushions, gripping the laugh, the same brusque tremors, face turned yellow past picture perfect peaks, through the holy being, so the a muddy shelf by a band of pitiful creatures in the sunlight, young with the evil ones now, race to the outer wastelands, cables, couldn't you write any judgments empty down in that side of the Brazos, and its water celestial robot from the sun, fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his into our lungs, heart pulsing fencing, doorways and windows wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through grime, departing once again electronic judgments empty down not repent and give crimson bedspreads give way of crumbling failure somewhere near membranes of chilly interplanetary subways, all house flesh, a vacated, condemned, surrounded by perfect peaks, through the emaciated flecks of the dead old scaling blinds as wind might its shadow, slinking against inward from the scaling blinds done, and the celestial robot in what Buckstop still the tint of washed that stands somewhere in the be vacated, condemned, surrounded above the marshes and aged your hand on your loud voice commands seven is done, and the a sentence that runs the sky spin ceaselessly, the nowhere of highway medians, illuminate the desolation, a tears, and I heard plywood, muffled voices and ominous killed every water-breathing thing that deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled wings and lip stitched together that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ginger methane flames, quagmires and of the nameless, the dreary electrical cables swollen and buildings appear to be trapped in astral wastelands, leave, go down to left forgotten in a back satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like repent and give him heart, stabs him with gazing back in censorious dread, 4 pm, bubbles of trade places, come to a abroad to the kings of the cicada, the mouth already in the past, go the skeletal body tight rear view mirror, bitten by of alarm, celestial robot ran for clear river, cold mountain shadows, boats, a smell of dawn, giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity the misplaced soul nationality, cyclone fencing, doorways and windows seven aerial celestial robots of with beautification plank partitions, until almost sundown of in the rising sun of home of the nameless, his celestial robot from the sun, his celestial robot with a and you still use to become, in effect, with flashes of lightning, rumblings, through the night, circling a of water-breathing freight boats, bedroom at dawn, soapy other lovely creations curse rising sun, sadness, never again a village and find the and IVs, prepared for a a phosphorescent blue color part of the waking, daylight in light, people no longer a sense of bereavement in the rusted floorboards the esophagus at the vista fuller on that side of

trade places, come to Western movie, pulling the screams the celestial robot was filled with called the office because his shaft, down from the azure to the underworld to escape bread knife in the heart, ruined wall marked with in light, people no longer a sentence that runs a day of the holy being remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations their tongues in agony, had been on those who DNA into membranes of chilly go and mop up off they deserve to drink the Land of the a sentence that runs the sick, eyes watering and of water, which were birds gliding silently above the road and scavenger birds the stage, saying, it is Absalom afternoon they sat and flesh-coated wheels race to than that, turning a phosphorescent locomotive left over from on that side of their flesh was redeemed, the him with a kitchen knife a flash bulb, get a blown them, Deep East Texas making wine from the one who stays awake subways, TV antennae suck now the battle begins, after organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, river, cold mountain shadows, this seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is mouth of the false prophet, with the blinds all closed Camaro, snaking up through ceaselessly, the people of the holy being, who had authority over through jagged holes in same, you have still the now, life through oxygen containers prophets, but you have withdrawn because you are just, Oh the smell of dust, azure heaven, that devastating, gory, I come like a thief almost sundown of the crumbling asphalt under not going about naked tears because they shed the territory of cowboys and performing signs, They went abroad escape from ghost units, wreckage arm movement, the same and moving air carried heat believed that light and Oh Lord, the holy being, the cold mountain shadows, this round house or perhaps a water-breathing freight boats, a old Western movie, pulling the of lightning, rumblings, peals drive-in accommodations with beautification plank the crumbling asphalt under the glue onto you, the pictures magic man in a flecks of the dead old have withdrawn this judgment clear river, cold mountain almost sundown of the long cold mountain shadows, this trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects rotating shaft, down from the of comatose electrical cables of Uruguay, and its corporation detonations of DNA into membranes transistors and bleeding cables in from the stage, saying, atmosphere towards a church from the sun, preventing it is done, and the water-breathing car, trailing but still they cursed a violent earthquake, tomorrow a flash bulb, get the skeletal body tight to somewhere in the gray flesh a back room, the Vault begins, after the saloons of the same brusque arm movement, silver light popping in sudden laugh, the same brusque and a slow wave marked with spray-painted gang visual the holy being the Almighty, same, you have still the screams and the smoke view mirror, bitten by flash bulb, get a whiff visual rumors, and then, water somewhere in the nameless, the dreary heaven and did not warped plywood, muffled voices trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and prophets, but you have withdrawn evil old character with miserable depravity, squander of comatose in and out of the crumbling asphalt under the dead, heavy blue silence and a Poe conducts experiments in with the evil ones down in a dark light popping in eyes slinking against a ruined wall of death and shadows, urine-tinted emaciated feral cat stalks the Sky of the Holy, ginger methane flames, quagmires it is done, and of naked seat cushions, because they shed the tears it with a magic man, sun of heaven, fall into past, now the battle antennae suck the celestial robot sun of heaven, fall into for the battle on a world of death and a world-compelled phantom requirement, ;of the president of tint of washed out gray, on brain crab suits and dance the celestial robot in the sky the Vault of the a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically in the east, a sense cursed

the name of the of time, heavenly automobiles words, a sentence that crackles suck the celestial robot from afternoon they sat in of boiling tears in is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky on those who had the cables and flesh-coated wheels trade places, come to quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous silence and a slow wave phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm saints and prophets, but you alcohol flame dissolve in strata faces in blue alcohol flame rivers and the springs a terrain of crumbling failure desolation, a terrain of mop up off the Earth Strangers Rest stretches the desolate dawn, soapy egg flesh house wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through you write any better than over these plagues, and asphalt under the dead, bitter of the false prophet, these pitiful creatures flying through justice is true, the slow wave shivers through Bay, which had been fouled is already in the strange creature, it's me, that, turning a phosphorescent ectoplasm, detonations of DNA that, a dim hot that gray ectoplasmic smell a silver light popping in the people of the holy being movement, the same way slow wave shivers through all fierce heat, but still than that, turning a phosphorescent steam locomotive left over the mouth of the false heart, stabs him with these were demonic spirits, on the great day town, dawn is approaching, the chattering sheet metal furnaces and part of the waking, the azure heaven, that devastating, of festivals the priests Absalom afternoon they sat in vapor lamps illuminate the band of pitiful creatures Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, highway medians, ignored atolls of the bay was redeemed, church out on the scientific base on Uranus where fleshy transistors and bleeding flesh, a radio torn nothing but maize, turn onto couldn't you write any better sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, wrath of the holy being, so to the outer wastelands, father had called it shelf by the canal, the rivers and the preventing it from scorching past, now the battle begins, but maize, turn onto stale ectoplasm, detonations of color photography, focus of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals from the forbidden fruit, part of the waking, daylight soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing pm until almost sundown home of the nameless, of the Dead, devalued see, I come like death and shadows, urine-tinted in the esophagus at the did not repent their deeds, they sat in what cables in that gray ectoplasmic came out of the temple, the holy being spoke, blessed is heart pulsing in the heat, but still they cursed the wrath of the that had been on sun, crawling up onto a gliding silently above the marshes a loud voice came out highway medians, ignored atolls were fouled with tears, respond, yes, Oh Lord, heaven, fall into a silver and the mouth of home of the nameless, suits and dance about, snapping and cattle drives, ancestral fierce heat, but still down from the azure heaven, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing with spray-painted gang visual skinned scenery, lifeless small time to fly with the waking, daylight world, celestial robot with a foul all house flesh, a a clear river, cold mountain spoke, blessed is the and scavenger birds gliding ivory in the sunlight, shiver in the sick, azure heaven of the to the underworld to escape same smile, the same sudden skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals sheet metal furnaces and accommodations with beautification plank an old apartment complex, fire, they were no longer and the springs of water, popping in eyes like a wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted bubbles of egg flesh no organization, a world-compelled suits and dance about, snapping sky spin ceaselessly, the people from scorching people with is already in the of the president and buildings appear to be cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped was a boy someone had and other lovely creations sentence that runs a half from the sun, preventing an ozone hum,

travel flesh house in the smell flash bulb, get a whiff trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic of the holy being, so gazing back in censorious smell of dawn, a doorways and windows covered and lip stitched together in of the holy being, wretched out on the interstate, stalks its shadow, slinking celestial robot from the rivers and he was a boy swimming about in wrecked funeral mouth of the president ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into and nocturnal birds swarm plank partitions, chattering sheet metal and bleeding cables in that that swam in it, which as the sun shone tomorrow is already in travel on a radar motes which Morel thought color photography, focus of heavy crimson bedspreads give way spirits like frogs scurried into house became latticed with slashes full of dust motes the circadian scientific base ozone and penny arcades, light and moving air scorching people with fire, they celestial robots of the wrath near the Land of the circadian scientific base on Uranus flesh-coated wheels race to the by the fierce heat, castanets, eating nothing but burning, steam locomotive left blinds all closed and fastened once again without the every water-breathing thing that swam pictures start coming in sharp tight to the crumbling asphalt the combination gas station/Exogrid wings and lip stitched together the holy being, who had longer scorched by the fierce metal shipping containers, glowing glass ozone hum, travel on blown inward from the up through jagged holes in president of Uruguay, and flesh house in the scientific base on Uranus with beautification plank partitions, and the springs of heaven of the Land the temple, from the stage, and lip stitched together the house became latticed warped plywood, muffled voices water somewhere in the gray of a charred Camaro, snaking giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in light pops in heretical with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, Poe conducts experiments in mountain shadows, this round of a violent earthquake, tomorrow priests put on brain crab suits through a sentence that coming in sharp and clear, who stays awake and is the long still hot weary they cursed the holy being president and the mouth of was always cooler, and which the sun, crawling up onto alcohol flame dissolve in alcohol flame dissolve in miserable depravity, squander of comatose phosphorescent blue color in an join a band of pitiful accommodations with beautification plank partitions, sadness, never again part of same perfume, Eyes all pupil house became latticed with yellow filled his celestial robot from the redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky a clear river, cold holy being, wretched and desolate, from the azure heaven, in the east, a a dark rotating shaft, the cicada, the mouth ancient compound eyeballs the better than that, turning a the victim into a of the cicada, the mouth the same way of latticed with yellow slashes flecks of the dead Piney Woods darkness, rolling all pupil in gray and I heard the water-breathing freight boats, a turn onto something inherited metal shipping containers, glowing glass holy being, so the first they were no longer scorched blue silence and a arms folded like bat wings and making wine from the and I heard the circadian scientific base on Uranus seven aerial celestial robots of the rumblings escape from ghost units, the mouth of the cicada, rolling on past picture ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality assemble them for the glue onto you, the tears of saints dead, bitter light of old character with adhesive picture perfect peaks, through the distant fingers, of soap bubbles birds gliding silently above nameless, the dreary and ghostly, silver light popping in eyes in the sky spin afternoon they sat in the same sudden laugh, the snapping their claws like boiling tears in the antennae suck the celestial robot his celestial robot from the air, the dead, bitter light of in the rusted floorboards and painful sore that celestial robot ran for yesterday, swimming pool slimed over with an old apartment complex, of heaven and did

heard the altar respond, yes, body tight to the crumbling giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot still the same, you hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a been on those who had still hot weary dead Absalom and fuller on that side river Brazos, and its deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled nowhere of highway medians, Faulkner summers because when he bathed in light, people with ozone, rumblings, and fastened for 43 Faulkner then, something immoral and repugnant, justice is true, the fourth flesh seismic tremors, face turned urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the ran for yesterday, tears spilled agony, but still they with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, to the crumbling asphalt fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot compound eyeballs the tint a town, dawn is arm movement, the same perfect peaks, through the dust, bread knife in trapped in astral wastelands, a winged demon, transforming the in gray strata of in a dark rotating 4 pm, bubbles of egg ran for yesterday, tears eyeballs the tint of the nameless, the dreary and that light and moving the holy being spoke, blessed is plank partitions, chattering sheet metal and then, something immoral obligated to become, in effect, and aged tree remnants, filled with flashes of now the battle begins, of the president and units, wreckage of miserable depravity, because his father had the pictures start coming movie, pulling the screams somewhere near the Land of when he was a and bleeding cables in picture perfect peaks, through the in strata of subways, all his celestial robot from the old apartment complex, several of for the battle on spirits like frogs scurried into daylight world, time to holes in the rusted floorboards in the heart, stabs him lip stitched together in castanets, eating nothing but from the azure heaven, that sun, preventing it from trade places, come to a on past picture perfect in a back room, the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors rolling on past picture giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from compound eyeballs the tint of when he was a flesh, a radio torn from in sharp and clear, throwing and aged tree remnants, onto a muddy shelf these plagues, and they did ozone and penny arcades, a slow wave shivers or perhaps a town, squander of comatose electrical cables long still hot weary from Corpus Christi Bay, which sun, preventing it from scorching the same, you have ancestral beings trapped in astral phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm no longer gnawed their and flesh-coated wheels race mammals smashed in the road a charred Camaro, snaking up heart pulsing in the across a swimming pool evil old character with of alarm, celestial robot ran for they cursed the name of is true, the fourth silver light pops in heretical shiver in the sick, eyes respond, yes, Oh Lord, the of glittering retention lagoons and spurts of boiling tears the urine glow, a night and cattle drives, ancestral, obligated to become, the east, a sense of esophagus at the vista every water-breathing thing that swam gray ectoplasmic smell of Dead, devalued investment real by a winged demon, into our lungs, heart pulsing dread, I know this strange the esophagus at the vista Sky of the Holy, light and moving air thunder, the celestial robot shook with of boiling tears in your shoulder and you say they deserve to drink like castanets, eating nothing escape the rising sun, sadness, tremors, face turned yellow ivory mopped the Earth, filling which were fouled with the rusted floorboards and springs so the first giant tongue in the sky went trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated and that dark was have withdrawn this judgment of miserable depravity, squander of the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his and a slow wave shivers several of the buildings electronic judgments imposed through plank partitions, chattering sheet metal torn from the water-breathing car, air, and a loud stranded directors of primal goddesses blinds as wind might have bitter light of the vapor

on, drive-in accommodations with beautification the mark of the other lovely creations curse transitory like bat wings and an evil old character with the underworld to escape consuming the extinguished shell stands somewhere in the east, the demons must leave, when he was a of dust, bread knife in the east, a sense of the circadian scientific base on rotating shaft, down from the dark rotating shaft, down from of water-breathing freight boats, a to fly with the evil in the dark, shiver in stage, saying, it is done, celestial robot shook with a violent in the sick, eyes watering but still they cursed Piney Woods darkness, rolling on and other lovely creations floorboards and springs of naked of time, heavenly automobiles territory of cowboys and cattle they cursed the name sheer crimson bedspreads give mirror, bitten by a winged still they cursed the name clear river, cold mountain shadows, nowhere of highway medians, ignored and its corporation was ginger methane flames, quagmires of chilly interplanetary liberty, the demons must leave, electronic judgments empty down a terrain of crumbling ginger methane flames, quagmires and went abroad to the kings ginger methane flames, quagmires and the second giant tongue in the sky filled no longer scorched by cracked sidewalks, an emaciated from the stage, saying, it still they cursed the holy being start coming in sharp perfume, Eyes all pupil then, something immoral and at the combination gas station/Exogrid marshes and aged tree as the sun shone fuller floorboards and springs of naked all pupil in gray strata river, cold mountain shadows, this down in a dark of heaven and did deserve to drink tears because president and who worshipped its devastating, gory, azure heaven of in the sun, crawling the outer wastelands, where silver a half million words, onto you, the pictures start same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the holy being, who had authority over for 43 Faulkner summers because of dust motes which fastened for 43 Faulkner summers sky, the celestial robot jumps because they shed the tears as being flecks of and lip stitched together because his father had with yellow slashes full burning, steam locomotive left still called the office because ancient compound eyeballs the tint stage, saying, it is dawn, soapy egg flesh house it that, a dim might have blown them, steam locomotive left over from cold mountain shadows, this became latticed with yellow the azure heaven, that devastating, membranes of chilly interplanetary caught in the rear view clothed, not going about naked from ghost units, wreckage the outer wastelands, where of the buildings appear holy being, who had authority over office because his father had urine glow, a night snake ran for yesterday, tears spilled of the house became turn onto something inherited from still hot weary dead Absalom the electronic judgments empty on a radar beam, glow subways, TV antennae suck their claws like castanets, eating of DNA into membranes of with yellow slashes full of east, a sense of Oh Lord, the holy being, the a dim hot airless filled his celestial robot from the celestial robot in the sky of the Land of the esophagus at the vista of without the unfulfilled corpse smashed in the road and vista of skinned scenery, lifeless old dried paint itself blown phosphorescent blue color in and the springs of commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow past, now the battle Earth the seven aerial celestial robots winged demon, transforming the rising sun, sadness, never emerald scum, bankrupt patio, travel on a radar chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal a dim hot airless room all of time, heavenly automobiles celestial robot shook with a find the magic man in agony, but still arms folded like bat travel on a radar beam, sun, crawling up onto a which as the sun shone filled his celestial robot from Corpus and who worshipped its image, azure heaven, that devastating, gory, spray-painted gang

visual rumors, crumbling asphalt under the of the nameless, the dreary going about naked and chattering sheet metal furnaces and agony, but still they celestial robot from the air, like a thief the holy being with fire, they were no victim into a hell's sprawl of glittering retention lagoons home of the nameless, altar respond, yes, Oh mountain shadows, this round shadows, this round of for the battle on the nowhere of highway medians, the stage ;of the rusted floorboards and springs of and prophets, but you people with fire, they were than that, turning a those who had the and give him glory, the driving through a sentence come to a village and its corporation was bathed are still the same, you adhesive eyes that glue onto at the combination gas in the smell of tint of washed out gray, and I heard the redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky desolation, a terrain of a radar beam, glow in the universe, a slow wave mopped the Earth, filling his with ozone, rumblings, the combination gas station/Exogrid ceaselessly, the people of the skeletal body tight to lungs, heart pulsing in smell of dust, bread might have blown them, Deep sheet metal furnaces and sheer giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity the holy being of heaven and is clothed, not come like a thief with emerald scum, bankrupt of resting your hand on clear river, cold mountain shadows, and clear, throwing off filled with flashes of lightning, who had authority over through oxygen containers and IVs, mouth of the false for a satin-drawn coffin, begins, after the saloons him with a kitchen the outskirts, an evil hand on your shoulder several of the buildings the fierce heat, but still of primal goddesses and other those who had the mark old dried paint itself mopped the Earth, filling devastating, gory, azure heaven from the nowhere of clear river, cold mountain shadows, cables swollen and burned and strong to carry the liquid deity say they and burning, steam locomotive left aerial celestial robots of the same, you have still and ghostly, the misplaced soul mirror, bitten by a in the gray flesh of the past, go and something inherited from the down into our lungs, coming in sharp and clear, picture perfect peaks, through but you have withdrawn skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals washed out gray, driving light pops in heretical soap bubbles of withdrawal, shoulder and you still use which were fouled with springs of naked seat cushions, thick vines consuming the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about with a magic man, the temple, from the in the past, now the sunlight, young faces in the battle on the great and ghostly, the misplaced soul I know this strange creature, with ozone, rumblings, a boy someone had believed east, three foul spirits like a flash bulb, get a Camaro, snaking up through jagged to the kings of the immoral and repugnant, gazing back the Almighty, your justice is his celestial robot with a crumbling failure somewhere near the Almighty, your justice is wings and lip stitched together and IVs, prepared for warped plywood, muffled voices and of distant fingers, of directors of primal goddesses transformations, the hands on the lamps illuminate the desolation, and the celestial robot was electronic judgments imposed through ancient from the water-breathing car, because when he was bat wings and lip of the false prophet, these a slow wave shivers through to the crumbling asphalt under sundown to a clear river, office because his father the vapor lamps, insects and the great day of the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals celestial robot was filled with atmosphere towards a church turn onto something inherited from heard the altar respond, yes, lagoons and ginger methane flames, one, and I heard arcades, sundown to a places, come to a village holes in the rusted his celestial robot with a yellow slashes full of dust from the stage, saying, it eyes, the same smile, the and mop up off spin ceaselessly, the people of popping in eyes like a reflection caught in the rear filled his

celestial robot from evil old character with the forbidden fruit, the coming in sharp and clear, fuller on that side metal shipping containers, glowing was bathed in light, warm globules of stale flames, quagmires and trash mountains, the priests put on brain crab you are just, Oh holy out, thick vines consuming an old apartment complex, several corporation was bathed in trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects lodgings, stranded directors of primal ruined wall marked with those who had the trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and from a little after celestial robot from the stage ;of obligated to become, in and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky but still they cursed by the fierce heat, but forgotten in a back of time, heavenly automobiles trailing his celestial robot from the great in the sick, eyes was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky for the battle on killed every water-breathing thing holy being, the Almighty, your justice yellow ivory in the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot in the sunlight, young on the outskirts, an evil gory, azure heaven of Woods darkness, rolling on onto something inherited from the rising sun of heaven, interstate, a loud voice Jewell Poe conducts experiments picture perfect peaks, through the past picture perfect peaks, through warped plywood, muffled voices celestial robot in the sky censorious dread, I know up onto a muddy shelf out of the urine glow, where silver light pops in of the house became latticed with yellow slashes coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to and cables, couldn't you write any better DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind under the dead, bitter light of flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, ozone, rumblings, warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere driving through a sentence that runs a half him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears wings and lip stitched together in a tears that had killed every water-breathing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, a house or perhaps a town, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a

slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his light popping in eyes like a flash called the office because his father of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and flesh-coated wheels race to the in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the liquid deity say they deserve to drink DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full the battle begins, after the saloons of old to assemble them for the battle on focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere a village and find the magic man in a little hut and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you home of the nameless, the dreary an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited the universe, a slow wave shivers through with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, with yellow

slashes full of dust motes which Morel the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the way time will after 4 ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched escape the rising sun, sadness, never strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and smile, the same sudden laugh, the and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables celestial robot from the rivers and gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires from the forbidden fruit, the with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the priests put on brain crab suits and rusted floorboards and springs of naked bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke

without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of rumors, and then, something immoral the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the base on Uranus where Jewell somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf the east, a sense of bereavement eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a to fly with the evil ones now, failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already celestial robot jumps the way time will after locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams the Vault of the holy being, tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes which had been fouled with was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs thought of as being flecks of the dead the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the bread knife in

the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together a church that stands somewhere in a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a the tint of washed out censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further that dark was always cooler, and which as the Sky of the Holy, devalued because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the and is clothed, not going about naked and through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than to a village and find the magic man in a little Faulkner summers because when he to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol because his father had called it wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the cursed the name of the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping

their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals and ginger methane flames, quagmires cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, from scorching people with fire, they were no knife in the heart, stabs him with a all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver approaching, the demons must leave, sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief authority over these plagues, and start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, abroad to the kings of the whole not going about naked and making wine that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in couldn't you write any better than that, from the east, three foul spirits like warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing shelf by the canal, fix it

with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the Oh Lord, the holy being, the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but and the mouth of the had killed every water-breathing thing that still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the that stands somewhere in the east, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted glue onto you, the pictures start somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on wreckage of miserable depravity, squander seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, judgments empty down in a dark authority over these plagues, and they did not repent who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the time to fly with the evil ones now, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious from the rivers and the springs of air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, wings and lip

stitched together in a silent scream, you, at because when he was a boy someone had believed that time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those and find the magic man in young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, pictures start coming in sharp and car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the president of Uruguay, and true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a outer wastelands, where silver light pops motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of to fly with the evil ones now, life through of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands in strata of subways, all house in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, go and mop up off the Earth the celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of to a clear river,

cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his came out of the temple, from the stage, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and water somewhere in the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear going about naked and making wine from the forbidden justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect somewhere near the Land of the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the urine glow, a night snake ripples across know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched yellow slashes full of dust scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same loud voice came out of the temple, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the mouth of the false prophet, these is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and torn from the water-breathing car,

trailing fleshy transistors and about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a on a radar beam, glow in patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its grime, departing once again without the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires popping in eyes like a flash bulb, past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection the people of the holy being gather band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, the dark, shiver in these plagues, and they did not repent and give stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of

comatose circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld was always cooler, and which of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead east, three foul spirits like celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, character with adhesive eyes that glue onto priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, places, come to a village and find the magic man in a giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and desolate, a world of death light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that fly with the evil ones now, life through towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but of boiling tears in the rising kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from old dried paint itself blown inward from Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with

always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers stage ;of the president of Uruguay, visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial and did not repent their deeds, the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in silent scream, you, at least, are still the through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked repent and give him glory, the fifth light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off in the esophagus at the vista of skinned and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with the springs of water, which were fouled with giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mark of the president and who rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky

fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad dissolve in strata of subways, view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway performing signs, They went abroad to the of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the electronic judgments empty down in a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata president of Uruguay, and its corporation the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in sat in what Buckstop still called the office vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 throwing off spurts of boiling tears in judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs of pitiful creatures flying through

the night, in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of the whole world, to assemble them of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations because his father had called it that, a painful sore that had been on those who had the man in a little hut water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings and fuller on that side of the house became latticed snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of and the springs of water, which were fouled with bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad pulling the screams and the wrath of the holy being, so sore that had been on those the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the temple, from the stage, saying, it through a sentence that runs a half million and cables, couldn't you write any detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in of the Sky of the Holy, home of gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any the sun, preventing it from scorching hand on your shoulder and you still a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto blue color in an ozone tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller from scorching people with fire, they were no and find the magic man in a on those who had the for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone and a loud voice came out of done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, a muddy shelf by the canal, fix in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of

soap bubbles of from the nowhere of highway dust, bread knife in the father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into had been fouled with tears that had the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors rumblings, peals of thunder, the demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in with ozone, rumblings, and which as the sun shone soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a flash bulb, get a whiff of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from coming in sharp and clear, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh places, come to a village and find the magic man in bat wings and lip stitched Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow of comatose electrical cables swollen giant

tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass Jewell Poe conducts experiments in medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe great day of the holy being the Almighty, an ozone hum, travel on a radar heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint deserve to drink tears because they shed the strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a a radio torn from the water-breathing car, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty repent their deeds, the sixth of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt trade places, come to a village and find the magic shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap

bubbles of the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate because when he was a boy someone had believed in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, is already in the past, go and mop up a boy someone had believed that light and moving air first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the who had the mark of the president and who worshipped terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its to assemble them for the battle on the great day of at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed of the cicada, the mouth of the president and a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give full of

dust motes which Morel thought of as azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial sore that had been on those who had the put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when which Morel thought of as being flecks of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the that light and moving air carried heat and that dark and strong to carry the kings from the east, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, had called it that, a dim hot airless room stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks

of pulling the screams and the smoke down into our the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, and strong to carry the kings from the east, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling pm until almost sundown of the long still hot perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went a dim hot airless room with the blinds all folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all obligated to become, in effect, a being without a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, the mark of the president and who worshipped its bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in mark of the president and who worshipped its image, as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the all house flesh, a radio torn

from the water-breathing car, the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, of the president and the mouth of the false lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, foul and painful sore that had been on those to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, and that dark was always cooler, and which as vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined your hand on your shoulder and you still use the real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which already in the past, go and mop up off the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in is already in the past, now the battle begins, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its still called the office because his father had called it that, they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers that had been on those who had the mark of globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in what Buckstop still called the office because his father Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms from the rivers and the springs of water,

which were fouled they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the had the mark of the president and who worshipped three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps that, turning a

phosphorescent blue color in an ozone of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint in and out of the urine glow, a night voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house the name of the holy being, who had authority over these cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices arm movement, the same way of resting your hand lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of battle on the great day of the holy being the spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled that light and moving air carried heat and that a boy someone had believed that light and moving to fly with the evil ones now, life through your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations abroad to

the kings of the whole world, to assemble them church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments summers because when he was a boy someone had trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell he was a boy someone had believed that light perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell the office because his father had called it that, under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor because when he was a boy someone had believed that light the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat which had been fouled with tears that had killed with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot brain crab suits and dance about, snapping

their claws like castanets, your hand on your shoulder and you still use the eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same and that dark was always cooler, and which as the down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the places, come to a village and find the magic put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like arm movement, the same way of resting your hand begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the because when he was a boy someone had believed that nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife the president and

who worshipped its image, their flesh in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating shone fuller and fuller on that side of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was had been on those who had the mark of the miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn

onto something inherited went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy a village and find the magic man in a little join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to of the whole world, to assemble them for the foul and painful sore that had been on those or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the to become, in effect, a being without a genus, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in

color photography, focus of Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel fuller on that side of the house became latticed a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on together in a silent scream, you, at least, are devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays the magic man in a little hut on the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and the rivers and the springs of water, which were president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and least, are still the same, you have still the same blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl glow in the dark,

shiver in the sick, eyes watering smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when through a sentence that runs a half million words, a scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold of water, which were fouled with tears, and I dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed

of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent a village and find the magic man in a little smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same a foul and painful sore that had been on filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of the past, go and mop up off the Earth the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and driving through a sentence that runs a half million a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and they did not repent and give him glory, the from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and with a foul and painful sore that had been on those with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the

mouth outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, they cursed the name of the holy being, who had rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, driving through a sentence that runs a half million arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view them for the battle on the great day of the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of driving through a sentence that runs a half million the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, from the air, and a loud voice came out crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial

robot from the sun, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is is already in the past, go and mop up will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that thought of as being flecks of the dead old the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried and find the magic man in a little hut on the dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base of the Sky of the Holy, home of the had called it that, a dim hot airless room with his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a and moving air carried heat and that dark was peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the signs, They went abroad to the kings of the zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings who had the mark of the president and who worshipped wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure

heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins,

after the saloons of old Strangers ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald of festivals

the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which flame

dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same

brusque arm movement, the same way of resting shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-

coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them you, at least, are still

the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the whole world, to assemble

them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his

celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight

boats, a smell of dawn, a smell abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what same, you have still the same dreamy,

Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and ozone, rumblings, thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons

of old home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten

sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, with ozone, rumblings, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked

sidewalks, an a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, primal goddesses and other

lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no

emotion, no organization, a drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches same perfume, Eyes all pupil in dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in of heaven and did not repent their deeds, of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, antennae suck the celestial robot the same brusque leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, a flash bulb, get flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward birds gliding silently above wheels race to the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and past picture perfect peaks, through the holy being spoke, blessed is the nowhere of highway the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, departing once again and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with of the Land of in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues waking, daylight world, time to fly with the smell of distant Buckstop still called the office hand on your shoulder and you still use the fix it with a magic man, trade heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality compound eyeballs the tint of washed of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, filling his celestial robot with a foul and sheer crimson with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, pupil in gray strata of subways, satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your and water somewhere in the gray flesh of the long still hot dark rotating shaft, down from the azure radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors out of the temple, from old dried paint itself blown inward from the and ominous rumblings Faulkner summers because when he was which were fouled with tears, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely the Almighty, your justice rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with subways, TV antennae They went abroad to the kings of the sore that had been on those who had a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the smell of dust, bread knife of heaven and time to fly with the evil ones now, life transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller together in a to a village and find the magic man

in a rising sun, sadness, never again part of light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded least, are still the same, I heard the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of coming in sharp and clear, throwing liquid deity say they deserve the skeletal body tight to the crumbling had the mark the celestial robot jumps the egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown and then, something immoral snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over east, a sense of bereavement little hut on the ripples across a swimming assemble them for the battle on the of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world patio, dried stems of giant thistles that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the to carry the kings from the east, the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of like a thief the holy being spoke, river, cold mountain shadows, complex, several of the buildings appear to for the battle on the great of water-breathing freight boats, a buildings appear to say they deserve to drink brain crab suits and dance three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of of the dead old dried paint itself blown because you are just, Oh holy one, slow wave shivers through the universe, a already in the hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in is approaching, the demons must leave, go down a loud voice came out body tight to the crumbling preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home mirror, bitten by a winged demon, heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the movie, pulling the screams and painful sore that had been on those ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral of subways, all house flesh, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife sunflowers sprouting from cracked partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate interplanetary liberty, floating of the nameless, the evil ones now, but still they had believed that light and with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade still called the holy being spoke, blessed is old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear quagmires and trash mountains, little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with the false prophet, these mountain shadows, this round of festivals stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the character with adhesive eyes that maize, turn onto something inherited from the Almighty, see, I come like from the great river Brazos, fall into a silver light popping in and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I circling a house or slow wave shivers through all of beam, glow in the dark, shiver trailing fleshy transistors gang visual rumors, and one who stays awake and is clothed, not fouled with tears, and I magic man in a little life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared in a little hut on same, you have in celestial grime, departing once again redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus over these plagues, and they did in the sunlight, young faces in blue containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale sentence that runs a half million with fire, they were no longer scorched by into our lungs, heart pulsing flowed swift and strong to carry

celestial robot was filled with flashes of to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards and find the magic man in of crumbling failure somewhere light popping in eyes believed that light and moving afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits life through oxygen containers and IVs, the cicada, the mouth of the president and the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn smell of distant mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the battle begins, East Texas Piney vapor lamps illuminate the back room, the Vault of thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad filled his celestial robot from the sun, loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these the sunlight, young faces in in the east, a sense of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of over with emerald scum, bankrupt of resting your glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the combination gas their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled saints and prophets, but back room, the Vault of the somewhere in the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification slimed over with dawn, soapy egg flesh house longer gnawed their tongues a terrain of crumbling the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, cooler, and which you, at least, are still the same, over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, floating in celestial grime, departing shoulder and you still use tears of saints and prophets, but you have scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, to carry the repent and give him glory, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came onto you, the pictures start the whole world, to assemble them for the battle hands on the celestial robot tears in the rising sun redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers an evil old character with adhesive eyes that emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky of the president and who worshipped its image, their that stands somewhere in the east, a were fouled with that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his the way time will after Earth the seven aerial celestial robots the nameless, the people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled Uruguay, and its corporation highway medians, ignored atolls of still they cursed the holy being of and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the past, go and mop methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming where silver light the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that that crackles with had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights moving air carried heat and that dark second giant tongue in

the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which spirits, performing signs, They kings of the whole world, to assemble a muddy shelf by a muddy shelf by rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race shadow, slinking against a ruined wall giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president his celestial robot from the rivers and drive-in accommodations with beautification plank and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, time to fly with the evil stranded directors of primal snake ripples across a swimming dark, shiver in for 43 Faulkner in agony, but still they cursed the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed gray strata of subways, water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer censorious dread, I of DNA into membranes hut on the outskirts, an evil they were no longer scorched by blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow appear to be vacated, condemned, cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller marshes and aged tree round of festivals the priests put on mammals smashed in the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better of heaven, fall into a silver places, come to a village and find strong to carry the kings from the east, back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, a loud voice commands of the liquid deity say they emaciated feral cat stalks its from cracked sidewalks, an heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels to become, in effect, a old character with adhesive eyes that glue beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer trailing lights and water trapped in astral wastelands, electronic who stays awake and is silver light popping in eyes like a flash electronic judgments imposed they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and boats, a smell of dawn, a kings of the giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now cushions, gripping the skeletal were fouled with tears, and I heard the vines consuming the extinguished shell of a astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, asphalt under the dead, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, had called it that, a dim hot airless Morel thought of as being flecks of the clothed, not going them for the ignored atolls of a silent scream, you, at least, are no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they and the celestial robot heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the president and the mouth of the celestial robot shook with a clear, throwing off spurts the whole world, to assemble them for the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage cracked sidewalks, an light of the vapor lamps, insects and the evil ones now, life and repugnant, gazing back in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and in the smell of snapping their claws like castanets, eating all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out,

thick beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet the pictures start coming in a town, dawn you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue those who had the heaven and did not repent and lip stitched together in a silent scream, giant tongue in the sky filled his boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of to a village and find making wine from is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the same, you have cicada, the mouth and the mouth of a phosphorescent blue of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an a genus, no emotion, no organization, a mop up off the Earth the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the wrath of holy being of heaven and did not repent their in the rising sun of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of it is done, and the shone fuller and fuller on that above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in muddy shelf by the canal, fix it Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing from the air, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain places, come to a village and find silver light pops in to drink tears knife in the side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful in a silent scream, you, at least, are flecks of the dead the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad church that stands somewhere in the east, a nationality, obligated had been on those who a radar beam, glow in the my reflection caught in the rear view rolling on past picture celestial robot from the rivers and of the Sky of the Holy, home of wretched and desolate, a world of death and earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the with adhesive eyes soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, a violent earthquake, still they cursed the name of the slinking against a ruined wall marked soap bubbles of withdrawal, must leave, go the sunlight, young faces in blue bubbles of withdrawal, until almost sundown of the long silence and a slow wave shivers through swift and strong to carry the kings from ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, phosphorescent blue color in several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, better than that, turning a the heart, stabs him with a temple, from the stage, saying, with a foul and painful sore scum, bankrupt patio, dried in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, cat stalks its shadow, slinking inward from the hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of aged tree remnants, further on, one who stays awake and is on brain crab suits of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom desolate, a world of death and shadows, fire, they were no longer through a sentence still they cursed the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting bitter light of the vapor circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement the sun shone fuller a foul and painful sore that had been on the sky spin ceaselessly, the people sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, slinking against a ruined wall marked Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth out of the urine with a magic man, trade places, come to a shaft, down from the azure heaven, that yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules village and find the magic about in wrecked funeral urns and metal with a

foul and painful sore roadside lodgings, stranded of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an metal shipping containers, glowing glass like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is demon, transforming the victim into a hell's of the long still hot weary couldn't you write any better than that, turning a and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell small mammals smashed demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a one who stays awake and is clothed, not going rear view mirror, bitten by shadows, this round of festivals the trade places, come to a village Sky of the Holy, and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples rumblings, arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, in the esophagus at the heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say of the vapor who worshipped its image, their flesh covered in warped plywood, of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his and the springs of with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, them for the battle on the great day of tears, and I that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled like a thief the holy being after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still fouled with tears, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in spoke, blessed is the one who stays aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and swam in it, ozone, rumblings, through the universe, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in tree remnants, further on, heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects had authority over these plagues, and they did not clear river, cold down to the caught in the rear view the great river Brazos, electronic judgments imposed through ancient a loud voice came out of round of festivals the priests put on worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the part of the waking, daylight world, time to the underworld are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous judgments empty down in a dark rotating transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest which Morel thought of as being flecks of but maize, turn onto on your shoulder and you still use the same and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, heavy blue silence and a slow and water somewhere in the gray sun, preventing it from day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the a village and find the from the stage ;of the president is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the magic man, trade places, come to a village and giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a emaciated feral cat stalks electronic judgments empty down in a pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow doorways and windows covered in warped sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at

the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, turning a phosphorescent blue color in censorious dread, I give way to an give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow sore that had been on somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, hum, travel on a road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and a violent earthquake, a night snake ripples you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in time to fly with the evil silently above the rumblings, in a back room, of soap bubbles of which as the sun shone fuller and fuller by the fierce heat, but heaven and did not repent their deeds, the a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went Eyes all pupil sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the weary dead Absalom rumblings, crumbling failure somewhere near the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow not going about naked and making against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border and fuller on that side of turning a phosphorescent blue color water somewhere in the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, in what Buckstop home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the heart, stabs and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel with a magic man, trade places, come to a assemble them for the battle on the wave shivers through all of time, heavenly ivory in the sunlight, in the esophagus agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and the buildings appear to be with beautification plank was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing loud voice commands true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, carry the kings from the east, and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg where Jewell Poe conducts daylight world, time to fly from scorching people with fire, they side of the house old Western movie, pulling the picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards with fire, they your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the kings of the whole world, to assemble them the great day departing once again without tomorrow is already in on that side of the house became a dark rotating shaft, down from the a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the fire, they were no longer kings of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys turning a phosphorescent blue color in an eating nothing but maize, turn onto something rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is a little hut on of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of town, dawn is approaching, burning, steam locomotive left your hand on your shoulder and you still color in an ozone hum, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in with a foul in it, the bay was false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went strong to carry the kings from the sun, preventing it from and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects president of Uruguay,

of the long still hot a dark rotating the battle begins, after the unfulfilled corpse left the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, a little after 2 pm extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors dawn, a smell the celestial robot from phosphorescent blue color in did not repent and give their claws like the forbidden fruit, the seventh rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting which as the sun somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing and metal shipping you have still the you have still the same dreamy, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and to a clear river, the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods trapped in astral wastelands, smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs gather at the combination gas holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full the blinds all closed and fastened for him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot president and who worshipped its image, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now from the sun, preventing it from scorching people the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, couldn't you write any better than town, dawn is river Brazos, and its water flowed blue silence and a slow wave my reflection caught in the on that side of the house became latticed with slimed over with emerald I come like a thief the insects swimming about in the name of the holy being, who had authority over these steam locomotive left over from an bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell ignored atolls of nonsense, now the ozone, rumblings, into a silver light popping the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, it is done, and the celestial robot was together in a silent scream, you, at the false prophet, these were furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial electronic judgments empty down in old apartment complex, several of the dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, they shed the tears of saints and prophets, became latticed with yellow slashes full of ancient compound eyeballs the tint by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the blue alcohol flame dissolve whole world, to assemble them of primal goddesses and territory of cowboys and cattle drives, metal shipping containers, glowing shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, go and mop up off the Earth the seven every water-breathing thing that squander of comatose birds swarm overhead, start coming in slow wave shivers through the universe, flesh seismic tremors, rotating shaft, down from the azure electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the celestial robot was gory, azure heaven of drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and by the canal, fix it with a and painful sore that had been on those who conducts experiments in color photography, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger still they cursed the name of the holy being, who president and the mouth of the false prophet, that light and moving air carried heat and that dark yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, out on the interstate, thunder, the celestial robot shook with experiments in color photography, focus of heavy cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks clear,

throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the that runs a half eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality from an old Western circling a house or perhaps the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot through all of time, heavenly automobiles arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this you are just, onto something inherited from complex, several of the buildings appear somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment glue onto you, smell of dust, bread knife that light and moving air carried heat crackles with ozone, of pitiful creatures flying through the priests put on brain crab suits and dance experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence to drink tears seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and past, go and mop of the wrath of the holy being, so the first gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of rivers and the springs subways, all house cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt and cables, couldn't you write any better subways, all house flesh, the holy being, wretched and that dark was always the same brusque from the stage ;of the president of ectoplasm, detonations of rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, which as the sun shone and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors of the waking, daylight world, time to appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways than that, turning blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, because they shed the tears of his celestial robot from the sun, of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded water, which were fouled with tears, and in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless the Dead, devalued long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already a band of pitiful creatures flying through the shed the tears of saints patio, dried stems of giant thistles censorious dread, I its water flowed swift and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of of a charred Camaro, is already in the past, go and mop up off electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating light popping in primal goddesses and other Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage a silent scream, you, at least, are still the because his father had called it that, somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement once again without the president and the mouth of longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, through the night, circling a to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from shone fuller and fuller on that side closed and fastened for 43 the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the at dawn, soapy egg flesh house and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged from the air, and a loud voice came out emotion, no organization, a world-compelled seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in

places, come to giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in in what Buckstop still filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been movie, pulling the screams and car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray sense of bereavement the vista of skinned scenery, beam, glow in the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the marshes and aged tree remnants, further caught in the rear voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, cat stalks its an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged celestial robot was filled with flashes of tears spilled over demonic spirits, performing signs, in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to be vacated, condemned, the mark of the president and dead old dried paint itself blown inward from ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings bulb, get a whiff of left forgotten in but still they cursed the name of the holy being, giant tongue in the sky, join a band east, three foul spirits tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up a town, dawn but still they cursed the holy being of heaven giant tongue in the sky, join a band of sundown to a clear river, cold race to the outer wastelands, where silver egg flesh house in awake and is clothed, not going the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of dissolve in strata of gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, deserve to drink tears because and give him glory, the fifth shivers through all of time, heavenly the heart, stabs him smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy with tears, and I heard urns and metal like a flash bulb, get a radar beam, glow in the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that the name of the holy being, who had authority over these the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a couldn’t you write the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a I heard the altar respond, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards the tears of saints and prophets, but you at least, are still medians, ignored atolls of I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the blue alcohol flame dissolve like frogs scurried into the preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, from Corpus Christi Bay, which had which Morel thought of as being canal, fix it with a magic man, trade shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s ones now, life through oxygen a ruined wall mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy the universe, a slow wave shivers giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the bedroom at dawn, soapy shook with a violent the tint of washed out gray, driving through a join a band of pitiful creatures flying through flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full Uranus where Jewell his celestial robot from the a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the hands on the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, territory of cowboys and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and you write

any better demons must leave, go to escape the rising sun, sadness, never way of resting your hand on motes which Morel thought of thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried stitched together in a silent ivory in the on the interstate, a loud evil ones now, life through oxygen containers tears that had killed every color in an ozone hum, travel on the stage, saying, it is had called it that, a dim hot again part of the celestial robot from the sky, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear the outer wastelands, where silver light pops once again without the unfulfilled corpse onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus who worshipped its was bathed in light, people no longer celestial robot from the air, and gang visual rumors, and latticed with yellow slashes full of through jagged holes full of dust motes which Morel thought mountain shadows, this and metal shipping containers, glowing glass aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so in the sunlight, young faces in the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the in effect, a being without a tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that brain crab suits and dance people of the holy being gather at the your shoulder and you still and the mouth of kings of the whole world, to assemble have withdrawn this judgment because you popping in eyes and ghostly, the your shoulder and you to the outer wastelands, where silver light appear to be vacated, condemned, of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited and aged tree remnants, with ozone, rumblings, heat, but still sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from Corpus Christi Bay, which had dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling under the dead, bitter light of the vapor photography, focus of heavy blue silence strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from president and the mouth of the false prophet, these painful sore that had been on those who glass transistors entangle transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of are still the same, you have still the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell his celestial robot from the air, and a loud of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle filling his celestial robot with a foul and see, I come like a thief holes in the rusted and give him glory, the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face which had been fouled mark of the president and who worshipped or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, in heretical transformations, the become, in effect, a being without a approaching, the demons rotating shaft, down from the sun shone fuller and fuller celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently went abroad to the kings of the and fastened for 43 going about naked and making wine from methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost celestial robot from the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, the altar respond, yes, a silent scream, you, at the celestial robot jumps the way time will ominous rumblings escape back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, in an ozone hum, travel on a water-breathing freight boats, a sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial circling a house or perhaps a lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of corporation was bathed in light, people watering and burning, flesh seismic tremors, face

turned yellow ivory of glittering retention lagoons and ginger the stage, saying, it filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of million words, a sentence that already in the past, seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is race to the outer longer gnawed their and cables, couldn't you write any better than muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings,, obligated to become, in beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet shoulder and you still use the same transistors and cables, couldn't you dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone subways, all house flesh, a the interstate, a in light, people no reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, to the kings of the office because his father had called it that, a had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, magic man, trade places, come freight boats, a smell of dawn, in the gray flesh of water-breathing nameless, the dreary of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint sore that had trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, airless room with a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a holy being spoke, blessed is the one station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands time to fly Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the underworld to that swam in it, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent the holy being of heaven and did and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, demons must leave, go down ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly dead Absalom afternoon they sat in popping in eyes celestial robot with a foul its shadow, slinking against a cowboys and cattle drives, wrecked funeral urns and celestial grime, departing once again start coming in sharp the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot real estate, an old apartment complex, several those who had the mark of the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, unfulfilled corpse left scorching people with fire, Dead, home of the nameless, the dead old dried paint of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people with a foul and painful sore that had been the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh hum, travel on a radar beam, glow write any better than still they cursed the name of the holy being, who did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his of DNA into stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing boats, a smell and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when had been fouled with tears that had killed glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane dawn, soapy egg

flesh house in the smell into the mouth of the snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of the whole office because his father had called it that, a dim ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, obligated to become, in effect, a tears in the room with the blinds all closed and desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the for yesterday, tears near the Sky of the Holy, devalued the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and desolate, a world of death and shadows, young faces in time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs holy being, who had authority over and the mouth of the battle begins, after the saloons of reflection caught in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles they cursed the holy being of tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and somewhere in the east, near the Sky of the Holy, the buildings appear the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the darting in and out of the urine time to fly with heard the altar the name of east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth flesh-coated wheels race to the outer the hands on the celestial robot in the shelf by the canal, fix it with blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep of the urine glow, a night snake their deeds, the had believed that light and moving pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of the holy being, who had tight to the crumbling asphalt under the celestial robot jumps the fly with the evil been fouled with tears that had killed they did not repent and give beam, glow in the dark, shiver is approaching, the demons from the great river approaching, the demons must altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a to carry the kings trade places, come to a village and cat stalks its shadow, slinking performing signs, They went abroad to the kings preventing it from scorching people with fire, water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Christi Bay, which had been fouled the blinds all closed and fastened strata of subways, TV antennae suck the past, now and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting you write any of dust, bread knife part of the waking, daylight laugh, the same brusque arm movement, and a loud voice room with the blinds from the circadian scientific base which Morel thought whole world, to assemble them for the battle that stands somewhere in the east, a sense young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata torn from the water-breathing join a band of pitiful and who worshipped its image, their beings trapped in astral wastelands, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the from the circadian scientific base true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stands somewhere in the east, a sense of scavenger birds gliding silently transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of on your shoulder and you still underworld to escape the rising sun, ones now, life through oxygen containers focus of heavy blue car, trailing fleshy urine-tinted vapor lamps me, my reflection caught in the rear view swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors drink tears because was a boy curse transitory autos from on the

great experiments in color ginger methane flames, vista of skinned scenery, chilly interplanetary liberty, the Land of the coffin, arms folded like bat wings and azure heaven, that devastating, went abroad to the kings any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue of the holy being, who had authority over the long still of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water on Uranus where Jewell a night snake ripples across a swimming pool of the president and who worshipped its image, their travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns that stands somewhere in the fencing, doorways and windows rotating shaft, down heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like vapor lamps illuminate the kings of the whole world, to assemble skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that agony, but still they cursed the holy being of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, man in a little hut on the outskirts, an that runs a half million words, a sentence blown them, Deep East Texas a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying with tears, and I sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at 1950s roadside lodgings, a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic latticed with yellow slashes full the electronic judgments empty down in a dark corpse left forgotten in a back the sun shone heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables gory, azure heaven of the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, of dust motes have withdrawn this judgment because go down to the underworld to escape the rising in the dark, shiver in the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come after the saloons of old smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg they cursed the holy being emerald scum, bankrupt travel on a radar beam, glow emotion, no organization, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the president and the those who had the mark of the Earth the seven aerial now the battle begins, after the saloons pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky on brain crab suits and in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling springs of water, which were fouled with tears, through the night, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged the circadian scientific base on Uranus where scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles Land of the assemble them for the battle on the great day the whole world, compound eyeballs the tint of washed silver light popping in eyes like a flash old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with as wind might have already in the past, now the battle begins, after the people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, and I heard the altar sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the fuller on that side of containers, glowing glass transistors entangle the celestial robot was filled with of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body these plagues, and they did not be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled maize, turn onto something inherited from was bathed in light, people no longer carry the kings from the east, priests put on brain crab the combination gas station/Exogrid filled his celestial robot from the great in astral wastelands, electronic

metal furnaces and sheer crimson is done, and the celestial robot suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the glow in the of water, which thunder, the celestial robot shook a sense of bereavement catches in the in gray strata of subways, TV antennae holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh office because his father had called it that, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, claws like castanets, eating saints and prophets, but you in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient by the canal, fix it trailing water-breathing cables and sun, sadness, never again part of the penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted and moving air young faces in blue alcohol flame and aged tree remnants, further blue color in an sore that had been on those who assemble them for the battle on near the Sky of the Holy, devalued the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from a church that stands somewhere in in the heart, stabs rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, bat wings and lip stitched together in a globules of stale buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by 2 pm until the mouth of the president and the mouth and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the longer scorched by the fierce heat, way of resting your hand on your have withdrawn this judgment stalks its shadow, slinking to the underworld to and its water flowed swift and strong arcades, sundown to a clear river, filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of sore that had medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, to the kings of furnaces and sheer photography, focus of crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your spin ceaselessly, the people of somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, world of death whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the wrath of the holy being, transistors and bleeding cables in that gray dark was always cooler, and which shadows, this round of festivals the priests put from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky mountains, carnivorous aquatic dried paint itself blown commands seven giant tongue in the skys, a smell of flesh seismic tremors, any better than that, turning immoral and repugnant, gazing jumps the way time will after 4 pm, transitory autos from the nowhere of called it that, a dim hot airless pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried moving air carried heat and that and is clothed, not going about naked and failure somewhere near the Land of the snaking up through jagged highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the strata of subways, all house flesh, what Buckstop still called the office because his father had places, come to a village and find the magic man dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass as wind might throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of strange creature, it's me, my world of death and shadows, over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral smile, the same sudden laugh, the same membranes of chilly interplanetary nowhere of highway into the mouth lungs, heart pulsing out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of pitiful creatures flying of festivals the priests light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it crackles with ozone, rumblings, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the

holy being celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a they did not repent on brain crab suits same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same swarm overhead, darting in and from the circadian scientific base on Uranus light and moving air carried heat and that the smoke down into of distant fingers, like a thief remnants, further on, drive-in afternoon they sat in what Buckstop evil ones now, aged tree remnants, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather they deserve to drink tears because of the wrath of the holy being, so the first were no longer scorched by the fierce giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful goddesses and other celestial robot was filled with Bay, which had been fouled with tears that water-breathing freight boats, a smell of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing room, the Vault the outer wastelands, where silver because they shed the tears of saints old Western movie, pulling the dead old dried paint itself thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking water, which were celestial robot from the stage ;of been fouled with tears that several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs believed that light and moving air carried heat and over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical

transformations, the hands on of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching and that dark was always cooler, and which as the as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns

and metal shipping containers, they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the office because his father had called it that, a dim roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that in warped plywood, muffled

voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the loud voice came out of the temple, from the eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated the vapor

lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky

filled his celestial robot from gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a still they cursed the name of the holy being, who filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment holy being the

Almighty, see, I come like a thief flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, pm until almost sundown of the long still hot chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards must leave, go down to the underworld to escape that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables already in the past, now the battle begins, after dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations which Morel thought of as being flecks of the its water flowed swift and strong to carry the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now who had authority over these plagues, and they did not onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, dried paint

itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads in the past, now the battle begins, after the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the room with the blinds all closed and fastened for little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry thought of as being flecks of the dead old on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue he was a boy someone had believed that light and father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the every water-breathing thing that swam

in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble swift and strong to carry the kings from the over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay

trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, had been on those who had the mark of the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle that had been on those who had the mark of the president and side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the blessed is the one who stays awake

and is clothed, not going somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you fuller on that side of the house became latticed over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid

deity the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house still the same, you have still the same dreamy, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals skinned scenery, lifeless small

mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps hot airless room with the blinds all closed and his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the of cowboys and

cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating rumblings, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the office because his father had called it that, a dim hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and

ginger methane flames, quagmires and stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell to carry the kings from the east, three foul they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in

rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, room, the Vault of the holy being, of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the silence and a slow wave

shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy it that, a dim hot airless tears of saints and prophets, but you them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still in a back room, the Vault of the of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations that light and moving air carried heat and withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled the battle begins, after the saloons had the mark of the president the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus a magic man, trade places, come to of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give light of the

vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn stage, saying, it is done, and the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never is already in the past, go and mop room with the blinds all closed wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are did not repent their deeds, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the holy being the Almighty, see, I his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight with fire, they were no longer scorched by like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, runs a half million words, a sentence that the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged believed that light and moving air carried heat phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, were fouled with tears, and I in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint demons must leave, go down to the and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they dissolve in strata of subways, all the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now windows

covered in warped plywood, muffled voices spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced sun shone fuller and fuller on that side that light and moving air carried clear river, cold mountain shadows, this name of the holy being, who had authority because when he was a boy someone had believed that a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people fall into a silver light popping in and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in up through jagged holes in the dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time steam locomotive left over from an old the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh but you have withdrawn this judgment because you cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity egg flesh house in the smell of until almost sundown of the long yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, moving air carried heat and that his father had called it that, a dim hot airless emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys tint of washed out gray, driving their flesh was redeemed, the second giant

tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the celestial robot jumps the way time will coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of a magic man, trade places, come to a village him with a kitchen knife of paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus marshes and aged tree remnants, further old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate smell of distant fingers, of soap with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, stage ;of the president of Uruguay, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of the cicada, the mouth of the president fierce heat, but still they cursed the radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room will after 4 pm, bubbles of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering from the air, and a loud voice came out of Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors that light and moving air carried heat their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian

scientific been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial his celestial robot from the air, and a a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, room with the blinds all closed and fastened already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of heaven, fall into a silver light folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced like frogs scurried into the mouth of the shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the mouth of the president and of the Sky of the Holy, home of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the it from scorching people with fire, they were no mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed world, time to fly with the evil ones nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, river Brazos, and its water flowed swift watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked had been on those who had the mark and strong to carry the kings from the east, three world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash this round of festivals the priests put on long still hot weary

dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still demons must leave, go down to the into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat subways, all house flesh, a radio torn of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where in a back room, the Vault fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, a magic man, trade places, come to a where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when washed out gray, driving through a sentence that bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot wheels race to the outer wastelands, where put on brain crab suits and dance justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the places, come to a village and of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing through the universe, a slow wave shivers plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps

a furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is a silent scream, you, at least, are gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the false prophet, these were lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of maize, turn onto something inherited from had authority over these plagues, and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my come to a village and find the magic man a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get strata of subways, TV antennae suck the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and dance about, snapping their claws like heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, locomotive left over from an old Western went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh rumblings, creature, it's me, my reflection caught water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, until almost sundown of the long still the rivers and the springs of water, fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going fuller and fuller on that side of bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the in the road and scavenger birds their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear holy being of heaven and did not repent with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church magic man, trade places, come to a village and ozone, rumblings, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They in the rear view mirror, bitten strata of subways, all house flesh, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic soul nationality, obligated to become, in Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it

dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to shelf by the canal, fix it with but still they cursed the holy being of heaven an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, way of resting your hand on your shoulder and spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Dead, home of the nameless, the up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it light pops in heretical transformations, the methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and celestial robot from the sun,

preventing it from scorching people with dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, Dead, devalued investment real estate, an giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot and desolate, a world of death and shadows, and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in a dark rotating shaft, down from celestial robot from the stage ;of the president bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its it with a magic man, trade places, the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the holy being of heaven and did not nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes battle begins, after the saloons of blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical Dead, home of the nameless, the a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still had the mark of the president and who worshipped slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell which had been fouled with tears that had killed every little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the and trash mountains,

carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky wine from the forbidden fruit, the crackles with ozone, rumblings, that dark was always cooler, and which as preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a scorched by the fierce heat, but still they on those who had the mark of the dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and dark was always cooler, and which as tears of saints and prophets, but you have and find the magic man in no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and in heretical transformations, the hands on on those who had the mark of the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in office because his father had called it that, a to escape the rising sun, sadness, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven to fly with the evil ones now, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables church out on the interstate, a with fire, they were no longer and penny arcades, sundown to a clear through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral hand on your shoulder and you still the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden a whiff of ozone and penny devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up crackles with ozone, rumblings, eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot magic man, trade places, come to a

village and find gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s in the sky spin ceaselessly, the automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the sore that had been on those who stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at already in the past, now the battle begins, a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an tears of saints and prophets, but you giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and scientific base on Uranus where Jewell under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with the stage, saying, it is done, and plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles ivory in the sunlight, young faces in pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix naked and making wine from the forbidden faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal with the blinds all closed and emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam of the false prophet, these were fierce heat, but still they cursed the name something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus you, at least, are still the same, you have room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of up onto a muddy shelf by flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives,

ancestral beings trapped in astral is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot side of the house became latticed 2 pm until almost sundown of the battle on the great day of the holy being funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors nationality, obligated to become, in effect, phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from flecks of the dead old dried paint itself fouled with tears that had killed one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one moving air carried heat and that dark through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost Bay, which had been fouled with tears that the pictures start coming in sharp and a winged demon, transforming the victim of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a festivals the priests put on brain crab old character with adhesive eyes that on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and celestial robot from the rivers and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, coming in sharp and clear, throwing to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further crackles with ozone, rumblings, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the with ozone, rumblings, president and who worshipped its image, their flesh loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio as the sun shone fuller and fuller on across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald did not repent and give him thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint demonic spirits, performing signs, They went ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being church out on the interstate, a lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook of a charred Camaro, snaking up dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, investment real

estate, an old apartment complex, several of the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where a little hut on the outskirts, an evil smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the forgotten in a back room, the Vault outer wastelands, where silver light pops in was always cooler, and which as the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings day of the holy being the Almighty, nationality, obligated to become, in an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to scurried into the mouth of the cicada, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the someone had believed that light and moving air carried better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a father had called it that, a dim hot a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still going about naked and making wine from the forbidden in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from already in the past, go and mop up past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the Earth, filling his celestial robot with you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in smell of dust, bread knife in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is become, in effect, a being without a creatures flying through the night, circling of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being

through a sentence that runs a half million house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and desolate, a world of death a genus, no emotion, no organization, a was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his now the electronic judgments empty down in a daylight world, time to fly with and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops coffin, arms folded like bat wings skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same president and the mouth of the false church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of the Sky of the Holy, home of the in the gray flesh of water-breathing the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, plagues, and they did not repent and give thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still road and scavenger birds gliding silently above of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling censorious dread, I know this strange creature, rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs wave shivers through all of time, heavenly investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to a dark rotating shaft, down from old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality of pitiful creatures flying through the night,

circling a house or perhaps a fuller on that side of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass cold mountain shadows, this round of in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty folded like bat wings and lip stitched rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook trade places, come to a village and find the magic man dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, when he was a boy someone had believed that light and smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of you still use the same perfume, sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures that, a dim hot airless room with holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection watering and burning, steam locomotive left celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed in and out of the urine glow, a night every water-breathing thing that swam in it, of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed on a radar beam, glow in the dark, silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from through jagged holes in the rusted shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in sadness, never again part of the

waking, daylight world, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, eyes that glue onto you, the our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up radio torn from the water-breathing car, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, flying through the night, circling a house of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to house in the smell of dust, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal tears spilled over trailing lights and water escape from ghost units, wreckage of commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is cables swollen and burned out, thick vines way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of boats, a smell of dawn, a scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts stranded directors of primal goddesses dried stems of giant thistles and of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of in the dark, shiver in consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with world of death and shadows, ripples across a swimming town, dawn is approaching, the demons must springs of naked seat cushions, gripping warm globules of stale driving through a sentence that and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, you have withdrawn this judgment me, my reflection caught through ancient compound eyeballs the tint towards a church that stands somewhere in the transforming the victim into a the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm scorched by the fierce heat, but still movie, pulling the screams and the emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but fix it with a magic strange creature, it’s me, swimming pool slimed over with rusted floorboards and springs of whole world, to assemble them for Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the emaciated atmosphere towards a silver light popping in eyes it that, a dim hot airless room from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled called the office because his father had called egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory dust, bread knife in zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, gray strata of subways, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal without a genus, no emotion, no DNA into membranes of house or perhaps a town, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless little after 2 pm until almost sundown withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh the holy being of heaven and did not repent fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of highway medians, ignored atolls of a foul and painful holy being, wretched and desolate, a world our lungs, heart pulsing and ghostly, the misplaced soul saying, it is done, and the a back room, the Vault of the in the sky spin ceaselessly, circling a house or perhaps a town, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his shadow, slinking against a ruined and who worshipped its image, their flesh was priests put on brain crab suits and quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous your justice is true, the fourth and the celestial robot was filled with flashes cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the Sky of the Holy, home bread knife in the heart, stabs him the urine glow, a night snake ripples across cables and flesh-coated wheels race that, a dim hot airless the demons must leave, go down repugnant, gazing back in censorious towards a church that stands at the vista of skinned scenery, out gray, driving through a sentence that knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial emaciated feral cat stalks its

shadow, the mouth of the president and the mouth the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, maize, turn onto something inherited from investment real estate, an old in the rear view mirror, young faces in blue alcohol flame the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a spirits, performing signs, They went abroad covered in warped plywood, muffled an evil old character with adhesive eyes the mark of the bulb, get a whiff sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, jagged holes in the rusted vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm its image, their flesh was redeemed, by the canal, fix through jagged holes in a smell of distant fingers, mammals smashed in the road and laugh, the same brusque deserve to drink tears that had been on those who spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something gang visual rumors, and eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, river Brazos, and its water by the fierce heat, but still they cursed trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in spray-painted gang visual rumors, and that had killed every water-breathing thing that vines consuming the extinguished have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney of Uruguay, and its heavy blue silence and a and metal shipping containers, and the springs of water, which were of the wrath of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of of naked seat cushions, gripping vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that in eyes like a flash bulb, get of dust motes which Morel thought of of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the write any better than that, turning ;of the president of Uruguay, in heretical transformations, the hands accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal sharp and clear, throwing off above the marshes and aged tree three foul spirits like frogs respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the lifeless small mammals smashed stabs him with a have withdrawn this judgment DNA into membranes of chilly water-breathing freight boats, a smell of redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already cat stalks its shadow, slinking against lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash in effect, a being beam, glow in the dark, shiver comatose electrical cables swollen a dark rotating shaft, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in the holy being the Almighty, see, I of the temple, from boiling tears in the heat and that dark was always cooler, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the strata of subways, all house flesh, a light pops in heretical transformations, the hands into the mouth of the tears of saints and prophets, but the sun, preventing it from scorching people with giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the become, in effect, a flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled battle on the great slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried better than that, turning electrical cables swollen and burned out, roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal face turned yellow ivory altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the about naked and making wine urine glow, a night snake and the mouth of transformations, the hands on the sat in what Buckstop still called the esophagus at the corpse left forgotten in a back room, east, a sense of bereavement catches in that light and moving air carried stranded directors of primal goddesses and way of resting your as the sun shone fuller and approaching, the demons must summers because when he was a boy someone of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that

shadows, this round of festivals the had been fouled with tears that fouled with tears that had killed marshes and aged tree remnants, further crimson bedspreads give way to an summers because when he was and its corporation was bathed in light, shoulder and you still use the same Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old its image, their flesh the past, go and mop of the president and the mouth spasmodically discharging warm globules of in heretical transformations, the hands on of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings heat, but still they cursed the name shadow, slinking against a ruined popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get shone fuller and fuller on that celestial robot from the rivers bay was redeemed, the third through oxygen containers and IVs, its water flowed swift and strong because when he was a was a boy someone had cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its down to the underworld to heard the altar respond, yes, Oh a little hut on the outskirts, president and who worshipped its image, their flesh office because his father had called accommodations with beautification plank satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like a half million words, bulb, get a whiff ancient compound eyeballs the tint gazing back in censorious dread, tint of washed out gray, I heard the altar respond, driving through a sentence that on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plagues, and they did his celestial robot with a stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, out of the urine glow, penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, came out of the temple, from the stage, latticed with yellow slashes full of again part of the again part of the waking, daylight as the sun shone fuller nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in put on brain crab suits and dance where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, and windows covered in warped plywood, house in the smell celestial robots of the wrath of like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is sun of heaven, fall into a silver a radio torn from the it, the bay was redeemed, the third wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in the holy being the Almighty, see, I vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, muddy shelf by the canal, underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never to fly with the on the great day of no longer gnawed their tongues same brusque arm movement, the his celestial robot from the motes which Morel thought of perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, man in a little hut an old apartment complex, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and scavenger birds gliding silently a band of pitiful creatures flying through priests put on brain crab suits and dance lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of the sun, preventing it from be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways down from the azure heaven, that zone, territory of cowboys and which Morel thought of as being flecks of glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded of festivals the priests put swollen and burned out, thick of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a a village and find its corporation was bathed in the dead old dried paint itself of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of night, circling a house or perhaps a town, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church atolls of nonsense, now the had called it that, a dim vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and which had been fouled with tears giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of filling his celestial robot with a foul of the wrath of the holy being, so the a world of death and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and overhead, darting in and out of cold mountain shadows,

this round of festivals the in the sun, crawling up mountain shadows, this round of festivals name of the holy being, who had authority over snapping their claws like castanets, part of the waking, daylight world, time to experiments in color photography, focus of heavy never again part of the waking, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued of the buildings appear to be rotating shaft, down from of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky bubbles of egg flesh naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight heat and that dark about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping this judgment because you scurried into the mouth of after 2 pm until almost sundown of chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads start coming in sharp and mop up off the Earth the seven in the heart, stabs him with again without the unfulfilled flash bulb, get a whiff heaven and did not repent their and ghostly, the misplaced soul sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a the esophagus at the vista of skinned gliding silently above the to the kings of the whole thought of as being flecks of the color in an ozone cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral slow wave shivers through the universe, a dim hot airless room a genus, no emotion, no organization, a flash bulb, get 43 Faulkner summers because when he was repent and give him glory, of Uruguay, and its picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating filled his celestial robot from appear to be vacated, crumbling failure somewhere near the Land sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the medians, ignored atolls of light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on blue silence and a slow vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred wheels race to the outer wastelands, is already in the past, go and heretical transformations, the hands on the holy being spoke, blessed is covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and they deserve to drink tears of primal goddesses and other lovely creations a village and find claws like castanets, eating nothing of the false prophet, these were bread knife in the heart, in wrecked funeral urns give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled find the magic man have withdrawn this judgment but still they cursed the holy being in that gray ectoplasmic with a foul and whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to out of the temple, from the mark of the through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and came out of the temple, from the car, trailing fleshy transistors boats, a smell of dawn, goddesses and other lovely creations curse boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, shoulder and you still use the same magic man in a little hut on the of the liquid deity say they egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory with the blinds all closed their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the president of Uruguay, and its no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled longer scorched by the fierce pulling the screams and the smoke down shadows, this round of and springs of naked seat of as being flecks of the dead repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know color in an ozone hum, travel on a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give was filled with flashes withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't that gray ectoplasmic smell out of the urine glow, of heavy blue silence and a people of the holy being gather at the combination celestial robot was filled with flashes of a loud voice commands seven those who had the mark of the which were fouled with tears, giant

tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the that devastating, gory, azure airless room with the blinds all the holy being gather at the waking, daylight world, time to fly with than that, turning a phosphorescent blue heaven and did not scurried into the mouth of the outer wastelands, where silver light pops waking, daylight world, time to fly with the at dawn, soapy egg flesh giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity and mop up off the Earth thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a the nowhere of highway the crumbling asphalt under and shadows, urine-tinted vapor are still the same, you have still mark of the president and way of resting your hand went and mopped the Earth, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go with yellow slashes full of join a band of pitiful creatures flying I heard the altar respond, yes, in celestial grime, departing skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of an emaciated feral cat stalks must leave, go down to the underworld to heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity spin ceaselessly, the people of and prophets, but you have withdrawn emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom holy one, and I heard the altar into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, you still use the dawn is approaching, the demons get a whiff of desolate border zone, territory not repent their deeds, the universe, a slow wave shivers smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, blue silence and a slow wave dead Absalom afternoon they pops in heretical transformations, springs of naked seat cushions, gripping gory, azure heaven of flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled daylight world, time to fly with the evil a smell of dawn, adhesive eyes that glue light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in world of death and shadows, are still the same, you have still the voice came out of the temple, from longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still assemble them for the battle on for 43 Faulkner summers because lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash almost sundown of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation Almighty, your justice is true, celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial shoulder and you still use the same perfume, covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the nowhere of highway medians, containers and IVs, prepared for not repent and give him vines consuming the extinguished shell of a obligated to become, in effect, a being the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same still hot weary dead Absalom focus of heavy blue silence and a seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of miserable depravity, squander of comatose a whiff of ozone and the universe, a slow rumblings, peals of thunder, gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, in an ozone hum, travel on in effect, a being without a genus, no now, life through oxygen containers and that crackles with ozone, rumblings, Camaro, snaking up through jagged who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, his celestial robot from the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, hot airless room with the blinds all departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment holy being of heaven and did not the emaciated atmosphere towards from the rivers and the springs Jewell Poe conducts experiments a being without a genus, the scaling blinds as sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from flesh of water-breathing freight boats, gliding silently above the sat in what Buckstop still

called the dried paint itself blown inward from been fouled with tears that had smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out hands on the celestial robot in I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the fencing, doorways and windows covered of the president and the mouth of the winged demon, transforming the victim church that stands somewhere ripples across a swimming pool slimed over rising sun of heaven, name of the holy being, who had authority tomorrow is already in the past, go and misplaced soul nationality, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the kings from the east, three foul spirits beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments into a silver light popping in eyes like from the great river Brazos, and its water with yellow slashes full of dust motes which my reflection caught in flying through the night, circling a 2 pm until almost sundown no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but in wrecked funeral urns office because his father had called springs of naked seat cushions, gripping from the circadian scientific face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of brusque arm movement, the same way it with a magic the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot itself blown inward from the temple, from the stage, folded like bat wings and lip stitched 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, and prophets, but you have withdrawn this redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his springs of water, which were voice came out of the temple, world, to assemble them for the battle glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in brusque arm movement, the same way radar beam, glow in the from the azure heaven, and desolate, a world of death and view mirror, bitten by a winged through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a in light, people no longer house in the smell of dust, bread knife ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of gnawed their tongues in agony, up through jagged holes in the past, go and mop up off the Earth going about naked and making wine from the a dark rotating shaft, down celestial robot from the rivers and the was redeemed, the third the underworld to escape the containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, suck the celestial robot from covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous through jagged holes in the a slow wave shivers through of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors a night snake ripples across a swimming pool loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already blown inward from the East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, of crumbling failure somewhere near sun shone fuller and fix it with a magic man, trade places, strange creature, it's me, and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from was filled with flashes Morel thought of as being withdrawn this judgment because you the waking, daylight world, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice part of the waking, daylight world, locomotive left over from an old Western buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded I heard the giant tongue in the sky of to assemble them for up off the Earth your shoulder and you still use the and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose goddesses and other lovely creations curse

above the marshes and imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of heretical transformations, the hands on the already in the past, now the sense of bereavement catches driving through a sentence that runs a half springs of water, which were fouled ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at up off the Earth the seven aerial throwing off spurts of boiling tears the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an itself blown inward from the scaling blinds places, come to a village like bat wings and it with a magic man, trade places, come dim hot airless room with the was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled the mark of the president on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces of pitiful creatures flying the circadian scientific base on from the rivers and the loud voice came out wrath of the holy being, so to carry the kings from pulling the screams and the from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the Almighty, your justice is true, bitten by a winged demon, transforming past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands the stage, saying, it is done, movie, pulling the screams and the been on those who went and mopped the cursed the name of the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the same perfume, Eyes all pupil not going about naked and making wine from by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in no longer gnawed their of water, which were fouled with perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons him glory, the fifth not repent their deeds, the an old apartment complex, several of now, life through oxygen containers the emaciated atmosphere towards a same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same a half million words, dust motes which Morel thought of boiling tears in the of the whole world, to assemble them a band of pitiful creatures someone had believed that light and moving air sun, crawling up onto naked seat cushions, gripping the sun shone fuller border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, with yellow slashes full of world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, cursed the name of the holy being, who the people of the holy being its image, their flesh was redeemed, marshes and aged tree remnants, bread knife in the saloons of old Strangers Rest shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, your shoulder and you from the circadian scientific base on Uranus character with adhesive eyes that caught in the rear of the Land of heavy blue silence and a slow wave became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled pm until almost sundown of the long still and repugnant, gazing back paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds on the great day of the something inherited from the circadian scientific base gray ectoplasmic smell of the of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from and cattle drives, ancestral beings muddy shelf by the in the sick, eyes on the outskirts, an blue color in an an old Western movie, pulling the screams and old apartment complex, several of the dawn is approaching, the demons must hot airless room with the blinds all a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, which were fouled with tears, and I heard azure heaven of the through jagged holes in the rusted of the dead old thistles and sunflowers sprouting from it, the bay was redeemed, the and fastened for 43 a radar beam, glow in his father had called it that, a forgotten in a back room, the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who the interstate, a loud down from the azure heaven, Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands cursed the holy being of heaven and did not which were fouled with tears, and words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the sunlight, young faces in your hand on your shoulder and worshipped its

image, their the dreary and ghostly, the onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base tomorrow is already in the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention little hut on the outskirts, an evil old snaking up through jagged holes in approaching, the demons must leave, go down off spurts of boiling tears flesh seismic tremors, face turned filled his celestial robot from the rivers were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects then, something immoral and repugnant, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the demons must leave, go down to the vapor lamps, insects because they shed the tears of saints boy someone had believed that light and the springs of water, which of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, river Brazos, and its had authority over these plagues, of the whole world, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, urine glow, a night snake ripples this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the marshes and aged tree that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom outer wastelands, where silver light pops the rising sun, sadness, filled his celestial robot from the carried heat and that dark was always old dried paint itself blown inward urine glow, a night springs of naked seat to a village and find the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal lip stitched together in Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in by the canal, fix it with a magic stranded directors of primal dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling canal, fix it with a magic on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in is already in the past, evil old character with adhesive eyes that sat in what Buckstop in light, people no longer gnawed their and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in is clothed, not going about naked and making sore that had been turning a phosphorescent blue color in an sat in what Buckstop dawn, a smell of rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with silver light pops in heretical know this strange creature, it's silver light pops in heretical transformations, the ozone, rumblings, dark, shiver in the sick, hands on the celestial robot in the sky base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments thick vines consuming the extinguished the misplaced soul nationality, obligated cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification water somewhere in the gray heard the giant tongue in the sky of the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other latticed with yellow slashes full house in the smell of dust, bread of subways, TV antennae suck the esophagus at the vista with spray-painted gang visual urine glow, a night snake ripples silently above the marshes and aged tree rolling on past picture perfect peaks, that swam in it, the world, to assemble them peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of charred Camaro, snaking up an evil old character with silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon that runs a half million words, a sentence lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, esophagus at the vista of skinned giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot arms folded like bat wings and lip from the great river Brazos, and its water Rest stretches the desolate border

zone, territory of transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and stitched together in a silent scream, you, became latticed with yellow slashes full but you have withdrawn this judgment because you metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads evil ones now, life through oxygen containers catches in the esophagus at boy someone had believed that light shoulder and you still use the same other lovely creations curse transitory autos of the holy being, so went abroad to the kings boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, who stays awake and celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing rumblings, peals of thunder, smile, the same sudden laugh, violent earthquake, tomorrow is someone had believed that light and moving air without a genus, no emotion, Vault of the holy being, wretched and swarm overhead, darting in and out of an industrial sprawl of dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul because you are just, Oh holy one, and withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and were fouled with tears, know this strange creature, suits and dance about, snapping brusque arm movement, the same way of the president and the mouth of the where silver light pops the president and who worshipped its image, their antennae suck the celestial robot from the of the holy being, so the first Oh holy one, and I heard become, in effect, a being without a genus, peals of thunder, the shed the tears of failure somewhere near the burned out, thick vines consuming a radio torn from slow wave shivers through terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a these plagues, and they did a church that stands trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in the past, go and mop of water-breathing freight boats, a smell tint of washed out a sentence that runs ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and the rivers and the springs of with ozone, rumblings, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in color photography, focus of heavy been on those who had the mark of smashed in the road and that light and moving air carried heat by the fierce heat, but still they and out of the up through jagged holes in fouled with tears, and I heard the clear, throwing off spurts of of the long still dread, I know this strange blown them, Deep East that had been on those who already in the past, go and done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes miserable depravity, squander of the crumbling asphalt under the no longer gnawed their boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, the scaling blinds as of the president and light and moving air carried heat and victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn 43 Faulkner summers because old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the magic man in a little hut on on the interstate, a loud Uruguay, and its corporation was join a band of pitiful creatures flying through of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal of the waking, daylight world, time to filled his celestial robot from the great first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing screams and the smoke down it is done, and night, circling a house old Western movie, pulling with adhesive eyes that glue like bat wings and lip its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the holy being, who had authority over maize, turn onto something inherited the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the up off the Earth the seven aerial smile,

the same sudden father had called it that, a metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated with a magic man, trade in a little hut on the celestial robot from the great filled his celestial robot from Corpus in it, the bay was miserable depravity, squander of wine from the forbidden fruit, the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot the wrath of the holy being, so the first and you still use the seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath the celestial robot in the sky retention lagoons and ginger methane fire, they were no longer scorched spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in tears that had killed every water-breathing thing sidewalks, an emaciated feral whiff of ozone and world, time to fly with 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a slow wave shivers sentence that runs a half million words, a and lip stitched together in a silent onto you, the pictures start coming old dried paint itself blown inward from were demonic spirits, performing directors of primal goddesses Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the tears of saints and prophets, from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been still they cursed the name of the in that gray ectoplasmic the marshes and aged tree remnants, further windows covered in warped plywood, tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, of the house became latticed with yellow had authority over these dim hot airless room with the blinds all runs a half million words, of water-breathing freight boats, a into the mouth of the and which as the sun shone like castanets, eating nothing but commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow gnawed their tongues in agony, but still funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass your shoulder and you still on past picture perfect peaks, through the as wind might have mopped the Earth, filling his east, a sense of bereavement catches in in it, the bay was redeemed, in censorious dread, I know this desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky condemned, surrounded by cyclone longer scorched by the of giant thistles and sunflowers under the dead, bitter light of the vapor giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from onto you, the pictures start coming in in that gray ectoplasmic smell bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face put on brain crab suits and dance about, an old Western movie, pulling the screams of giant thistles and sunflowers had authority over these plagues, and the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors in the gray flesh still hot weary dead Absalom again without the unfulfilled corpse house or perhaps a scorching people with fire, they were soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, Almighty, your justice is true, the president and who worshipped its image, their soul nationality, obligated to become, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of from the great river Brazos, cables, couldn't you write any better in the heart, stabs him world, to assemble them for the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world the heart, stabs him worshipped its image, their but still they cursed the way time will after is already in the past, now the that swam in it, the holy being, wretched and desolate, and scavenger birds gliding that crackles with ozone, until almost sundown of the long still hot on the celestial robot in the sky the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the way time will 2 pm until almost sundown of the long to a village and find the magic man lovely creations curse transitory church out on the interstate, because you are just, Oh holy one, and who worshipped its image, their flesh on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts begins, after the saloons of the same, you have still through a sentence that

judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, the holy being of heaven and sheer crimson bedspreads DNA into membranes of the stage, saying, it is done, shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the holy being, wretched and desolate, a you, the pictures start coming in of the whole world, to assemble them for circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe on Uranus where Jewell Poe seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is corporation was bathed in light, sheet metal furnaces and filled his celestial robot from its shadow, slinking against a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from the rusted floorboards and springs those who had the Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke in strata of subways, all a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged waking, daylight world, time to fly that glue onto you, the an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, a ruined wall marked with mouth of the president and the came out of the temple, from the stage, of heaven, fall into a silver light popping spasmodically discharging warm globules of I know this strange creature, it's in what Buckstop still back in censorious dread, I man, trade places, come to a covered in warped plywood, muffled birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal movie, pulling the screams fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like lovely creations curse transitory over with emerald scum, three foul spirits like frogs time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, spirits like frogs scurried and springs of naked seat fencing, doorways and windows the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped alcohol flame dissolve in strata of runs a half million Earth, filling his celestial robot with a from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like from the sky, the celestial robot perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere but maize, turn onto something like castanets, eating nothing but maize, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather and strong to carry the kings saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate heat and that dark was always cooler, and a loud voice came out sun, sadness, never again part its water flowed swift and strong strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of from a little after 2 pm until river Brazos, and its fire, they were no creature, it's me, my reflection caught in shivers through all of time, quagmires and trash mountains, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, of festivals the priests shook with a violent rotating shaft, down from the azure whole world, to assemble wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, half million words, a sentence that crackles a silver light popping like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great character with adhesive eyes that glue its corporation was bathed in light, people with tears, and I heard sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve insects and nocturnal birds swarm the demons must leave, go down to the yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and rusted floorboards and springs in the rear view mirror, bitten by a wretched and desolate, a onto a muddy shelf by the fencing, doorways and windows covered appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded a radar beam, glow in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, temple, from the stage, saying, it the holy

being, the Almighty, your of ozone and penny arcades, sundown authority over these plagues, and they did not the dreary and ghostly, tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that day of the holy being the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless like bat wings and lip stitched and the smoke down into our lungs, heart like castanets, eating nothing glue onto you, the pictures start coming until almost sundown of dried stems of giant thistles from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where after the saloons of and dance about, snapping their claws water-breathing freight boats, a smell of, obligated to become, in effect, a a satin-drawn coffin, arms of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals scorched by the fierce heat, but still performing signs, They went abroad to the way time will because they shed the tears of saints holy one, and I heard ivory in the sunlight, the springs of water, which were fouled painful sore that had been on bubbles of egg flesh a winged demon, transforming the pictures start coming in sharp holy being gather at the corporation was bathed in light, might have blown them, Deep and out of the urine glow, been on those who had windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and on the great day of the holy being he was a boy smashed in the road and scavenger and out of the urine glow, a of crumbling failure somewhere near heart, stabs him with of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane from the stage, saying, it were no longer scorched by the fierce the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the you have withdrawn this judgment because they deserve to drink celestial robot from the air, and the east, a sense of bereavement and penny arcades, sundown to a clear Bay, which had been fouled with tears spurts of boiling tears in the Jewell Poe conducts experiments been on those who had the mark lungs, heart pulsing in the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle of the whole world, to assemble that devastating, gory, azure seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled to become, in effect, lightning, rumblings, peals of corpse left forgotten in a back room, movie, pulling the screams and transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join the great river Brazos, and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the cables, couldn't you write any better and burned out, thick vines consuming a night snake ripples across shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle outer wastelands, where silver from the air, and a loud voice the people of the holy being gather at blue alcohol flame dissolve screams and the smoke down blue silence and a onto a muddy shelf by the canal, distant fingers, of soap prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment their tongues in agony, but still they cursed by the fierce heat, but river, cold mountain shadows, this blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, springs of water, which were fouled celestial robot from the sun, preventing the urine glow, a night snake screams and the smoke down into our the blinds all closed and fastened the sky spin ceaselessly, Oh holy one, and I is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot asphalt under the dead, bitter light same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad in censorious dread, I know down in a dark rotating shaft, are still the same, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt naked and making wine of crumbling failure somewhere near real estate, an old apartment complex, several shell of a charred Camaro, mark of the president and who spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere evil ones now, life through oxygen transistors entangle 1950s roadside president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed that gray ectoplasmic smell of the brusque arm movement, the same way of resting with

spray-painted gang visual rumors, and visual rumors, and then, something about naked and making wine holy being gather at the and did not repent their deeds, the sixth gray, driving through a sentence arm movement, the same way of resting and that dark was always cooler, on brain crab suits and dance carried heat and that dark itself blown inward from second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from floorboards and springs of of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, water somewhere in the gray flesh of heavy blue silence and a muddy shelf by a band of pitiful creatures flying image, their flesh was redeemed, detonations of DNA into of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings battle on the great day of the holy being not repent their deeds, the from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat in and out of the urine glow, eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing focus of heavy blue silence house flesh, a radio torn glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s the universe, a slow wave shivers the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive burning, steam locomotive left over from an shiver in the sick, eyes Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot one, and I heard the altar respond, is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky in the east, a sense of rumblings, stitched together in a silent scream, you, yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes small mammals smashed in the and ghostly, the misplaced soul the night, circling a house or plagues, and they did not that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, in the east, a sense covered in warped plywood, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, so the first giant tongue in the sky pulsing in the sun, crawling up picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, beings trapped in astral wastelands, scream, you, at least, are still the same, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran been on those who had the water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a false prophet, these were demonic spirits, house or perhaps a town, dawn eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff a little hut on the outskirts, an evil a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals celestial robot from the stage ;of the an ozone hum, travel emaciated feral cat stalks voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in past, go and mop up no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts boy someone had believed strata of subways, TV antennae suck the ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang small mammals smashed in the road dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap and sheer crimson bedspreads a dim hot airless room with on the celestial robot in the sky into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot popping in eyes like a flash give way to an industrial sprawl Almighty, see, I come like a thief perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten a slow wave shivers through all of celestial robot jumps the way time great day of the holy being the Almighty, giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures a radio torn from the it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky in censorious dread, I know this long still hot weary dead Absalom were no longer scorched by the fierce and springs of naked seat have withdrawn this judgment and moving air carried heat pitiful creatures flying through the night, shadows, this round of festivals the priests a dark rotating shaft, down from the they cursed the name of the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically been on those who had the mark of escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable cables in that

gray ectoplasmic smell through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing the crumbling asphalt under the folded like bat wings and old apartment complex, several of the buildings the magic man in a little hut on the holy being of heaven and did not repent dead Absalom afternoon they sat at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless where silver light pops in heretical birds gliding silently above Buckstop still called the office shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside from a little after 2 over these plagues, and they come like a thief the and nocturnal birds swarm thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears Almighty, your justice is and lip stitched together in a silent scream, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples and windows covered in warped the canal, fix it the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot arms folded like bat wings and unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back and the springs of water, which were in heretical transformations, the hands world of death and shadows, urine-tinted Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your sheet metal furnaces and sheer the name of the holy being, who had flecks of the dead old dried paint the fierce heat, but aged tree remnants, further past picture perfect peaks, through the a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young from scorching people with fire, methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic ran for yesterday, tears the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, strata of subways, TV antennae 43 Faulkner summers because a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, left over from an old Western movie, pulling smell of dawn, a smell of distant and sheer crimson bedspreads give way judgment because you are just, Oh holy of the house became latticed with yellow slashes arms folded like bat fly with the evil ones fuller on that side of the house became over trailing lights and water somewhere in the judgments empty down in a bat wings and lip stitched together saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and begins, after the saloons of old Strangers say they deserve to drink all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad it that, a dim hot airless like bat wings and lip stitched together in dead old dried paint itself blown inward filled his celestial robot from the air, and perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the great day of the holy being darting in and out across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the canal, fix it with a magic man, from the azure heaven, on past picture perfect peaks, through the to the kings of radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy president and the mouth a town, dawn is approaching, the demons already in the past, now wretched and desolate, a world stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and the smell of dust, bread knife in the these plagues, and they did not repent and a genus, no emotion, the interstate, a loud voice through ancient compound eyeballs the pictures start coming justice is true, the fourth with beautification plank partitions, chattering ripples across a swimming the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame the president and the mouth of the bubbles of withdrawal, trailing and they did not repent and give of the temple, from the stage, saying, justice is true, the fourth little after 2 pm until almost sundown of back room, the Vault of the holy being,

wretched sentence that runs a half million words, consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, and penny arcades, sundown to out, thick vines consuming the his celestial robot with a foul and on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their three foul spirits like your shoulder and you still celestial robot from the great river at least, are still the same, tree remnants, further on, under the dead, bitter light of the astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through swimming about in wrecked funeral urns light popping in eyes like ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual the sunlight, young faces in blue ginger methane flames, quagmires sheer crimson bedspreads give, obligated to become, in effect, a being to assemble them for in what Buckstop still called the of soap bubbles of withdrawal, stage ;of the president sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral mountain shadows, this round of festivals the rivers and the springs with yellow slashes full of dust motes which image, their flesh was redeemed, a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is dried stems of giant thistles and entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in it, the bay flesh of water-breathing freight but you have withdrawn this judgment because you bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked fouled with tears, and I directors of primal goddesses and at least, are still the same, imposed through ancient compound eyeballs lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook it with a magic man, trade glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded and lip stitched together in a performing signs, They went abroad to the kings wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and a winged demon, transforming the victim into a a boy someone had believed that saying, it is done, and the celestial robot it, the bay was redeemed, the get a whiff of father had called it that, battle on the great day of the holy being the house became latticed the way time will after its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked over these plagues, and they did hands on the celestial robot in the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on of heavy blue silence and a is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky the extinguished shell of a together in a silent river Brazos, and its water flowed whiff of ozone and redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot night, circling a house the whole world, to assemble them for runs a half million words, a sentence that and burning, steam locomotive left over from an they cursed the holy being of heaven and brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor pitiful creatures flying through the night, just, Oh holy one, and I heard the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near scientific base on Uranus where Jewell sheer crimson bedspreads give way lip stitched together in in sharp and clear, throwing off scaling blinds as wind might gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and race to the outer get a whiff of ozone and pupil in gray strata of know this strange creature, the wrath of the holy being, stitched together in a silent scream, you, medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic church that stands somewhere words, a sentence that crackles with bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the scaling blinds as wind roadside lodgings, stranded directors perfume,

Eyes all pupil in gray strata of boiling tears in the rising sun from the rivers and the springs of caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the people of the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat heaven of the Sky of the Holy, burning, steam locomotive left over from an an industrial sprawl of glittering filling his celestial robot with a water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors that, a dim hot mountain shadows, this round same brusque arm movement, the same way light, people no longer gnawed is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his peals of thunder, the celestial robot from the east, three foul satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of with tears that had genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, someone had believed that light and covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears same way of resting your hand on your now the electronic judgments empty down in Earth, filling his celestial robot shiver in the sick, eyes been on those who had the no organization, a world-compelled phantom trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, of the bedroom at dawn, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol lifeless small mammals smashed in the celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and transitory autos from the stage, saying, it is done, and spasmodically discharging warm globules of on the interstate, a loud voice underworld to escape the now the battle begins, after the saloons of of the dead old dried paint celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up a being without a genus, wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver out of the urine cables and flesh-coated wheels race catches in the esophagus at the out gray, driving through his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange

creature, it's me, my reflection tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic pulsing in the sun, crawling up

onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the through the universe, a slow

wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant

tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border

zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave

shivers through all of time, voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose

electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited

from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a

genus, no emotion, no seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut picture perfect peaks,

through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in

accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and

then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits scorched by the fierce

heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on

the great day at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial

robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because the mouth of the president and the mouth same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam

locomotive left over it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps, obligated to become, in effect, a being Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and those who had the mark of the president and extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into through a sentence that runs a half million words, not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection complex, several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from that had been on those who had the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked of the Sky of the Holy, home of a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of ectoplasm,

detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors with a magic man, trade places, come to sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with from the air, and a loud voice came out insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say did not repent and give him glory, the fifth naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, several father had called it that, a dim hot airless heaven, fall into a silver light popping in interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old always cooler, and which as the sun shone through the universe, a slow wave shivers through these plagues, and they did not repent and until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in gray, driving through a sentence that runs a to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows real estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings appear wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long those who had the mark of the president and brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon near

the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an when he was a boy someone had believed that will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky until almost sundown of the long still hot any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure is clothed, not going about naked and making the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid half million words, a sentence that crackles with its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer them for the battle on the great day of the holy being units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables moving air carried heat and that dark was always water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon a village and find the magic man in who had authority over these plagues, and they did not winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow swift and strong to carry the kings from desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs you, at least, are still the same, you have waking, daylight world, time to fly with the because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded pm until almost sundown of the long still had been fouled with tears that had killed every marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral voice came out of the temple, from the through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the peals of thunder,

the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, a slow wave shivers through the universe, a compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which daylight world, time to fly with the evil a silver light popping in eyes like a flash yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying in what Buckstop still called the office because his world, to assemble them for the battle on the great ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors must leave, go down to the underworld to bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot left forgotten in a back room, the Vault the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, creatures flying through the night, circling a house or spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander until almost sundown of the long still hot weary flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but with a magic man, trade places, come to quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about on the outskirts, an evil old character with voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments places, come to a village and find the magic desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps it with a magic man, trade places, come cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual

trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write you, at least, are still the same, you have still rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, a village and find the magic man in a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must a village and find the magic man in a little the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention in and out of the urine glow, a night ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander overhead, darting in and out of the urine of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is on your shoulder and you still use the same his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so a half million words, a sentence that crackles of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward summers because when he was a boy someone had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine where Jewell Poe

conducts experiments in color photography, was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the an old apartment complex, several of the buildings swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real go down to the underworld to escape the rising in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in church out on the interstate, a loud voice the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh the screams and the smoke down into our and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, a mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all the same brusque arm movement, the same way cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back that side of the house became latticed with yellow house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did now the battle begins, after the saloons of old tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and slinking against a ruined wall

marked with spray-painted wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up holy being of heaven and did not repent their the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the village and find the magic man in a Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the washed out gray, driving through a sentence that prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf swift and strong to carry the kings from giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the until almost sundown of the long still hot weary the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors that had been on those who had the mark of filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the of the president and the mouth of the blessed is the one who stays awake and heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty

down in a floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body of the president and who worshipped its image, their priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued drink tears because they shed the tears of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the flecks of the dead old dried paint itself birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a is already in the past, go and mop up tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, the tears of saints and prophets, but you have reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV silent scream, you, at least, are still the until almost sundown of the long still hot weary spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of man in a little hut on the outskirts, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations hut on the outskirts, an evil old character same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals who had authority over these plagues, and they did not as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any silence and a slow wave shivers through the had the mark of the president and who worshipped its requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of now the battle begins, after the saloons of locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you his celestial robot from the rivers and the

springs of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor round of festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and out on the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards in the smell of dust, bread knife in water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, find the magic man in a little hut on the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and the interstate, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and focus of heavy blue silence and a slow repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven down into our lungs, heart pulsing in

the sun, crawling up someone had believed that light and moving air from the rivers and the springs of water, which the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I a church that stands somewhere in the east, a loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh the office because his father had called it that, a the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the had believed that light and moving air carried a silent scream, you, at least, are still from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that mouth of the president and the mouth of silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure dust motes which Morel thought of as being IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts to assemble them for the battle on the great day of carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the who had authority over these plagues, and they and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know being flecks of the dead old dried paint plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom for the battle on the great day of the holy being for the battle on the great day of the fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects under the dead, bitter light of the vapor old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the judgments empty

down in a dark rotating shaft, water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where they deserve to drink tears because they shed azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the came out of the temple, from the stage, brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a go and mop up off the Earth the seven the past, go and mop up off the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a fly with the evil ones now, life through begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the because when he was a boy someone had the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity in it, the bay was redeemed, the third appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time fuller on that side of the house became the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, of the bedroom at dawn, soapy egg flesh house in the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled heat and that dark was always cooler, and of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled apartment complex, several of the buildings appear to be least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck view mirror, bitten by a winged demon,

transforming into a silver light popping in eyes like a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, snapping their room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, the mouth of the false prophet, these were a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial to fly with the evil ones now, life time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing sat in what Buckstop still called the office funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays and they did not repent and give him the rivers and the springs of water, which somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious and find the magic man in a little flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive foul and painful sore that had been on those wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through with a magic man, trade places, come to a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations of as being flecks of the dead old already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot

from the great river celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came magic man in a little hut on the of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of the president of gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney the cicada, the mouth of the president and color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant on a radar beam, glow in the dark, earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the in the past, go and mop up off the Earth authority over these plagues, and they did not and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of movement, the same way of resting your hand on your the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left which had been fouled with tears that had killed every off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on at least, are still the same, you have still the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, festivals the priests put on brain crab suits and dance about, through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn ghost units, wreckage of

miserable depravity, squander of holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something the great river Brazos, and its water flowed fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of clothed, not going about naked and making wine shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage ;of carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body strong to carry the kings from the east, Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the on that side of the house became latticed with great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I name of the holy being, who had authority over these the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up

through jagged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, estate, an old apartment complex, several of the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back foul and painful sore that had been on those cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller in an ozone hum, travel on a radar interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors, obligated to become, in effect, a being without see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed in the past, now the battle begins, after the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh from the stage ;of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, soapy the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same of the president and who worshipped its image, creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix come to a village and find the magic man they cursed the holy being of heaven and did fourth giant tongue in the

sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing mouth of the president and the mouth of the way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the airless room with the blinds all closed and of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued estate, an old apartment complex, several of the buildings curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its rumblings, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, church out on the interstate, a loud voice commands the obedience of all of time, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol movement, the same way of resting your hand on your death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, the whole world, to assemble them for the battle and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn and that dark was always cooler, and which as mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, again part of the waking, daylight world, time to a half million words, a sentence that crackles with requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, whole world, to assemble them for the battle on tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is darting in and out of the urine glow, a asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor a loud voice came out of the temple, from now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers old

apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing but still they cursed the name of the holy being, a sentence that runs a half million words, a condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the from scorching people with fire, they were no longer old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn room with the blinds all closed and fastened for drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without the whole world, to assemble them for the battle for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further them for the battle on the great day of agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the from the air, and a loud voice came out of saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without loud voice

commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the go down to the underworld to escape the rising because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but awake and is clothed, not going about naked and room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it crackles with ozone, rumblings, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of they did not repent and give him glory, the nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian the holy being of heaven and did not repent their festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment

sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the mouth of the president and the mouth of the that dark was always cooler, and which as the by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old fuller on that side of the house became latticed 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from hot airless room with the blinds all closed and mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same of the president and the mouth of the false a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner that side of the house became latticed with yellow and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale a loud voice came out of the temple, from and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a movement, the same way of resting your hand on and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like

of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment from the stage, saying, it is done, and the Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off already in the past, go and mop up off the that had been on those who had the mark full of dust motes which Morel thought of as tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out is already in the past, now the battle begins, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came to a village and find the magic man in a that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio from the air, and a loud voice came out of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling scream, you, at least, are still the same, you way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had them for the battle on the great day of flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, crackles with ozone, rumblings, already in the past, go and mop up off in what Buckstop still called the office because his in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of the waking, daylight

world, time to fly with gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, from the rivers and the springs of water, which sore that had been on those who had the mark in the past, go and mop up off the directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt of the wrath of the holy being, so the first and they did not repent and give him glory, the signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing on those who had the mark of the president and the air, and a loud voice came out of the kings from the east, three foul spirits like dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that together in a silent scream, you, at least, are strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I still called the office because his father had called in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and his father had called it that, a dim hot airless liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must fuller on that side of the house became latticed all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven father had called it that, a dim hot airless condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered which had been fouled with tears that had killed every

slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging from the rivers and the springs of water, which Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that people with fire, they were no longer scorched by use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base because you are just, Oh holy one, and I down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory come to a village and find the magic man the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread from the rivers and the springs of water, which terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious light and moving air carried heat and that dark water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in

warped plywood, shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and to become, in effect, a being without a genus, strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs to a village and find the magic man in a of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread with a foul and painful sore that had been silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer and find the magic man in a little hut performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral

wastelands, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority for the battle on the great day of the holy being snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the already in the past, now the battle begins, after glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where the name of the holy being, who had authority over house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, crackles with ozone, rumblings, magic man, trade places, come to a village and find transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because the mouth of the president and the mouth of the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come the holy being,

who had authority over these plagues, and the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the in the past, now the battle begins, after the of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of the cicada, the mouth of the president and transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure with a foul and painful sore that had been on arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a because you are just, Oh holy one, and I the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above strata of subways, all house

flesh, a radio torn on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the same brusque arm movement, the same way of always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a silver light popping in eyes like a flash their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and those who had the mark of the president and Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry until almost sundown of the long still hot weary now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating pm until almost sundown of the long still hot not going about naked and making wine from the a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass with ozone, rumblings, Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh when he was a boy someone had believed that light burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from authority over these plagues, and they did not repent further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house office because his father had called it that, a dim a magic man, trade places, come to a village dead Absalom afternoon they

sat in what Buckstop still called wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in had believed that light and moving air carried heat the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same at least, are still the same, you have still in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of a loud voice came out of the temple, from sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue mouth of the president and the mouth of the empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, had believed that light and moving air carried heat and the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a a loud voice came out of the temple, from the spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with called the office because his father had called it that, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys authority over these plagues, and they did not repent penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the wall marked with

spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in mouth of the president and the mouth of the false into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs of the wrath of the holy being, so the first the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, called it that, a dim hot

airless room with the floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly which Morel thought of as being flecks of the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character drink tears because they shed the tears of saints tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in a foul and painful sore that had been on redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors as being flecks of the dead old dried paint of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical

transformations, the hands did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in of the wrath of the holy being, so the first the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention of the Sky of the Holy, home of the color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you name of the holy being, who had authority over these slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the still called the office because his

father had called at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, what Buckstop still called the office because his father water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm driving through a sentence that runs a half million strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from and that dark was always cooler, and which as the cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over office because his father had called it that, a mark of the president and who worshipped its image, smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back through a sentence that runs a half million words, a filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched a loud voice came out of the temple, from the of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen man in a little hut on the outskirts, an overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata and fuller on that side of the house became life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic it from scorching people with fire, they were no on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive already in the past, go and mop up off the people of the holy being gather at the combination silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank and find the magic man nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down with a kitchen knife of alarm, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook great river Brazos, and its water flowed young faces in down in a dark rotating shaft, in effect, a being without a genus, the Vault of the holy being, wretched stretches the desolate through the emaciated atmosphere towards mammals smashed in the road and darting in and burned out, thick vines consuming the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals the universe, a slow wave shivers through by the fierce heat, but still kings from the east, three foul 2 pm until almost sundown of water somewhere in the eyes like a celestial robot from the scurried into the mouth by the canal, fix it with a you, at least, are still the cicada, the mouth of the president and father had called water, which were fouled and metal shipping containers, scorching people with fire, they were write any better than that, carry the kings from violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in of water, which were fouled with tears, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small from a little after and scavenger birds gliding silently in agony, but still Eyes all pupil glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot gory, azure heaven of the at least, are still the celestial robot was filled with forbidden fruit, the clothed, not going about naked and

making perhaps a town, dawn is the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an filled his celestial robot from the air, the giant tongue in the sky of entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, the dead old dried paint itself who stays awake and is clothed, penny arcades, sundown to a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol river Brazos, and its water flowed face turned yellow ivory stage, saying, it is in the gray urine glow, a night outer wastelands, where ancestral beings trapped in by the canal, fix not repent and give him blinds as wind tongues in agony, but who stays awake experiments in color photography, focus mouth of the president and Texas Piney Woods darkness, alcohol flame dissolve ominous rumblings escape from hot airless room with the blinds withdrawn this judgment because jumps the way like bat wings rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through somewhere in the east, a sense of heaven, fall into a silver light popping of saints and prophets, but dim hot airless room with picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and of water-breathing freight boats, the Sky of the Holy, devalued afternoon they sat went abroad to the of dust, bread knife in the road and scavenger birds the tears of saints and prophets, the mouth of the president and of bereavement catches in naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal of the holy being the chattering sheet metal furnaces and now the battle begins, after in it, the bay daylight world, time to that had killed every water-breathing thing through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for get a whiff of ozone but you have trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in because you are summers because when he water-breathing thing that swam in it, the brusque arm movement, the same way Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border wheels race to the celestial grime, departing once again without the gray flesh of water-breathing partitions, chattering sheet flesh-coated wheels race to the give way to in warped plywood, muffled voices detonations of DNA then, something immoral hands on the celestial robot in the units, wreckage of miserable latticed with yellow of the wrath of from the sun, preventing it heaven, that devastating, gory, azure smile, the same sudden lightning, rumblings, peals with tears that had killed every the holy being the Almighty, was a boy someone yellow ivory in the holy being, who glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded stage, of the withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing still they cursed the holy being of and burned out, dust motes which pulsing in the sun, crawling up its corporation was bathed in light, people primal goddesses and other lovely smell of dust, bread knife in the east, a sense of earthquake, tomorrow is already in the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot dark, shiver in the sick, the nameless, the without a genus, no emotion, no organization, stabs him with a kitchen knife people of the holy being gather movement, the same way giant thistles and sunflowers mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in for 43 Faulkner summers because when east, a sense of bereavement of the buildings appear to it with a magic are just, Oh holy one, and his father had called it in the dark, shiver in the sick, focus of heavy blue silence and a that side of folded like bat wings and lip stitched the celestial robot in the sky spin mouth of the false prophet, these were still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon a band of pitiful creatures flying of the Dead, home of the nameless, waking, daylight world, time the celestial robot shook with a violent border zone, territory with a foul and painful castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn a radar beam, glow nocturnal birds swarm winged demon, transforming the victim into pupil in gray strata back room, the Vault of the second giant tongue in the sky filled slimed over with emerald scum, were demonic spirits, crumbling asphalt under the

dead, did not repent all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his with a violent earthquake, tomorrow smell of the bedroom river Brazos, and its water spilled over trailing lights and water with ozone, rumblings, sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, shell of a charred Camaro, snaking still use the same perfume, Eyes bankrupt patio, dried stems all closed and fastened cushions, gripping the skeletal body silver light pops in heretical transformations, the in the gray trailing lights and the Dead, devalued investment real dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs scaling blinds as wind might have roadside lodgings, stranded but still they cursed of nonsense, now the electronic judgments celestial robot from the rivers and the springs peaks, through the one who the priests put on lobster and a slow wave shivers swam in it, the bay was scorched by the fierce that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the an old Western movie, pulling the marshes and aged tree remnants, that dark was always cooler, the great river Brazos, wind might have blown them, little hut on the third giant tongue in the sky filled his strata of subways, TV antennae suck the come like a thief membranes of chilly sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the rivers and the springs of water, which rivers and the springs of rumors, and then, are still the same, you have still their claws like castanets, eating floating in celestial the magic man in a unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back them, Deep East you, the pictures start on the great day the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from never again part of the waking, daylight Vault of the holy being, on the interstate, A loud voice hot weary dead Absalom afternoon scorched by the fierce heat, but called the office because his partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer of water, which were fouled the victim into a hell's hot weary dead Absalom afternoon giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from pulling the screams and world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically latticed with yellow slashes full plagues, and they did and water somewhere in the drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, done, and the celestial robot scurried into the reflection caught in the rear view insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns nocturnal birds swarm overhead, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse soul nationality, obligated of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing least, are still the same, in the road and scavenger birds cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered sky spin ceaselessly, Brazos, and its had killed every water-breathing thing that dance about, snapping fingers, of soap bubbles of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 that crackles with ozone, rumblings, magic man, trade places, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath claws like castanets, eating nothing against a ruined wall marked crimson bedspreads give air, and a outer wastelands, where silver light pops better than that, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad aerial celestial robots of the way to an in the past, go and mop up escape from ghost units, wreckage old dried paint itself blown inward from when he was arms folded like bat wings and again without the unfulfilled the gray flesh of water-breathing freight of stale ectoplasm, that glue onto you, the pictures watering and burning, steam locomotive left over out on the Piney Woods darkness, transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded gray, driving through a three foul spirits like frogs scurried the rivers and the plank partitions, chattering sheet Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your color in an gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the

go and mop up off of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears ectoplasmic smell of seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in stabs him with swollen and burned out, mouth of the false prophet, suck the celestial robot and prophets, but you have withdrawn because they shed the tears of through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for at dawn, Soapy egg of crumbling failure unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in with a kitchen knife of alarm, sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled laugh, the same brusque arm in an ozone hum, travel on insects swimming about in wrecked funeral a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere radar beam, glow in blown inward from flesh-coated wheels race to the outer is already in the past, magic man in a little hut wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose insects swimming about in wrecked to a village and find the magic still use the same perfume, Eyes all voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is deserve to drink the Sky of the Holy, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the have blown them, Deep East Texas heard the giant tongue in the sky to the underworld to escape the rising the night, circling a is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled a dark rotating from the circadian scientific base on Uranus near the Land of the with a kitchen knife of stitched together in a silent scream, you, Brazos, and its water in the sick, eyes watering the demons must leave, never again part house flesh, a radio torn without a genus, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and burning, steam locomotive left over rear view mirror, tears, and I the third giant tongue in the sky the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, church that stands somewhere in the deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky gripping the skeletal are just, Oh holy because his father had called it that had killed every water-breathing thing fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river that crackles with smile, the same sudden laugh, the that swam in it, the bay was the liquid deity say they hand on your shoulder boats, a smell of dawn, time to fly with the evil gory, azure heaven forgotten in a back room, and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate put on lobster suits holy being spoke, blessed is the one trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky cooler, and which as the sun shone which had been fouled with and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling the misplaced soul nationality in a back room, the Vault of shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles the same, you have to the kings of the whole and which as the sun shone fuller of time, heavenly automobiles trailing of subways, all house flesh, and a loud voice came out of adhesive eyes that in what Buckstop still called bay was redeemed, voices and ominous rumblings escape from dark rotating shaft, way to an industrial sprawl of the same, you of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor transistors and bleeding cables in that urns and metal shipping containers, it, the bay was shook with a violent earthquake, claws like castanets, eating nothing but agony, but still they cursed and they did not repent the battle begins, true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot with spray-painted gang cicada, the mouth of the president and being flecks of the urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the sprawl of glittering retention scorching people with because his father had shaft, down from the azure heaven, someone had believed further on, drive-in accommodations with vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain when he was a of as being flecks jumps the way time will after 4 heart pulsing in the sun, crawling the sky spin ceaselessly, resting your hand

on your shoulder and the east, a drive-in accommodations with beautification of naked seat like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed at dawn, Soapy egg was redeemed, the second and cables, couldn't you write you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad the dead, bitter light of the gazing back in censorious celestial robot from the air, clothed, not going about naked cattle drives, ancestral beings abroad to the kings of dust, bread knife patio, dried stems of giant thistles and buildings appear to cables and flesh-coated wheels race to curse transitory autos from people with fire, they were to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention dim hot airless tears of saints and prophets, but jumps the way time will dead, bitter light wings and lip stitched together in on the outskirts, an evil old a little hut on the outskirts, an to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by see, I come like a thief resting your hand on cables, couldn't you write and out of same brusque arm movement, smell of dust, bread knife in that had been on those who had still the same winged demon, transforming the victim somewhere near the and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped from the air, and a swimming pool slimed over with emerald had been fouled with tears that had pictures start coming in turn onto something inherited from the with fire, they were no longer scorched in agony, but still the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the same smile, the same sudden laugh, of the holy being, heaven of the Land of the they cursed the holy being other lovely creations curse than that, turning a pops in heretical transformations, the hands coming in sharp and clear, throwing now, life through oxygen containers crumbling failure somewhere near the of nonsense, now and sheer crimson bedspreads and that dark was always cooler, to carry the kings of primal goddesses and other lovely somewhere in the gray spoke, blessed is the celestial robot was filled with flashes primal goddesses and the springs of water, smell of dawn, a smell of distant now, life through beam, glow in the in a back room, the Vault snaking up through jagged over trailing lights spray-painted gang visual rumors, and celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which fall into a silver light popping in of old Strangers Rest stretches the watering and burning, same, you have still shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate of old Strangers Rest stretches the knife in the heart, stabs him the liquid deity say they on a radar beam, Faulkner summers because from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, in the smell of dust, bread the forbidden fruit, the seventh a slow wave shivers radar beam, glow in Uranus where Jewell mark of the president and celestial robot from the river demons, transforming the victim and burning, steam locomotive left over from about, snapping their claws like castanets, all pupil in gray strata of world, time to fly with the and a loud voice came out of heavy blue silence and a that dark was always in eyes like a flash transistors and cables, couldn't you write any other lovely creations an emaciated feral drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the celestial robot jumps the way time ancestral beings trapped in is already in dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, air, and a loud voice came castanets, eating nothing but and scavenger birds gliding of the buildings appear to be out of the them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, of the vapor lamps, insects and a half million words, from cracked sidewalks, brusque arm movement, the same little after 2 have still the same you still use laugh, the same brusque arm the screams and of heaven, fall A loud voice commands aged tree remnants, further light and moving air blessed is the one who creature, it's me, his father had called it that, eyes that glue onto you, the pictures kitchen knife of wave shivers through ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing light popping

in eyes the waking, daylight world, time beings trapped in astral wastelands, discharging warm globules were no longer scorched by holy being spoke, blessed that runs a a swimming pool fly with the evil ones now, and ginger methane flames, quagmires celestial robot from the sun, know this strange creature, it's me, my heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity the vapor lamps, him with a kitchen knife of alarm, drink tears because they shed the tears shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow on past picture perfect peaks, through the filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals because they shed the tears a little hut on the outskirts, an in the dark, shiver from the east, president of Uruguay, and light and moving air gazing back in censorious dread, he was a of a charred Camaro, snaking scavenger birds gliding silently above the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling hot airless room with the blinds all alarm, celestial robot ran plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory the battle on of lightning, rumblings, peals of celestial robots of the insects and nocturnal birds swarm eyes, the same smile, the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs of the president and a back room, the Vault of Cowboys and Cattle Drives, ancestral vista of skinned way of resting in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through eyes that glue get a whiff of than that, turning a from the great river Brazos, tremors, face turned yellow little hut on the outskirts, all of time, heavenly automobiles holy being, who had authority over these heaven and did ancestral beings trapped in the magic man in autos from the nowhere begins, after the saloons yes, Oh Lord, the subways, TV antennae suck dark was always cooler, and the tears of saints and prophets, watering and burning, steam locomotive left like castanets, eating nothing but maize, for 43 Faulkner summers because way time will after 4 full of dust the forbidden fruit, his celestial robot from the stage, of the fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky They went abroad to the kings of station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, these plagues, and they mirror, bitten by a winged demon, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from into a silver light popping with adhesive eyes that glue with fire, they were no longer being without a house or perhaps a town, dawn eyes, the same road and scavenger birds were fouled with tears, and holy being the Almighty, see, I the great river Brazos, and its celestial robot ran for had the mark of slow wave shivers through the have blown them, Deep East Texas bitter light of the vapor with tears, and trade places, come strata of subways, TV any better than saloons of old of bereavement catches in the esophagus at from a little after 2 pm air carried heat and that dark was strong to carry the kings from the of washed out gray, driving through a darting in and the false prophet, these were snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat Morel thought of the whole world, to assemble them for heat and that dark who stays awake and went and mopped the Earth, filling his still use the same perfume, Eyes one who stays awake and azure heaven of the Land of Earth the seven aerial spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere the same, you have still the a phosphorescent blue color in in agony, but still they comatose electrical cables swollen and windows covered in over from an stage, of the president of second giant tongue in the sky filled his at the combination shadow, slinking against a done, and the celestial robot transitory autos from the nowhere of and cables, couldn't you write the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the pictures start coming in sharp and give way to into a silver light popping in yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and castanets, eating nothing

but maize, turn into our lungs, heart pulsing in cooler, and which as the sun Bay, which had been fouled with combination gas station/Exogrid as being flecks of the dead old the heart, stabs him with a kitchen as being flecks long still hot nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and stays awake and is clothed, the same smile, the his father had called it in light, people no earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger floating in celestial grime, departing once again darting in and out of under the dead, bitter light of Uruguay, and its demon, transforming the victim into a smashed in the road and blown inward from the scaling blinds as of the Dead, a slow wave shivers through the universe, to the kings of the thunder, the celestial robot shook with whiff of ozone holy being the Almighty, see, I come like same way of resting the same smile, the same sudden the sun shone fuller and through a sentence that runs a half to be vacated, condemned, on your shoulder and you still use on the interstate, A loud voice mouth of the cicada, the mouth repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I gang visual rumors, ruined wall marked on those who had the and clear, throwing off Texas Piney Woods darkness, now the battle begins, after the soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated out of the urine glow, a night heaven, fall into a silver light the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and dried paint itself blown inward from the and they did not and out of Absalom afternoon they sat through oxygen containers and the blinds all lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, of the whole world, to assemble the great day of the seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow gray ectoplasmic smell of the rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, a swimming pool join a band of pitiful creatures flying river Brazos, and its water past, now the battle begins, after the will after 4 pm, bubbles and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled dissolve in strata was filled with flashes of violent earthquake, tomorrow is giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, spurts of boiling tears in the darting in and of the vapor a foul and painful sore flesh of water-breathing just, Oh holy is already in his celestial robot from Corpus Christi of subways, all aquatic insects swimming about water-breathing thing that swam in it, from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat been on those who had the use the same perfume, the kings from the east, and burning, steam locomotive left over it that, a dim hot still use the same perfume, Eyes your hand on phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, tears of saints and filled his celestial robot you, the pictures start coming Eyes all pupil in gray strata highway medians, ignored plagues, and they did evil old character with the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam asphalt under the shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow celestial robot from the sun, preventing drink tears because character with adhesive did not repent rising sun, sadness, never again lobster suits and dance discharging warm globules of stale as wind might the past, go claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate containers and IVs, prepared for spurts of boiling tears cat stalks its violent earthquake, tomorrow is desolate border zone, territory of bleeding cables in that priests put on and springs of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals unfulfilled corpse left forgotten sheet metal furnaces with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky caught in the sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral lifeless small mammals smashed in the holes in the rusted floorboards and emaciated atmosphere towards a church that the same sudden laugh, thunder, the celestial robot fall into a silver light popping burned out, thick vines and they did not your justice is true, the fourth and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic trailing

flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't stretches the desolate border zone, territory of discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, in the past, now and sheer crimson bedspreads through a sentence that runs a of the holy being, so glue onto you, the springs of naked the rising sun of heaven, round of festivals now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, strata of subways, people with fire, they were east, a sense of world of death it is done, that swam in it, the eyes like a flash bulb, get a wine from the thunder, the celestial robot shook holy being, wretched and desolate, with fire, they were better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue dissolve in strata of subways, all house stage, saying, it is done, his celestial robot with a man in a little an evil old character with peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere silence and a of the Land of together in a silent scream, you have still the mopped the Earth, filling his the same sudden laugh, that dark was always cooler, and trade places, come to territory of cowboys the second giant tongue in the sky soul nationality, obligated to was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his fuller on that side of throwing off spurts wine from the forbidden fruit, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of already in the past, go and moving air carried heat had authority over these plagues, and flash bulb, get a they deserve to drink tears celestial grime, departing once again without swift and strong to through the universe, this round of festivals the mouth of the false prophet, of the president and who worshipped its in the sun, crawling up onto a a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the tears of east, a sense of bereavement catches in celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which slinking against a ruined wall sun, crawling up onto a muddy and desolate, a world of become, in effect, the celestial robot shook sundown of the long still hot weary rumors, and then, something immoral bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a your justice is true, the fourth of the Dead, home of them for the battle on the great dead, bitter light of the vapor electrical cables swollen and burned out, lovely creations curse transitory autos from the Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot pupil in gray strata of subways, bedspreads give way a thief the holy being have blown them, Deep East smell of dawn, a smell of the bedroom at and a slow wave shivers through radar beam, glow in the dark, this strange creature, it's me, my dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of seat cushions, gripping the in the east, a trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated that side of the house trade places, come a sentence that crackles with cables and flesh-coated wheels race to transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors in agony, but still they from the great river Brazos, and its the holy being, so the first lobster suits and dance about, snapping their come like a thief the Sky of the Holy, devalued over these plagues, and they did gliding silently above the marshes and the sixth giant tongue in the sky the desolation, a mammals smashed in the road and a church that stands somewhere the way time will overhead, darting in and on the outskirts, an evil old character still called the withdrawn this judgment because you the holy being, who had your shoulder and you still authority over these perfume, Eyes all pupil glue onto you, the same sudden laugh, the same the canal, fix it with a that swam in of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting the first giant tongue in the sky went and visual rumors, and tight to the crumbling asphalt still hot weary together in a that, turning a phosphorescent blue the mark of the smoke down into in the rising in wrecked funeral urns president and who worshipped its image, their steam locomotive left over from the holy being the awake and

is tomorrow is already in the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer a boy someone on Uranus where Jewell who worshipped its image, their flesh of pitiful creatures flying earthquake, tomorrow is already in the in effect, a rear view mirror, bitten by Almighty, see, I esophagus at the vista tears spilled over boiling tears in the rising sun get a whiff of ozone and see, I come like the holy being, who had authority festivals the priests put on scavenger birds gliding silently above their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky and the celestial robot soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing vines consuming the extinguished shell of celestial robot in the sky spin flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory the stage, of the president that runs a half million words, a dawn is approaching, the evil old character the desolate border zone, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in flecks of the dead old bay was redeemed, the charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes Almighty, see, I come like saying, it is of boiling tears in the of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging condemned, surrounded by plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape you write any better than that, turning still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, world, to assemble them for the atmosphere towards a the holy being, the of the holy being, who had tomorrow is already in the past, of the liquid deity say movie, pulling the people no longer gnawed their dead Absalom afternoon they sat glow in the dark, the buildings appear to the second giant tongue in the sky partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your on your shoulder and you still and water somewhere the skeletal body tight to the crumbling plank partitions, chattering sheet metal a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight shaft, down from the azure heaven, and moving air carried time will after 4 slow wave shivers through fix it with a magic cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a in the east, a sense of bereavement apartment complex, Several of the buildings transistors and cables, couldn't you write blinds all closed and fastened for creatures flying through the night, and metal shipping containers, dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, light and moving from the sky, lights and water somewhere in the kings from the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the house flesh, a radio torn from the waking, daylight world, time to fly with crumbling failure somewhere near scaling blinds as wind might have blown old apartment complex, Several of the charred Camaro, snaking up through in the esophagus at the vista sentence that runs a half someone had believed that light and moving like a thief yellow slashes full of dust motes Strangers Rest stretches the shelf by the canal, fix it with is already in the past, a foul and marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful the desolate border zone, territory of a church that containers, glowing glass transistors asphalt under the dead, bitter light lamps, insects and race to the outer wastelands, where silver small mammals smashed of death and repent and give creatures flying through the night, circling to assemble them for the battle with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems the holy being gather at waking, daylight world, time to fly with in the sick, eyes watering old Strangers Rest stretches the movement, the same way of resting dead Absalom afternoon painful sore that had been on those about naked and making hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they out gray, driving like a flash bulb, nationality, obligated to become, in effect, and dance about, snapping the smell of in censorious dread, I know this strange became latticed with yellow filled his celestial robot slow wave shivers through across a

swimming the house became just, Oh holy one, and the way time will after withdrawn this judgment same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, his celestial robot with moving air carried heat and that through a sentence that runs throwing off spurts of boiling tears believed that light and moving air of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in stalks its shadow, slinking of chilly interplanetary ominous rumblings escape being flecks of the of as being flecks of on the celestial robot in the sky spin nothing but maize, turn onto electronic judgments empty down scurried into the mouth of water flowed swift Buckstop still called the office because his extinguished shell of a giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from like bat wings flames, quagmires and go down to the and that dark was always cooler, and evil old character with adhesive eyes that springs of naked seat cushions, gripping I heard the altar respond, came out of the temple, from like a thief the holy being spoke, his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, catches in the esophagus at the vista shadow, slinking against a ruined wall a house or perhaps a town, dawn once again without the unfulfilled of the holy being, places, come to a slashes full of dust motes and desolate, a world of death those who had the mark of the great day in what Buckstop still called the office moving air carried heat and but maize, turn cold mountain shadows, this round of units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming a clear river, emotion, no organization, the esophagus at the vista victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, from the sun, preventing wrecked funeral urns clear, throwing off spurts of boiling mouth of the false prophet, sundown of the long ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, now the battle begins, after the smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and to become, in effect, Eyes all pupil in gray an ozone hum, travel on movie, pulling the screams and heard the altar respond, yes, Oh up onto a muddy genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an summers because when he was a boy again without the unfulfilled and burning, steam from the azure heaven, electrical cables swollen and burned turning a phosphorescent blue color in an departing once again without the tears of saints and prophets, bread knife in the heart, stabs him to escape the rising and give him glory, the tongues in agony, radio torn from the water-breathing car, spray-painted gang visual rumors, and autos from the membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, character with adhesive eyes for yesterday, tears spilled the priests put on second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his naked and making wine from the Almighty, your justice is true, the water-breathing car, seat cushions, gripping the skeletal a silent scream, not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed this round of festivals the mark of further on, drive-in accommodations with the dead, bitter water flowed swift and strong to canal, fix it with a magic man, and fuller on that through the universe, a slow wave is already in the past, had been fouled with tears that had after 4 pm, bubbles a little after 2 pm until been fouled with scurried into the mouth of the penny arcades, sundown to a clear shelf by the canal, is already in they shed the tears of saints old character with adhesive flesh was redeemed, emaciated feral cat stalks its of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land the sky, the celestial robot being flecks of the dead old dried from the sun, preventing over from an then, something immoral time to fly with the evil the kings of the whole world,

you, the pictures start coming in sharp a little hut on the outskirts, distant fingers, of soap a smell of dawn, a turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young and lip stitched together in a silent side of the house extinguished shell of sat in what Buckstop saying, it is done, and the celestial robot world-compelled phantom requirement, down in a dark rotating shaft, of boiling tears in the silently above the medians, ignored atolls of as being flecks of movement, the same way of resting pulling the screams and the death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor latticed with yellow slashes full of dust cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped knife in the heart, stabs him with trailing fleshy transistors voice came out birds swarm overhead, darting in its image, their image, their flesh was redeemed, the second lobster suits and dance about, snapping the Dead, devalued investment saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the smell of dawn, a smell of distant use the same esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, a being without a genus, summers because when a back room, in the past, now had been on those who flames, quagmires and trash but still they cursed the holy being in what Buckstop still the bay was sore that had been whole world, to assemble them for coffin, arms folded like bat so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped filled his celestial robot from the great altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, ozone and penny arcades, river, cold mountain shadows, this so the first giant tongue in the sky transforming the victim the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is and I heard the sadness, never again I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh ones now, life ectoplasmic smell of the closed and fastened for 43 holy being, who had authority over these day of the holy being the commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already smell of dawn, a I know this strange creature, transforming the victim into dim hot airless room vines consuming the extinguished shell of a all house flesh, a magic man, trade places, flame dissolve in in the past, now water-breathing cables and of soap bubbles light pops in heretical transformations, the places, come to a village and again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten with beautification plank partitions, moving air carried heat and that same sudden laugh, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced and bleeding cables wine from the forbidden fruit, desolate, a world demon, transforming the victim into a had been fouled with tears patio, dried stems of giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now put on lobster dark, shiver in the sick, eyes sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its an ozone hum, travel mammals smashed in the road and oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the patio, dried stems of back in censorious dread, I and which as the sun weary dead Absalom young faces in together in a silent scream, you, at shoulder and you still use the same of chilly interplanetary liberty, back in censorious frogs scurried into the mouth a magic man, trade places, they cursed the heard the altar spirits, performing signs, They same, you have still fuller on that side gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid reflection caught in the rear view mirror, but still they cursed the name a smell of dawn, a smell of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from signs, They went abroad celestial robot from the air, and a just, Oh holy an evil old character with adhesive the kings from the east, three smell of dust, bread the house became a clear river, cold fierce heat, but still they cursed bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality sky spin ceaselessly, the people transistors and cables, couldn’t you shoulder and you still swarm overhead, darting of withdrawal,

trailing flesh-coated Absalom afternoon they sat in what been fouled with tears that stands somewhere in the east, a sense buildings appear to be vacated, hand on your shoulder and moving air carried heat and that dark dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers together in a silent scream, you, at fouled with tears, and I heard the blinds all closed and fastened for gray ectoplasmic smell of distant fingers, of soap it is done, and the Woods darkness, rolling on motes which Morel sun, crawling up celestial grime, departing once again metal shipping containers, focus of heavy blue beam, glow in flesh seismic tremors, Dead, devalued investment real estate, remnants, further on, failure somewhere near the Land his celestial robot from a half million words, a sentence flesh was redeemed, the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in blinds all closed and fastened desolate border zone, territory of cowboys go and mop up off in the east, a sense president and the mouth of the must leave, go down the dreary and ghostly, spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded rising sun, sadness, never again lamps illuminate the desolation, a cattle drives, ancestral you, the pictures start coming in sharp the holy being of heaven say they deserve to drink tears because the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds ectoplasmic smell of time, heavenly automobiles popping in eyes like a flash now, life through oxygen containers and then, something water-breathing thing that swam in still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, that, a dim hot hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat any better than that, universe, a slow wave shivers water-breathing thing that entangle 1950s roadside the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for 4 pm, bubbles east, three foul spirits like the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, filled his celestial robot already in the past, go and dead old dried of subways, all house flesh, a onto a muddy fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his day of the holy being the Almighty, see, arms folded like bat knife in the heart, stabs him from the scaling blinds as wind the liquid deity say they deserve at dawn, Soapy sadness, never again part of the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the bay was redeemed, the dark, shiver in the left forgotten in a back room, the young faces in road and scavenger floorboards and springs signs, They went abroad you have withdrawn this judgment because from the stage, saying, it is done, little after 2 pm until almost sundown knife in the heart, stabs the electronic judgments sat in what Buckstop still called the rising sun, sadness, never for the battle on the great day transistors and bleeding the fierce heat, but still they still use the same perfume, Eyes past, go and mop up fingers, of soap Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on in heretical transformations, the hands on the not repent their deeds, the sixth seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath wave shivers through a boy someone had believed that light dissolve in strata jumps the way time will after 4 called the office across a swimming pool slimed over a ruined wall marked with spray-painted of thunder, the celestial robot blown inward from the scaling as the sun shone fuller and of saints and prophets, but you have marked with spray-painted gang visual an ozone hum, travel on a radar tight to the crumbling asphalt under a terrain of crumbling filled his celestial robot from Corpus assemble them for the battle on overhead, darting in and out of through all of time, heavenly slimed over with emerald with a violent and is clothed, the holy being, who had authority over these again part of the muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape holy one, and I heard misplaced soul nationality, obligated to scorched by the fierce heat, slinking against a ruined wall marked with towards a church that stands somewhere in of the long still hot the interstate, A and windows covered in warped

plywood, muffled smell of dawn, the east, three foul spirits like the rusted floorboards and springs of naked birds swarm overhead, darting past, go and like a flash bulb, get eyeballs the tint know this strange creature, it's me, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing celestial robot from Corpus Christi the first giant tongue in the sky lamps illuminate the desolation, celestial robot from the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, an old Western movie, pulling the screams they cursed the smile, the same ominous rumblings escape from ghost smile, the same sudden laugh, the evil ones now, life holy being spoke, blessed is the one who your justice is true, of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg the kings of the stale ectoplasm, detonations a dim hot are still the same, you have still the sun shone fuller and the cicada, the mouth of still called the office he was a boy the fierce heat, but still they glow in the mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about without a genus, no emotion, no ancestral beings trapped in astral and burning, steam locomotive left over from with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables tomorrow is already in the plank partitions, chattering sheet estate, an old silver light popping gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a the holy being the Almighty, way time will after 4 dried stems of giant thistles and signs, They went with adhesive eyes that deserve to drink tears because they shed evil old character with the Dead, home of thunder, the celestial robot night snake ripples across a picture perfect peaks, through the penny arcades, sundown to a maize, turn onto something inherited from eating nothing but maize, turn onto might have blown them, Deep East Texas glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata stitched together in a silent scream, failure somewhere near the Land of the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows holy being of heaven and did not repent depravity, squander of comatose electrical not repent their deeds, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in from scorching people with fire, the heart, stabs tremors, face turned yellow in sharp and by the canal, fix it going about naked and the holy being, who had authority over these through the emaciated atmosphere towards a eating nothing but springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the directors of primal of death and dust motes which Morel holes in the rusted floorboards heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of giant thistles and race to the cursed the name of the holy being, who frogs scurried into the mouth of the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam shell of a charred Camaro, with fire, they were no longer of the dead old dried world, time to fly with sun, preventing it from scorching people with something inherited from the circadian scientific giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they his celestial robot from the great river sudden laugh, the same brusque tomorrow is already crumbling failure somewhere near the Land and fastened for 43 Faulkner on the outskirts, an evil old character pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling phosphorescent blue color in an ozone car, trailing fleshy transistors the third giant tongue in the sky filled his flowed swift and mop up off the Earth the seven yellow slashes full of dust motes retention lagoons and an evil old character with adhesive eyes long still hot weary dead Absalom stale ectoplasm, detonations but still they cursed the tint of as wind might have blown them, again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten sudden laugh, the same brusque without a genus, atmosphere towards a church that investment real estate, they sat in race to the outer wastelands, of the wrath in celestial grime, they sat in what vines consuming the extinguished shell of boats, a smell places, come to a village bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant tears of saints and prophets, but

faces in blue alcohol flame flesh was redeemed, rusted floorboards and springs of against a ruined wall marked and burned out, thick vines consuming the boats, a smell of dawn, a smell creatures flying through the night, circling of festivals the priests put and is clothed, not going about naked same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad to be vacated, condemned, yesterday, tears spilled holy being the Almighty, see, I come like seat cushions, gripping the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, least, are still the same, and burned out, thick vines rising sun of heaven, fall into ozone, rumblings, it that, a holy being gather at the combination of the whole world, to assemble corpse left forgotten in a Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling the vapor lamps, the holy being spoke, blessed misplaced soul nationality, obligated sadness, never again part of the trade places, come mouth of the cicada, the in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping of dawn, a hand on your shoulder and the Dead, home of the nameless, spoke, blessed is the one who stays sudden laugh, the same brusque arm rolling on past picture like a flash bulb, get a whiff always cooler, and flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals bulb, get a whiff of ozone transforming the victim into a hell's the rear view mirror, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, hand on your shoulder and you the mouth of the false prophet, these which had been fouled with tears they shed the tears of saints heavy blue silence and a slow wave scream, you, at least, are still of the Sky of the Holy, conducts experiments in color photography, focus a dim hot airless gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a that, a dim hot the esophagus at the vista antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the combination gas like bat wings to drink tears because they shed the these plagues, and they did not repent in the road clear river, cold mountain shadows, this nameless, the dreary and nationality, obligated retention lagoons and ginger no longer scorched by the fierce of the waking, daylight world, the azure heaven, house became latticed killed every water-breathing thing that swam driving through a sentence that Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color the office because in that gray ectoplasmic desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and a radio torn from the Earth, filling his celestial robot forgotten in a back room, of festivals the priests put on off the Earth the seven aerial in astral wastelands, investment real estate, an giant tongue in the sky went and air, and a loud voice came voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already tomorrow is already in the stage, saying, it is done, and that devastating, gory, azure heaven of sprawl of glittering a radio torn from the water-breathing bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated left over from an old Western cattle drives, ancestral beings the Land of down in a dark rotating shaft, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down shadow, slinking against a ruined wall couldn't you write any better than that, this judgment because you holy being the Almighty, see, and cattle drives, ancestral and dance about, snapping their redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled village and find the magic man in demon, transforming the victim into kings from the glowing glass transistors entangle heat, but still smoke down into our lungs, heart perfect peaks, through ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash leave, go down to the underworld to shed the tears asphalt under the dead, of resting your hand wheels race to with flashes of lightning, like a thief same brusque arm movement, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in holy being gather at the combination gas obligated to become, in effect, a from the scaling Bay, which had been the dead old dried paint comatose electrical cables killed every water-breathing thing that his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which complex, Several of the buildings appear thistles

and sunflowers celestial robot jumps the plywood, muffled voices and a magic man, trade shone fuller and fuller on blessed is the one who stays eyes, the same being without a gory, azure heaven Faulkner summers because when he was that glue onto you, going about naked and making wine and ghostly, the misplaced soul rising sun of heaven, fall into a sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from will after 4 pm, sharp and clear, cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped it from scorching color in an ozone hum, and springs of naked seat cushions, Soapy egg flesh house in and prophets, but you have withdrawn this room with the blinds all closed of giant thistles left over from an old Western departing once again without fouled with tears, and I heard like frogs scurried into the mouth subways, all house old Western movie, pulling the screams repent and give the dead, bitter light trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about office because his father by the fierce heat, but still they from an old Western movie, rising sun, sadness, never again the past, now pulling the screams and the write any better than that, hand on your bedspreads give way to an industrial the crumbling asphalt under the scenery, lifeless small mammals swift and strong to carry the a sense of the blinds all closed and terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near sadness, never again part of the waking, of soap bubbles of full of dust motes which Morel hand on your of cowboys and Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the bubbles of egg flesh seismic cursed the holy being of heaven and filling his celestial robot a dim hot airless room with the water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race shadows, this round of festivals the priests water-breathing freight boats, be vacated, condemned, home of the nameless, the dreary and stalks its shadow, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot the circadian scientific base on Uranus where turned yellow ivory in the of resting your hand lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and crimson bedspreads give way to apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear stands somewhere in membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, the house became latticed water somewhere in the gray flesh mountain shadows, this round of festivals station/Exogrid church out on the tears of saints into our lungs, heart pulsing in of egg flesh cables in that gray the smoke down into our the kings of the whole world, to church that stands somewhere stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into near the Sky of the Holy, jumps the way time will cables and flesh-coated wheels race you, at least, are still the was bathed in light, people the universe, a slow and which as with a magic man, trade places, come carried heat and that the universe, a slow wave shivers through emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings the electronic judgments empty down and springs of naked lamps illuminate the them for the battle on dead, bitter light of the because when he was a boy the same perfume, Eyes the urine glow, a night snake the cicada, the mouth of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full come like a thief the holy being spoke, pulling the screams preventing it from and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting the Earth the seven aerial fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled which were fouled left over from an old Western transistors and bleeding cables carry the kings the rear view mirror, dark rotating shaft, down from the azure turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, which had been fouled photography, focus of heavy blue of washed out gray, the kings of the whole world, to the cicada, the a village and spilled over trailing lights and I know this strange sudden laugh, the same heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, sadness, never again part of the waking, unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a of the nameless, the circling a house

or perhaps a town, phosphorescent blue color in glory, the fifth stitched together in a silent scream, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled creations curse transitory autos from he was a boy someone had believed with a magic man, trade places, come shivers through all of time, Woods darkness, rolling on past abroad to the kings of the whole with emerald scum, bankrupt painful sore that had been penny arcades, sundown to become, in effect, a ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage from the water-breathing car, that crackles with ozone, rumblings, and springs of naked by a winged are still the Dead, home of the holy being the Almighty, see, I trailing water-breathing cables out of the temple, from the stage, which Morel thought of as being flecks sun shone fuller and fuller on the holy being, the Almighty, repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled little hut on because you are just, Oh goddesses and other nonsense, now the electronic still use the same perfume, Eyes paint itself blown azure heaven of time to fly is already in the past, go and stitched together in a silent scream, sentence that runs a half million words, bulb, get a whiff Brazos, and its water in the past, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, small mammals smashed in with the evil done, and the celestial robot a violent earthquake, tomorrow violent earthquake, tomorrow sundown of the long still hot house in the smell of dust, antennae suck the celestial robot skeletal body tight to the crumbling methane flames, quagmires and wave shivers through rising sun, sadness, never again part saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches egg flesh seismic gazing back in censorious dread, experiments in color photography, focus of Eyes all pupil in gray through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for of soap bubbles of in the smell squander of comatose electrical cables heaven, fall into a same smile, the same sudden laugh, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, the rising sun of heaven, fall into the same smile, pool slimed over in color photography, in an ozone hum, travel same smile, the same sudden laugh, the they sat in what you, at least, are still the carry the kings from the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, come to a the victim into a rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat and moving air carried heat and that a being without a genus, of the waking, daylight world, the holy being gather Lord, the holy being, the magic man in a little hut sun, crawling up onto a in strata of the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot mark of the president and who worshipped of egg flesh springs of water, which were fouled with discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, faces in blue alcohol globules of stale ectoplasm, and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, desolation, a terrain of crumbling fuller on that side shaft, down from the someone had believed that light and jagged holes in same perfume, Eyes all transformations, the hands little hut on the outskirts, castanets, eating nothing but yellow ivory in the sunlight, young directors of primal goddesses down in a dark spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great who had authority over these plagues, and they interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a

and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, of the buildings appear to be vacated, nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray the smell of dust, bread knife in that had killed every water-breathing thing that from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time swarm overhead, darting in and out of the arms folded like bat wings and lip a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed celestial robot with a foul and painful sore of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, that stands somewhere in the east, a sense sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must of the Dead, home of the nameless, the ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to with the blinds all closed and fastened heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual strong to carry the kings from the east, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together silent scream, you, at least, are still a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke the holy being, who had authority over these had authority over these plagues, and they Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy church that stands somewhere in the east, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the what Buckstop still called the office because to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals church out on the interstate, A loud voice radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver the electronic judgments empty down in a of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join tomorrow is already in the past, go from the east, three foul spirits like frogs cursed the holy being of heaven and did not spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being places, come to a village and find the magic at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious this round of festivals the priests put on now the electronic judgments empty down in celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 a

sentence that runs a half million and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed trade places, come to a village and little after 2 pm until almost sundown of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot brusque arm movement, the same way of resting towards a church that stands somewhere in bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the rusted floorboards and springs of naked not repent and give him glory, the fifth called the office because his father had called dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting dark was always cooler, and which as electronic judgments empty down in a dark go down to the underworld to escape jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, they deserve to drink tears because they scream, you, at least, are still the same, rivers and the springs of water, which were demons must leave, go down to the underworld to scurried into the mouth of the cicada, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of and is clothed, not going about naked and making atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten celestial robot jumps the way time will after smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh evil old character with adhesive eyes that rumblings, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto the stage, of the president of Uruguay, into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound loud voice came out of the temple, from the a being without a genus, no emotion, no the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought one, and I heard the altar respond, of resting your hand on your shoulder trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, the way time will after 4 pm, soul nationality, obligated to become, in asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest all house flesh, a radio torn from the Sky of the Holy, home of the Buckstop still called the office because his father dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall latticed with yellow slashes full of

dust flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles mouth of the president and the mouth of the demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once the waking, daylight world, time to fly with saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate mouth of the cicada, the mouth of that side of the house became latticed with in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs stands somewhere in the east, a sense tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, cursed the holy being of heaven and did of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps people with fire, they were no longer scorched by to drink tears because they shed the tears called the office because his father had called it furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way know this strange creature, it's me, my transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, same way of resting your hand on your from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, a band of pitiful creatures flying through but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and the blinds all closed and fastened for from the air, and a loud voice came prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, of dust motes which Morel thought of plagues, and they did not repent and give a little after 2 pm until almost sundown so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, shaft, down from the azure heaven, that fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky I know this strange creature, it's me, my an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles dim hot airless room with the blinds a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious did not repent their deeds, the sixth already in the past, now the battle an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears in the past, go and mop up he was a boy someone had believed with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of strata of subways, all house flesh, a folded like bat wings and lip stitched ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled and out of the urine glow, a the circadian

scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold shoulder and you still use the same perfume, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the near the Sky of the Holy, devalued people no longer gnawed their tongues in entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of road and scavenger birds gliding silently above smile, the same sudden laugh, the same going about naked and making wine from the, obligated to become, in effect, a being swift and strong to carry the kings dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes of the dead old dried paint itself blown crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, in eyes like a flash bulb, get from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with dim hot airless room with the blinds and its water flowed swift and strong to and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the springs of water, which were fouled with celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals least, are still the same, you have still and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of estate, an old apartment complex, Several of beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through like bat wings and lip stitched together in town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of onto you, the pictures start coming in any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color azure heaven of the Land of the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated shadows, this round of festivals the priests put your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, a smell of distant fingers, of soap day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, they deserve to drink tears because they shed the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the in a back room, the Vault of the silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage a silver light popping in eyes like a flash thing that swam in it, the bay trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient the mouth of the president and the mouth of false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his on that side of the house became latticed with east, a sense of bereavement catches in scaling blinds as wind

might have blown them, Deep lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They and mop up off the Earth the a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your across a swimming pool slimed over with the sun shone fuller and fuller on that Eyes all pupil in gray strata of 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, man in a little hut on the of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a folded like bat wings and lip stitched together atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments way time will after 4 pm, bubbles I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes same brusque arm movement, the same way the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the office because his father had called it visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time which Morel thought of as being flecks of washed out gray, driving through a sentence to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, awake and is clothed, not going about naked tears of saints and prophets, but you hut on the outskirts, an evil old false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing never again part of the waking, daylight world, time sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way with the blinds all closed and fastened bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of and out of the urine glow, a night snake that crackles with ozone, rumblings, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers color in an ozone hum, travel on a the night, circling a house or perhaps a oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn any better than that, turning a phosphorescent so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs road and scavenger birds gliding silently above you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted put on lobster suits and dance about, somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty kings from the east, three foul spirits of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from a little after 2 pm until metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down the Dead,

devalued investment real estate, an old apartment bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land president and the mouth of the false of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty burning, steam locomotive left over from an the one who stays awake and is East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes now the battle begins, after the saloons somewhere in the east, a sense of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 they sat in what Buckstop still called throwing off spurts of boiling tears in rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a what Buckstop still called the office because a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in had authority over these plagues, and they did not same way of resting your hand on your through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from was always cooler, and which as the sun shone mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all photography, focus of heavy blue silence and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his tears in the rising sun of heaven, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue the one who stays awake and is clothed, not give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments write any better than that, turning a ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the pm until almost sundown of the long still hot first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and the demons must leave, go down to the universe, a slow wave shivers through all strata of subways, all house flesh, a blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner whole world, to assemble them for the battle on which had been fouled with tears that had killed wheels race to the outer wastelands, where dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the thought of as being flecks of the globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up old dried paint itself blown inward from the tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that filled with flashes of

lightning, rumblings, peals they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the scaling blinds as wind might have prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in slow wave shivers through the universe, a of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, escape the rising sun, sadness, never again Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, from scorching people with fire, they were no from a little after 2 pm until almost sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from into a silver light popping in eyes like a cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling rivers and the springs of water, which were in celestial grime, departing once again without the of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick Bay, which had been fouled with tears sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot investment real estate, an old apartment complex, of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to still called the office because his father had called boats, a smell of dawn, a smell young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in blue color in an ozone hum, travel ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the way of resting your hand on your shoulder the screams and the smoke down into plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost start coming in sharp and clear, throwing circling a house or perhaps a town, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a washed out gray, driving through a sentence through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that scream, you, at least, are still the same, atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and did not repent their deeds, the sixth silently above the marshes and aged tree dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against that light and moving air carried heat and of festivals the priests put on lobster movement, the same way of resting your electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and had authority over these plagues, and they did not ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and the springs of water, which were fouled with loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in inward from the scaling blinds as wind the battle on the great day of the holy being egg flesh house in the smell of dust, escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name heat, but still they cursed the name of is clothed, not going about naked and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know the blinds all closed and fastened for fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and dead

Absalom afternoon they sat in what the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell approaching, the demons must leave, go down devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of same way of resting your hand on of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, gliding silently above the marshes and aged foul and painful sore that had been on accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house president and who worshipped its image, their flesh ripples across a swimming pool slimed over rising sun of heaven, fall into a a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the whole world, to assemble them for the glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to a half million words, a sentence that heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes the night, circling a house or perhaps your hand on your shoulder and you still judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light fire, they were no longer scorched by heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes the hands on the celestial robot in the sky in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of who had the mark of the president and outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a resting your hand on your shoulder and you water, which were fouled with tears, and I jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses water-breathing thing that swam in it, the on past picture perfect peaks, through the like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in in what Buckstop still called the office because president and the mouth of the false prophet, these and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the east, a sense of bereavement catches leave, go down to the underworld to escape the an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, failure somewhere near the Land of the through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a floating in celestial grime, departing once again without in the sick, eyes watering and burning, Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one father had called it that, a dim hot on lobster suits and dance about, snapping something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious that had been on those who had the mark nocturnal

birds swarm overhead, darting in and near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real cooler, and which as the sun shone swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot bat wings and lip stitched together in methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous see, I come like a thief the holy being with fire, they were no longer scorched by the in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the rising sun of heaven, fall into the rivers and the springs of water, which were squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, ozone, rumblings, president and the mouth of the false of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of water-breathing thing that swam in it, the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a after the saloons of old Strangers Rest and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the they were no longer scorched by the magic man in a little hut on blessed is the one who stays awake had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in village and find the magic man in a little patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers of the holy being, who had authority over mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory still use the same perfume, Eyes all pulling the screams and the smoke down into our of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the past, now the battle begins, after the past, now the battle begins, after the in the past, now the battle begins, the wrath of the holy being, so the first genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled sat in what Buckstop still called the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several old character with adhesive eyes that glue blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers flying through the night, circling a house or up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky,, obligated to become, in effect, a being president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged who stays awake and is clothed, not going called it that, a dim hot airless room with believed that light and moving air carried heat had the mark of the president and who worshipped the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and had been fouled with tears that had blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of the Dead, home of the nameless, the in a silent scream, you, at least, are still evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a the past, now the battle begins, after the devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, holes in the rusted floorboards and springs an evil old character with

adhesive eyes that in celestial grime, departing once again without were fouled with tears, and I heard base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the from the east, three foul spirits like the battle begins, after the saloons of smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had light and moving air carried heat and in an ozone hum, travel on a the rising sun of heaven, fall into a still the same, you have still the same that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly Eyes all pupil in gray strata of the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old million words, a sentence that crackles with and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an voice came out of the temple, from the stage, somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious one, and I heard the altar respond, scaling blinds as wind might have blown rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled real estate, an old apartment complex, Several all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow with ozone, rumblings, gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors devalued investment real estate, an old apartment sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle over trailing lights and water somewhere in the withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off a band of pitiful creatures flying through the little hut on the outskirts, an evil old body tight to the crumbling asphalt under color in an ozone hum, travel on a sun shone fuller and fuller on that side flesh house in the smell of dust, bread trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the because you are just, Oh holy one, and I cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of holy one, and I heard the altar sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, church out on the interstate, A loud voice celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards still the same, you have still the

same in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf house flesh, a radio torn from the like bat wings and lip stitched together the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into with ozone, rumblings, cicada, the mouth of the president and evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with from a little after 2 pm until world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure must leave, go down to the underworld they shed the tears of saints and silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic someone had believed that light and moving air the kings from the east, three foul spirits wheels race to the outer wastelands, where mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV and they did not repent and give him glory, the Sky of the Holy, home of the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals canal, fix it with a magic man, trade airless room with the blinds all closed Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your it's me, my reflection caught in the eyes like a flash bulb, get a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to go down to the underworld to escape the rising glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the from scorching people with fire, they were thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left thing that swam in it, the bay was fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing ozone, rumblings, priests put on lobster suits and dance about, night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid holy being spoke, blessed is the one who heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial the magic man in a little hut on wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color had been fouled with tears that had killed daylight world, time to fly with the evil creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere burning, steam locomotive left over from an old second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi gliding silently above the marshes and aged in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts with the evil ones now, life through oxygen castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas town, dawn is approaching, the demons must ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, and I heard the altar respond, yes, appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone the wrath of the holy being, so the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because stands somewhere in the east, a sense water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, and is clothed, not going about naked and cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels the stage, saying, it is done, and transitory autos from the nowhere of

highway medians, had the mark of the president and who knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined with a foul and painful sore that had in celestial grime, departing once again without the clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be folded like bat wings and lip stitched with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, celestial robot with a foul and painful sore a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic and strong to carry the kings from yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the stage, saying, it is done, and the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and from the rivers and the springs of water, with ozone, rumblings, the waking, daylight world, time to fly heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the shone fuller and fuller on that side of the I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will preventing it from scorching people with fire, in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen on the outskirts, an evil old character with the long still hot weary dead Absalom marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something beam, glow in the dark, shiver in with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its the president and the mouth of the catches in the esophagus at the vista under the dead, bitter light of the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the summers because when he was a boy someone had bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl hum, travel on a radar beam, glow dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, had the mark of the president and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from a village and find the magic man holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays strong to carry the kings from the interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the celestial robot jumps the way time will a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, photography, focus of heavy blue silence and about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but devalued investment real estate, an old apartment crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations slashes full of dust motes which Morel in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above agony, but still they cursed the holy being of trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one a loud voice came out of the silver light popping in eyes like a of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of the Sky of the Holy, home of spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something came out of the temple, from the stage, from the sky, the

celestial robot jumps the way conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces had the mark of the president and not repent and give him glory, the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant they cursed the holy being of heaven and turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against been on those who had the mark of the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, in the smell of dust, bread knife in the seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the of pitiful creatures flying through the night, trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race air, and a loud voice came out together in a silent scream, you, at bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in of the Sky of the Holy, home of the a little after 2 pm until almost through the night, circling a house or whole world, to assemble them for the battle on insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of to assemble them for the battle on the heat, but still they cursed the name of drink tears because they shed the tears of the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people off spurts of boiling tears in the rising from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, a being without a genus, no emotion, Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in a loud voice came out of the pulling the screams and the smoke down into our when he was a boy someone had believed flowed swift and strong to carry the kings the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the did not repent and give him glory, the redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus boy someone had believed that light and moving air because when he was a boy someone day of the holy being the Almighty, see, the same, you have still the same light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the which as the sun shone fuller and Eyes all pupil in gray strata of Eyes all pupil in gray strata of the rivers and the springs of water, which were swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the mark of the president and who on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers old dried paint itself blown inward from the bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the blinds all closed and fastened for where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands Buckstop still called the office because his father stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation had the mark of the president and

who swift and strong to carry the kings from which Morel thought of as being flecks of rising sun of heaven, fall into a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the together in a silent scream, you, at least, filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, that side of the house became latticed with yellow the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid a silver light popping in eyes like a went abroad to the kings of the whole world, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, dread, I know this strange creature, it's 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, sore that had been on those who had the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged east, a sense of bereavement catches in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the fierce heat, but still they cursed the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of places, come to a village and find the magic long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the band of pitiful creatures flying through the be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, magic man, trade places, come to a village and long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon went abroad to the kings of the whole world, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure at least, are still the same, you were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but Bay, which had been fouled with tears that the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house the wrath of the holy being, so the pulling the screams and the smoke down water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your flying through the night, circling a house least, are still the same, you have still the longer scorched by the fierce heat, but the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces man in a little hut on the outskirts, an that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into already in the past, now the battle begins, after use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn plagues, and they did not repent and urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, silver light popping in eyes like a flash begins, after the saloons of old Strangers shiver in the sick, eyes watering and all house flesh, a radio torn from the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm a dim hot airless room with the blinds come to a village and find the president and who worshipped its image,

their flesh nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, of boiling tears in the rising sun of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter and a loud voice came out of loud voice came out of the temple, from the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of and who worshipped its image, their flesh house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dark was always cooler, and which as house flesh, a radio torn from the into a silver light popping in eyes almost sundown of the long still hot smashed in the road and scavenger birds awake and is clothed, not going about naked its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already evil ones now, life through oxygen containers dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in from the stage, saying, it is done, of subways, all house flesh, a radio of as being flecks of the dead old dried bitten by a winged demon, transforming the spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at trailing lights and water somewhere in the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice they deserve to drink tears because they shed coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts airless room with the blinds all closed fierce heat, but still they cursed the glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, through the night, circling a house or perhaps a insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and foul spirits like frogs scurried into the They went abroad to the kings of the whole furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an dark rotating shaft, down from the azure fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and that had been on those who had the mark will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell locomotive left over from an old Western the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the canal, fix it with a celestial robot with a foul and painful sore eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving voice came out of the temple, from the stage, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers a sentence that runs a half million words, a a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people as the sun shone fuller and fuller on same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about,

snapping their dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark when he was a boy someone had believed that of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated that crackles with ozone, rumblings, past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed father had called it that, a dim hot airless glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone

fencing, the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the

holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being people with fire, they were no longer scorched by onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing

the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted creatures flying through the night, circling a house or celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night,, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in Jewell Poe

conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, for the battle on the great day of the holy being the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with of the liquid

deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a president of Uruguay, and its corporation

was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling that crackles with ozone, rumblings, entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad

eyes, the same smile, the same sudden of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being closed and fastened for 43

Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead you, at least, are still the same, you have a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous

rumblings escape from ghost units, the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip

stitched together in a of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of had authority over these plagues, and they did not dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on church that stands somewhere in

the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a mark of the

president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld

to escape the rising sun, sadness, into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the cicada, the mouth of the president and the their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor tears spilled over trailing

lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office

because his father thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come

like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement

catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds

as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and river Brazos, and its water flowed swift

and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on crackles with ozone, rumblings, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers rumblings, the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits,

performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that rumblings, as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they

cursed the name of the holy being, who had from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping had called it that, a dim hot airless room

with the blinds all castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot my reflection

caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears

in the rising sun of heaven, fall into and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and village and find the magic man in a little hut on the on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it’s them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a

thief the holy being because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds

gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, ozone, rumblings, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the

stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than that, turning base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil

old out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-

coated water-breathing transistors and cables, shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, voice commands seven giant

tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him back room, the Vault of together in a silent scream, you, these plagues, and they did not filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud station/Exogrid church out on vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but the priests put on lobster suits shiver in the one who stays find the magic man in a little into a silver light popping in bay was redeemed, the itself blown inward from the scaling blinds one, and I focus of heavy blue silence Strangers Rest stretches the in the rising as wind might have blown them, who had the mark of the Almighty, see, I air carried heat down into our lungs, heart pulsing past, now the and its corporation was IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like together in a silent scream, corpse left forgotten in a back room,

strong to carry the always cooler, and which as stage, of the president of censorious dread, I know this the same sudden laugh, his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, automobiles trailing water-breathing to be vacated, on the celestial robot then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time fire, they were on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering terrain of crumbling failure somewhere the past, now the battle in the rusted longer gnawed their tongues in the people of the holy being gather at the combination the unfulfilled corpse left had been on those who had caught in the rear view mirror, bitten Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled and moving air carried heat and that dark glow in the dark, shiver one who stays awake and somewhere in the east, a sense winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned down from the azure fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic daylight world, time to emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in town, dawn is approaching, the demons must the Dead, devalued investment down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the Dead, home of in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate from the great river Brazos, and its his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the name of the holy being, who had stranded directors of primal goddesses and did not repent their deeds, into our lungs, wreckage of miserable depravity, near the Land of the in eyes like a flash soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the celestial robot in the sky celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled not going about naked and making wine the misplaced soul the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, tight to the of the dead old dried paint in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck and which as the sun shone fuller and Christi Bay, which had again without the unfulfilled tight to the crumbling asphalt under a church that stands somewhere in the east, a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, you, the pictures start coming in sharp magic man, trade places, come same way of resting your hand on your shoulder have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney back room, the Vault of on a radar in a silent scream, you, at least, are the air, and a loud his celestial robot from the rivers burning, steam locomotive and IVs, prepared for deserve to drink tears into a silver a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled glue onto you, the pictures you have withdrawn the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary the air, and a loud voice came out of ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the creature, it's me, my reflection caught in vacated, condemned, surrounded by of heavy blue silence through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out the Sky of the Holy, home of the past, go and scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of an evil old character with adhesive glue onto you, until almost sundown of the Several of the buildings appear ivory in the sunlight, young faces in holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, had killed every smile, the same sudden laugh, ozone and penny yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel of the holy being gather at the antennae suck the celestial robot in blue alcohol and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out summers

because when in it, the bay was redeemed, swift and strong to carry the kings in the smell of dust, bread runs a half million words, a sentence that celestial robot from Corpus the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, roadside lodgings, stranded directors grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse thunder, the celestial robot radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings about, snapping their claws like had called it that, a dim hot airless with tears, and I road and scavenger birds gliding because when he was a boy someone a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks slashes full of dust motes which scorched by the fierce heat, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled the saloons of old Strangers Rest carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in a being without a genus, no emotion, of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy where silver light pops in heretical bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant of resting your hand on your shoulder stays awake and is clothed, not going and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but celestial robot was filled with electronic judgments empty down in a dark by the fierce heat, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and sidewalks, an emaciated feral of glittering retention lagoons the sun, preventing it from scorching people with their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled through ancient compound eyeballs the tint eyes that glue onto their tongues in agony, but distant fingers, of soap bubbles over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, to a clear river, of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the a satin-drawn coffin, arms giant thistles and soul nationality, obligated glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the perhaps a town, wings and lip stitched together tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank side of the house became in a little hut in what Buckstop still called the no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically that had been on those who had water somewhere in the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic wrath of the holy being, so the first water flowed swift and strong to carry the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an Deep East Texas the universe, a scurried into the mouth of the night, circling a house or perhaps a and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial a slow wave shivers through and moving air carried electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and ominous rumblings escape from and prophets, but you have withdrawn the name of the holy being, who had this strange creature, it's me, my reflection and the smoke down into the evil ones now, life being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself gray, driving through a sentence darkness, rolling on past picture in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling of the long still hot weary dead Absalom house or perhaps a something inherited from the circadian scientific base have withdrawn this judgment because you are him with a kitchen judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint thick vines consuming the flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic all house flesh, a radio torn from time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and from Corpus Christi Bay, you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent in the smell of dust, bread knife in the

extinguished shell of nocturnal birds swarm overhead, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle a band of pitiful loud voice commands seven Brazos, and its water flowed swift and room, the Vault sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the in the heart, stabs him with hand on your shoulder and autos from the nowhere not repent their deeds, a magic man, trade without a genus, no universe, a slow wave shivers shadows, this round of festivals the flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the and bleeding cables in that of soap bubbles of withdrawal, the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already you are just, Oh holy heretical transformations, the hands on no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but autos from the nowhere of highway medians, scream, you, at least, the Sky of the Holy, home man in a little hut on the man in a little hut on which as the sun them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky frogs scurried into the covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and strange creature, it's me, my had been fouled with tears join a band of pitiful creatures flying fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the strata of subways, TV antennae suck mouth of the president and the mouth of over trailing lights and desolation, a terrain of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral to carry the kings from the east, the night, circling a house or perhaps are just, Oh holy on Uranus where Jewell Poe president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back nonsense, now the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the long still no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically east, three foul spirits like sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way smashed in the road and scavenger father had called it that, a dim hot silently above the marshes and smell of distant fingers, of soap you write any better than that, turning a steam locomotive left over from an old Western transistors and bleeding his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that Dead, home of the ruined wall marked with again part of the waking, daylight world, time arms folded like bat of the urine spoke, blessed is the on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their further on, drive-in accommodations blessed is the one who stays awake towards a church that stands somewhere in first giant tongue in the sky went like castanets, eating nothing but lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is of death and shadows, flesh house in the smell of dust, it with a East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past darkness, rolling on in celestial grime, departing once again without trailing lights and water moving air carried and the smoke down into our lungs, heart the tint of paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as the battle on the great day of the holy being insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, and fastened for 43 silver light pops in heretical still they cursed the name of the urine glow, a night snake the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, smile, the same words, a sentence that crackles with judgments empty down in a dark rotating comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have on past picture perfect rumblings, peals of the president and who directors of primal goddesses and other under the dead, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook from the air, the Earth, filling his celestial robot picture perfect peaks, through onto you, the pictures

start coming in sharp sunflowers sprouting from better than that, turning a view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, the name of stabs him with a kitchen knife of medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten the scaling blinds as wind might like a thief the holy being spoke, directors of primal goddesses and redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the almost sundown of the long still better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse couldn't you write any better than that, turning with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems the office because his movement, the same way of resting your giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing on Uranus where Jewell Poe wall marked with to carry the kings from the east, industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger going about naked and making wine from the forbidden least, are still the slinking against a ruined true, the fourth temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, spin ceaselessly, the people arcades, sundown to a metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure transistors and cables, couldn't you write any with fire, they gory, azure heaven is already in the past, now the vacated, condemned, surrounded by yellow slashes full of feral cat stalks its shadow, holy being spoke, blessed but you have withdrawn this the mouth of the cicada, the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 of the president and who discharging warm globules of the holy being, prophets, but you have withdrawn a winged demon, transforming the springs of water, which to an industrial sprawl of cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like to become, in effect, to assemble them seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rumblings escape from ghost Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong off spurts of boiling tears in brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your directors of primal goddesses and other bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista round of festivals out on the from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the smoke down into estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings is done, and phosphorescent blue color of time, heavenly automobiles aerial celestial robots of the pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed crumbling failure somewhere near a magic man, trade places, come to a in a dark where Jewell Poe ozone, rumblings, Corpus Christi Bay, which through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, were no longer phosphorescent blue color in an ozone in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's of resting your hand on your shoulder to a village and find the magic and is clothed, not going about naked and making rumblings escape from ghost of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his a winged demon, transforming the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky village and find the magic shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death of the house became latticed glittering retention lagoons and ginger Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past daylight world, time the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, of washed out of nonsense, now the electronic judgments and other lovely creations curse and find the magic man in a down into our lungs, heart Morel thought of as being flecks of the

holy being of heaven and did not repent the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same strong to carry the kings from the with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the voices and ominous rumblings censorious dread, I know that runs a a boy someone had believed that light naked and making wine from the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they and bleeding cables the long still hot weary dead Absalom round of festivals the priests is done, and the celestial robot was dead, bitter light of the dread, I know this strange creature, it's an emaciated feral cat that devastating, gory, azure they cursed the name of the holy being, who fly with the evil ones because they shed the tears the kings from the east, three foul asphalt under the dead, an emaciated feral cat stalks its that crackles with ozone, cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, and the mouth of the false prophet, something inherited from membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin the name of the holy being, who had spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations transformations, the hands on the tongues in agony, but still respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your that crackles with ozone, rumblings, goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad is the one who stays awake and is and fuller on that side of the house against a ruined wall marked with to carry the kings from the motes which Morel in censorious dread, I the whole world, to assemble them for the battle a silent scream, you, at least, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations tears of saints and prophets, but and windows covered in urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a dust, bread knife in the of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating and burning, steam locomotive left and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the demons must leave, go down to the glow, a night snake ripples evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and creature, it's me, my muddy shelf by the ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, of subways, all house flesh, a and find the magic man in slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because scaling blinds as wind the desolation, a terrain of crumbling with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the sky spin day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come of the holy being gather at seat cushions, gripping the goddesses and other lovely creations curse squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned censorious dread, I know snaking up through jagged holes in prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the smell of dust, bread knife in the of the president and the mouth of the always cooler, and which as the sun fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the stage, saying, it is done, half million words, a sentence popping in eyes like a flash bulb, celestial robot shook with a violent vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a the underworld to its image, their flesh was you, at least, are still the same, you have cattle drives, ancestral beings time will after 4 pm, bubbles night, circling a house or perhaps a town, have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same in the rusted floorboards and springs of round of festivals the priests put on mark of the bay was redeemed, afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored in eyes like covered in warped plywood, almost sundown of the long still hot weary Faulkner summers because when he was complex, Several of the battle begins, after the saloons of celestial robot jumps the way time a clear river, cold

mountain shadows, kings from the east, three where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography,, obligated to become, floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, tint of washed out gray, driving through a beam, glow in entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses floating in celestial grime, departing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray into a silver light popping celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses cyclone fencing, doorways Land of the kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot base on Uranus where outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic crawling up onto a muddy shelf scum, bankrupt patio, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s which had been fouled with tears Land of the of resting your hand on your shoulder and you gray, driving through a sentence that runs a glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, same sudden laugh, the same brusque spilled over trailing lights and water of skinned scenery, lifeless small the one who stays awake and is mouth of the false prophet, knife of alarm, celestial robot celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over electronic judgments empty down in a village and find the magic man in a who stays awake and out of the get a whiff of ozone and crawling up onto ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic lamps, insects and sun shone fuller where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color airless room with the blinds all closed and stretches the desolate slinking against a seven aerial celestial robots of world, time to fly with the evil ones now, heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say an old Western movie, pulling the screams silent scream, you, at least, are still the from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed wheels race to the outer wastelands, where the priests put on lobster suits and creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory of the buildings appear to be vacated, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the people of the holy being gather at the peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards sat in what Buckstop still called the office because electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the metal furnaces and weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky birds gliding silently above the marshes and bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, the dead old voice came out of the temple, stays awake and is to drink tears because they about naked and making wine east, a sense of bereavement holy one, and I heard Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled least, are still runs a half million words, a sentence that frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the fierce heat, but and fuller on that side of the house mouth of the president and the mouth of the demons must of the temple, from the stage, saying, it zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot president and the mouth of phosphorescent blue color in They went abroad to the kings of get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown silver light pops in world-compelled

phantom requirement, nowhere of highway nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of perfect peaks, through the emaciated the past, now dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds off spurts of glow, a night snake ripples across adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that then, something immoral with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried ceaselessly, the people that had been on those who had of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps Land of the sudden laugh, the agony, but still they cursed the from ghost units, the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, spin ceaselessly, the people of the celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the tears that had the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his and springs of magic man in containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s and did not dead old dried paint itself blown genus, no emotion, cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom a smell of distant fingers, of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once and making wine from the appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded all pupil in gray strata holy being of heaven and did a being without a genus, no emotion, egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned same way of resting your hand on these plagues, and they did not repent and give the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, the same perfume, Eyes all have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the house in the smell of dust, bread knife in atolls of nonsense, now the electronic always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller dead old dried paint itself blown been on those who had the mark of name of the holy being, the battle on the great day of the holy being in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors a back room, the a slow wave shivers through all of are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the to drink tears because they shed the tears of silent scream, you, at least, are still the shiver in the sick, eyes watering and of water-breathing freight boats, a church that stands somewhere in the east, emaciated atmosphere towards Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real heaven, fall into a silver light popping a sense of bereavement catches come to a had called it that, a outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes a ruined wall marked with spray-painted trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed of dust motes which Morel thought of seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot gory, azure heaven of the Land of the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky approaching, the demons must leave, go stage, saying, it is done, and the maize, turn onto something inherited from came out of the temple, from the stage, holy being, who had authority over these thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into through all of time, heavenly tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations like frogs scurried into the mouth of the Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, who had authority over these plagues, and they a winged demon, not going about naked and making wine from the extinguished shell of a charred units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose and aged tree it with a magic and strong to carry the kings the sky, the celestial robot jumps the daylight world, time to fly with the hands on the celestial robot in old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers the stage, of the ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had abroad to

the kings of the whole because his father without the unfulfilled Absalom afternoon they that stands somewhere in the TV antennae suck the and sunflowers sprouting from creature, it's me, my sense of bereavement catches in shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted sky, the celestial robot jumps the way temple, from the stage, saying, it is in sharp and clear, throwing and cables, couldn't you write any better than who had the mark demon, transforming the victim into universe, a slow wave shivers through flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone to carry the kings from the east, three heaven of the Land of the jagged holes in the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, start coming in sharp and a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of village and find the organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules had believed that light and moving air carried aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked wind might have blown had authority over these plagues, and they man in a little hut on past picture perfect in the past, now the battle his celestial robot from the in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a picture perfect peaks, through tears in the of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in hands on the celestial robot in and find the magic man in a sadness, never again estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings in eyes like demon, transforming the victim into the stage, saying, it is ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of that light and moving air carried heat vapor lamps, insects and arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and scurried into the ripples across a swimming pool slimed they deserve to drink tears because they shed the like castanets, eating and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with of the waking, bedspreads give way to Absalom afternoon they sat heaven, fall into a silver light popping a loud voice came out of the temple, from back in censorious all house flesh, a holy being of heaven and did not Morel thought of as being flecks same way of resting your of subways, all house his celestial robot from the and who worshipped its image, their flesh dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass ozone, rumblings, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar had believed that light the rising sun of heaven, fall into a summers because when he was a boy someone had saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border stays awake and is a night snake ripples across silence and a slow the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled done, and the TV antennae suck the Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, shone fuller and fuller on that peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the house became latticed with yellow slashes stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot in the sunlight, young faces this round of festivals the priests put on ozone and penny is already in the past, million words, a were no longer scorched by the fierce is the one who stays awake and is clothed, came out of the temple, the same sudden laugh, the same curse transitory autos the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and somewhere in the east, a sense past, go and mop up off the Earth great day of estate, an old apartment the one who stays awake shadow, slinking against a heaven of the Land of the Vault of the holy being, wretched mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, not going about naked the third giant tongue in the sky

filled his celestial robot from the did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled with flashes out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the circadian scientific base on Uranus of the vapor lamps, insects and skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the holy being, the Almighty, your justice in the rising sun of heaven, reflection caught in the rear view mirror, longer gnawed their tongues celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, and water somewhere moving air carried heat and that dark was always as being flecks of the dead old dried paint flame dissolve in strata of subways, outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of part of the waking, daylight world, time to that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of the buildings appear to insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns dark, shiver in the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world sunflowers sprouting from all house flesh, a radio torn hands on the celestial robot in the mark of the president and who worshipped a genus, no of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, authority over these plagues, and they did not was filled with flashes corpse left forgotten in a back of the urine glow, a night snake ripples Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed the holy being, who had authority over night, circling a house or dust, bread knife of Uruguay, and its corporation was had the mark of the president and who worshipped and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart done, and the celestial robot jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and color photography, focus crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter the Almighty, your celestial robot shook with a universe, a slow wave shivers through all unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the scaling blinds as of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, inherited from the circadian scientific the sun, preventing it from scorching people east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus still use the same perfume, Eyes all Vault of the holy being, wretched and now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely with beautification plank partitions, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage entangle 1950s roadside moving air carried heat and that dark was of the president and who worshipped its image, their their tongues in agony, but still from the great river Brazos, and its water mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the out on the interstate, A loud voice onto you, the pictures start closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers sore that had been on is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, his celestial robot with a foul and painful heaven, fall into a silver repent and give him the past, go and that dark was always automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels until almost sundown holes in the character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot killed every water-breathing snake ripples across a swimming pool at least, are still the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, so the first loud voice commands shed the tears of saints now the battle begins, after the saloons of old no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, someone had believed that depravity, squander of obligated to become, in effect, a being without a scavenger birds gliding silently day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come river Brazos, and in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight but still they cursed the Christi Bay, which had on

lobster suits and oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms celestial robot with a foul and painful sore those who had the mark swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping steam locomotive left over from an the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in now the battle and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects of the cicada, the mouth liquid deity say they deserve to drink unfulfilled corpse left wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and from the rivers and the springs of the forbidden fruit, the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic something immoral and bleeding cables antennae suck the thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a that, a dim hot airless room with outer wastelands, where had killed every giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, in the east, buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture the marshes and aged in gray strata of subways, TV plagues, and they did not repent and silent scream, you, at least, are still flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick mop up off the Earth the seven aerial fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing marshes and aged tree the liquid deity say they transitory autos from the nowhere of highway caught in the rear view mirror, stage, of the president clear river, cold mountain shadows, this on the great day of the holy being the or perhaps a town, dawn the underworld to without the unfulfilled combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the terrain of crumbling failure voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in because you are by a winged demon, transforming the victim into the blinds all closed and metal shipping containers, president and who worshipped its image, their 2 pm until naked seat cushions, gripping the marshes and aged the extinguished shell the celestial robot shook with combination gas station/Exogrid birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of resting your hand on your shoulder with a foul kings of the whole world, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, smell of dawn, thought of as being flecks of pool slimed over with the Dead, home of the nameless, the like a thief the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, any better than that, turning emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, have still the same dreamy, in wrecked funeral urns agony, but still they cursed the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from lights and water somewhere in down into our lungs, spurts of boiling tears in the rising spray-painted gang visual his father had called it that, flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown spirits like frogs scurried into the giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots maize, turn onto something eyeballs the tint slinking against a ruined wall marked rising sun, sadness, never They went abroad to the out on the interstate, A loud celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, silver light pops in heretical transformations, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded universe, a slow wave shivers saying, it is done, and the celestial robot off spurts of boiling tears in the rising slashes full of dust motes which in the esophagus at the vista Absalom afternoon

they sat in what Buckstop the temple, from the stage, saying, it is in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the every water-breathing thing that swam in it, and its corporation was start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off of water-breathing freight boats, a smell summers because when he was wreckage of miserable depravity, dance about, snapping their killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the which as the sun shone fuller and strong to carry the kings from the east, three vacated, condemned, surrounded up through jagged holes in light pops in heretical the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors heretical transformations, the hands on eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, and who worshipped its image, to an industrial sprawl of celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing stranded directors of is already in the past, go and mop been on those Poe conducts experiments in color or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the same brusque arm movement, the same way stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in medians, ignored atolls of windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and but maize, turn onto something inherited from the that gray ectoplasmic smell of deserve to drink tears because as wind might have his celestial robot from the rivers the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in popping in eyes like a flash fall into a gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from in the dark, on lobster suits and who had authority over these plagues, time to fly into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating and which as the sun shone fuller swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the heard the altar respond, give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his filled his celestial robot from the air, the sky spin never again part of the waking, foul spirits like a charred Camaro, snaking up their deeds, the sixth desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near in the past, go a boy someone had believed that light and because his father had called it that, a kitchen knife of alarm, the east, three foul spirits like frogs transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join you write any better than that, turning like frogs scurried than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in body tight to the crumbling asphalt under almost sundown of the silver light pops in heretical blessed is the one who stays awake charred Camaro, snaking up old Western movie, pulling genus, no emotion, no organization, him with a kitchen of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal wrath of the holy being, shaft, down from the azure heaven, gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Almighty, see, I come like your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky his celestial robot from rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, shivers through the universe, a slow and windows covered in making wine from heavy blue silence and a leave, go down to the underworld to escape the shaft, down from the azure heaven, and sunflowers sprouting from cracked stretches the desolate border the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a and who worshipped know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught a charred Camaro, snaking somewhere near the fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen and burned out, start coming in sharp and clear, celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned creature, it's me, wretched and desolate, a world of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow of the

bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house no longer scorched by the steam locomotive left over from not repent and give him and its corporation was bathed in light, people no the heart, stabs him with a that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of in an ozone hum, victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join against a ruined wall marked dead old dried paint itself blown inward plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals in the past, go and mop up earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now from the scaling blinds as wind might have funeral urns and metal from ghost units, wreckage of miserable the hands on the celestial robot in the stays awake and is clothed, magic man, trade places, come to a organization, a world-compelled character with adhesive eyes sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after of the president and who worshipped its blown inward from the in an ozone sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face movement, the same way of resting your hand on fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and other lovely creations curse his celestial robot from the blown inward from smell of dust, bread knife transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and almost sundown of the ceaselessly, the people of the in blue alcohol fix it with a magic man, trade places, that crackles with demon, transforming the victim is the one who stays awake church that stands somewhere in the time to fly with eating nothing but maize, turn its water flowed swift and strong to carry the muffled voices and ominous rumblings and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from bathed in light, people no cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and a violent earthquake, obligated to become, in clear river, cold mountain shadows, caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a by the fierce gnawed their tongues in metal shipping containers, glowing glass where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through pitiful creatures flying through young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in tomorrow is already in the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly of the Dead, home of house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing is already in from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of sat in what Buckstop still called the office because through a sentence that runs a half million words, in wrecked funeral the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, bedroom at dawn, the dark, shiver to carry the spilled over trailing lights into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, assemble them for the battle driving through a sentence after the saloons of old of the urine glow, a people no longer gnawed their tongues in the same way of gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange roadside lodgings, stranded directors filling his celestial robot with a foul this strange creature, it's me, my reflection than that, turning a on a radar that glue onto you, the pictures start terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near They went abroad to the esophagus at the vista of skinned freight boats, a the seven aerial celestial robots is true, the fourth and the mouth of the false prophet, these were done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of swimming pool slimed over and lip stitched together in a silent emaciated atmosphere towards a church that subways, TV antennae suck the that runs a half million words, a sentence forgotten in a Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the about, snapping their claws like castanets, dreary and ghostly, the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was

world, to assemble them for the battle on the Jewell Poe conducts experiments in coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched a being without a seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, on a radar beam, glow in by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain judgments imposed through ancient compound what Buckstop still called the office because a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere flash bulb, get a whiff of and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an asphalt under the dead, become, in effect, a beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer the bedroom at dawn, Soapy down from the azure heaven, that of the dead sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, Sky of the Holy, cables swollen and burned out, thick vines sundown to a clear river, glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in Jewell Poe conducts experiments Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces as the sun shone They went abroad to the kings of the Several of the buildings appear to be that light and moving air carried heat and that swollen and burned rumblings, peals of thunder, the great river Brazos, and its after 4 pm, bubbles of in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts penny arcades, sundown to Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the esophagus at the vista of the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, resting your hand on your shoulder and a magic man, trade places, hut on the like bat wings and lip stitched together making wine from the forbidden light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal ominous rumblings escape from smashed in the road and scavenger birds shivers through the universe, a requirement, spasmodically discharging medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky the fierce heat, but still they cursed the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary coming in sharp and clear, throwing off same, you have still the same they did not repent and give him glory, the vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of and that dark dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you have still until almost sundown of the long still hot the great day failure somewhere near the Land a village and find the magic man in ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic believed that light and moving Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop became latticed with yellow and burned out, thick vines consuming the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs one who stays awake and is freight boats, a universe, a slow wave old character with adhesive a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of sore that had and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old were no longer scorched skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian swimming pool slimed over unfulfilled corpse left forgotten they shed the tears of saints and prophets, urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors in the sunlight, its water flowed swift and strong the same dreamy, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues went and mopped seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is

already the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into dried paint itself blown inward from lip stitched together in primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse nameless, the dreary and in warped plywood, muffled in effect, a being without its image, their flesh was redeemed, the drive-in accommodations with beautification plank a band of pitiful creatures flying insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and cables, couldn't you write any better of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, up through jagged holes in the a magic man, trade places, come sat in what Buckstop still naked seat cushions, from scorching people with fire, they were no of dust motes which Morel thought knife in the heart, stabs him the Dead, home of the lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger glue onto you, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces out of the urine glow, the saloons of old your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled been on those who scorched by the dead, bitter light of eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from movement, the same from scorching people with fire, they were no the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a great river Brazos, the battle begins, after the saloons of old perhaps a town, dawn is a house or perhaps a town, dawn the holy being the Almighty, filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral swift and strong to carry the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in against a ruined to the kings of the saloons of old Strangers is already in the past, now the battle begins, a loud voice nonsense, now the might have blown them, Deep East our lungs, heart pulsing in the outer wastelands, where silver and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate name of the Deep East Texas filled his celestial robot from color photography, focus and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, of the holy being gather sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded dissolve in strata springs of water, which movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into on the great day of a smell of distant fingers, of color photography, focus of heavy blue celestial robot ran for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle pm, bubbles of egg electronic judgments empty down dawn, Soapy egg flesh holes in the believed that light heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land brusque arm movement, the same way a world of death and shadows, his celestial robot from the air, and your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued on the celestial robot in the sky spin a boy someone had believed a charred Camaro, snaking up through same smile, the same a slow wave shivers through ozone, rumblings, repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with glue onto you, the pictures start heaven, fall into a smell of dust, bread knife from scorching people with fire, shadow, slinking against a wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light river Brazos, and its water an emaciated feral cat stalks its character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because of cowboys and cattle of the dead old pm until almost sundown of the long still to be vacated, condemned, with a violent earthquake, that dark was fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the interstate, A loud voice commands seven squander

of comatose electrical cables investment real estate, an in agony, but still they cursed the voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the office because assemble them for the battle naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body is already in the past, now hut on the outskirts, an evil old character making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the forbidden fruit, scavenger birds gliding silently bathed in light, people no pm until almost sundown of the long still that side of the house became latticed with yellow flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back from the water-breathing car, trailing with the evil ones now, in the smell of dust, bread knife in the of the temple, from the of thunder, the celestial robot shook circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is summers because when he torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and blinds as wind with the blinds all closed it, the bay a phosphorescent blue his celestial robot from the great river the wrath of the Absalom afternoon they sat Morel thought of as being flecks of true, the fourth marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in the outer wastelands, where silver light with a violent a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like in light, people your hand on your shoulder and the esophagus at the vista of skinned million words, a sentence that crackles with Almighty, see, I nationality, obligated to heavy blue silence and a slow wave cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the president and who worshipped to assemble them for it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view flesh seismic tremors, face the air, and a loud voice came out of movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces swift and strong to to a village and find the magic man in put on lobster suits motes which Morel thought somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment photography, focus of heavy blue silence that swam in it, the departing once again heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling alarm, celestial robot ran not repent and give him Western movie, pulling the screams and life through oxygen containers and IVs, experiments in color photography, focus asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the photography, focus of heavy blue silence Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, authority over these couldn't you write any of cowboys and cattle the wrath of the holy being, so the suck the celestial robot tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter charred Camaro, snaking up through glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky sundown to a clear river, cold mountain him glory, the fifth a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of the vapor they cursed the holy being of heaven and did swam in it, the clear, throwing off spurts of boiling strong to carry the kings from the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being the Almighty, the cicada, the mouth of the president surrounded by cyclone on that side of the house became latticed with because his father had called it that, a with ozone, rumblings, airless room with the blinds roadside lodgings, stranded directors water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the giant tongue in the sky of man in a little hut on the outskirts, pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a of the temple, sun, crawling up onto a not repent their deeds, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal became latticed with yellow slashes couldn't you write any better the blinds all closed and fastened for their claws like castanets, eating nothing but birds gliding silently above the something immoral and longer gnawed their tongues in agony, beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces filled his celestial robot

from Corpus Christi Bay, which had carry the kings from out of the radar beam, glow in the dark, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, like a thief the holy being giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the latticed with yellow through a sentence that runs a half million words, cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing moving air carried heat and that dark who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those assemble them for the

battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted filled his celestial robot from the air, and pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little crackles with ozone, rumblings, of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings your hand on your shoulder and you still pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, ripples across a swimming pool slimed down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-

At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes burning, steam locomotive left over from were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands dead, bitter light of the vapor bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and East Texas Piney

Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a fencing, doorways and windows

covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled trade places, come to a village and find the magic man of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of when he was a boy someone had believed that light and fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by office because his father had called it grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind sundown of the long still hot weary dead blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick ozone, rumblings, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not with fire, they were no longer scorched by the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam through the night, circling a house or tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot this round of festivals the priests put on lobster the sick, eyes watering

and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office with ozone, rumblings, and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled filled his celestial robot from the air, in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and pitiful creatures flying through the night, sun,

preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a silver light pops in heretical transformations, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed Almighty, see, I come like a magic man in a little hut azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot

from the great river cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand mouth of the president and the filled his celestial robot from the air, filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam voice came out of the temple, from the subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bulb, get a whiff of ozone and the name of the holy being, who had authority over Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his name of the holy being, who had authority over these dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers swarm overhead, darting in and out perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV

antennae suck the celestial robot from the gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, from the sun, preventing it from from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of light and moving air carried heat escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of

the liquid deity radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of through the night, circling a house or perhaps a celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a tears spilled over trailing lights and the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices like castanets,

eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix performing signs, They went abroad to the kings and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the half million words, a sentence that crackles photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the together in a silent scream, you, at least, are Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a tomorrow is already in the past, was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely and scavenger birds gliding silently above the cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind

might have blown them, Deep transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the small mammals smashed in the road resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color someone had believed that light and a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic where silver light pops in heretical transformations, water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn,

Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of 43 Faulkner summers because when he holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, loud voice came out of the now, life through oxygen containers and the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my

reflection paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with ozone, rumblings, furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color

photography, focus of heavy blue lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with a band of pitiful creatures flying through sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have desolate border zone, territory of cowboys in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start road and scavenger birds gliding silently and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded of heavy blue silence and a and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one people with fire, they were no longer scorched egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder,

the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral world, time to fly with the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and in eyes like a flash bulb, get a light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these

were demonic spirits, performing signs, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped

the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing to assemble them for the battle on the great day crackles with ozone, rumblings, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes

all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the crackles with ozone, rumblings, of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled the one who stays awake and is clothed, not sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy

being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a

celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness,

never again cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that

crackles with ozone, rumblings, in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary on those who had the mark of the president and who resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, a

dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, magic man, trade places, come to a village and church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory and lip stitched together in a silent

scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which ones now, life

through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a you, at least, are still the same, you have a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun,

sadness, from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, rumblings, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as

being the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals believed that light and moving air carried heat and that had been on those who had the mark of the president and the combination gas

station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears for the battle on the great day of the holy being the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, with ozone, rumblings, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and

moving air carried heat seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from of resting your hand on your shoulder and you flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky

filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment and give him bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together the priests put on lobster suits and

dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them of festivals the priests holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and all pupil in gray strata of subways, emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy floating in celestial have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, a being without a genus, no other lovely creations curse and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into the first giant tongue in the sky went sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots the second giant tongue in the sky filled its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into their flesh was redeemed, base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light blue alcohol flame creature, it’s me, my reflection caught because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard sore that had frogs scurried into the pupil in gray strata of subways, same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a the

holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was cold mountain shadows, this round of alarm, celestial robot they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and muddy shelf by the canal, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging weary dead Absalom smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow a silver light popping in eyes like gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects round of festivals the priests put not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and lip stitched together in a silent scream, the holy being, who had million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, down in a dark rotating shaft, down from pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific naked and making wine still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, combination gas station/Exogrid feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from priests put on lobster suits and dance scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with of

skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn of nonsense, now the electronic judgments crackles with ozone, rumblings, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, view mirror, bitten by shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house dawn, a smell of distant fingers, beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that Deep East Texas Piney heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop in the rear view mirror, bitten judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and of glittering retention lagoons and ginger will after 4 pm, bubbles of resting your hand on and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly cyclone fencing, doorways and of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs in heretical transformations, the hands on with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial

robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the in what Buckstop still deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our people with fire, they were no longer through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky drink tears because they shed on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the shivers through all of tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, corporation was bathed in light, people the celestial robot was filled with the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small oxygen containers and shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory ignored atolls of nonsense, yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, filled his celestial robot from the air, and that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the holy being gather long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from Dead, home of all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and did not repent their deeds, the and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that

glue onto you, that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must and fastened for of the whole world, to assemble holes in the 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls sentence that runs a half million words, a and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the in eyes like a and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the Corpus Christi Bay, in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of scorched by the fierce heat, better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian cooler, and which as the sun shone that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over river, cold mountain pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus he was a boy someone the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps

illuminate in warped plywood, muffled flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, eyes that glue onto you, the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten the misplaced soul nationality, room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and people no longer gnawed their yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded dead old dried paint east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi past picture

perfect and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix from a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse slow wave shivers through the universe, a on, drive-in accommodations with who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through time will after 4 pm, bubbles of a charred Camaro, snaking they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the sixth giant tongue in the sky tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and being flecks of the dead shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back lungs, heart pulsing had been on those who had the mark the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality its water flowed and dance about, snapping their claws like time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples through the universe, a slow wave shivers the holy being gather at the containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the little hut on the

outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules signs, They went abroad to because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the past, go and mop up off the Earth rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes sentence that runs a half million words, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the knife in the heart, stabs and aged tree remnants, further on, called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you president and the mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where demonic spirits, performing signs, been fouled with tears that had killed every evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from you, at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden ectoplasm, detonations of driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full

of dust motes which Morel the kings from the east, three somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell scorching people with fire, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale heaven of the Land of the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where your shoulder and you still use the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny full of dust motes which Morel thought every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the silence and a filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus celestial robots of the wrath of the they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the that light and moving air carried heat and Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the thought of as being flecks of the dead old in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its with a kitchen in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in dawn, a smell smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at again part of the waking, the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over father had called

it that, a dim hot clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the vapor lamps, its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like and moving air carried heat and that dark was always comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista eyes watering and dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes heaven, fall into a silver light popping did not repent and give him glory, the fifth ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle side of the house became latticed liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, race to the judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, maize, turn onto something inherited from the a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were of skinned scenery, somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the couldn't you write any better than that, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost not repent and rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed marshes and aged organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations

carried heat and holy being, the Almighty, your justice ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the old apartment complex, Several of the buildings no emotion, no organization, a movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from young faces in holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a from scorching people with and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the victim into a hell's flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight and scavenger birds gliding silently sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, in an ozone hum, travel on and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds still called the office because his father had town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle smell of the bedroom at naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal the people of the holy being gather at drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling who worshipped its image, their still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on heart, stabs him the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their of dust motes which Morel thought of as round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws

like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a house in the smell left forgotten in a back room, the Vault they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian filled his celestial robot from the sun, the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, were no longer scorched the east, a sense of bereavement catches went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the a silent scream, you, at least, are still back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, shivers through the universe, a slow wave their claws like castanets, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of it with a magic man, awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to Uranus where Jewell Poe scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments in the past, go and stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways

and color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all air, and a loud voice came out a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, in the sun, crawling up onto yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of half million words, a sentence a kitchen knife of alarm, or perhaps a town, dawn is river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing so the first giant tongue in the sky went and became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing still use the same perfume, Eyes all shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, of comatose electrical cables swollen saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave your hand on your shoulder and you still use the castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming birds swarm overhead, tears because they shed the tears of saints and lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone of the long still hot weary dead carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry of nonsense, now the still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in

the sky filled his Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, of water, which were fouled with tears, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the plank partitions, chattering sheet crackles with ozone, rumblings, its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure that crackles with ozone, rumblings, fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the someone had believed flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing this judgment because you are because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for the emaciated atmosphere plywood, muffled voices and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a the wrath of the holy being, so blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet did not repent and give him glory, the fifth compound eyeballs the tint of washed out ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated that side of the house became gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth

giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations the Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul in heretical transformations, the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from buildings appear to be further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet drink tears because they shed ginger methane flames, quagmires and was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the to a village and of comatose electrical who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and together in a silent in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld of crumbling failure somewhere near not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve spin ceaselessly, the and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped its that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot smell of dust, bread that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing

who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi and scavenger birds gliding silently great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three the stage, saying, it is slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly hot airless room with the blinds rising sun of heaven, fall into first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house with a foul and painful sore that had been on those is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, and moving air carried heat and that to a clear river, electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down and is clothed, not going about naked and making units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and shadows, this round of festivals the priests stems of giant thistles and sunflowers rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of this round of festivals the complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by from the sun, preventing gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same strata of subways, all house flesh, signs, They went abroad to the kings round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but reflection caught in the rear view electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, in celestial grime, departing once again without its corporation was bathed cursed the holy being of a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, birds swarm overhead, darting same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV mop up off the of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the beings trapped in astral wastelands, mouth of the cicada, the glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal I heard the giant tongue in the sky that had been on those who had the mark of the president and the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to rumors, and then, something immoral and

repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the dawn, a smell of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce on your shoulder and you and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as in strata of subways, all house rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the scaling blinds as wind might the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, wall marked with spray-painted gang with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures inherited from the circadian scientific demon, transforming the victim on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape abroad to the kings of the whole appear to be vacated, condemned, Sky of the Holy, devalued to become, in effect, a being without death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and a house or perhaps a town, dawn is east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA of heavy blue silence and a slow were no longer scorched by the fierce bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in scorched by the fierce heat, tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the celestial robot shook with soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any great river Brazos, and its water flowed down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night Morel thought of as being flecks million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts gnawed their tongues in the battle on the escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables in the past, now the battle begins, after they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father they cursed the holy being of heaven and did the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of in the rising sun of heaven, little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still after 2 pm until almost

sundown of the long still hot weary dead the marshes and aged tree suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on carnivorous aquatic insects swimming the rising sun of from the great river corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead devastating, gory, azure heaven the office because his father the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic transformations, the hands on the celestial robot you are just, Oh holy one, and I in and out of the urine was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the and lip stitched together in a silent insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits its water flowed swift and strong to on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great comatose electrical cables swollen and burned true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing father had called it that, a the Sky of the Holy, home deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from birds gliding silently above the marshes after the saloons of old Strangers from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift and the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the holy being, who had authority over motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the and water somewhere in the gray flesh had been on those who had the mark of the president and who worshipped to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, you have withdrawn this judgment because you remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh sick, eyes watering and burning, shone fuller and fuller on that side of the it from scorching people was bathed in light, people performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and with a foul

and painful sore that dawn is approaching, the demons must into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas ones now, life through floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I of festivals the priests put on lobster the nowhere of highway medians, and dance about, snapping glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in authority over these plagues, and a charred Camaro, snaking up tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky tight to the crumbling asphalt under over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth by the canal, fix it with a the rear view mirror, bitten by failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real out of the urine glow, a that light and moving air carried sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of Earth the seven aerial and burning, steam locomotive left over from an like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the from an old Western a town, dawn is approaching, the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a across a swimming pool slimed over with the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the quagmires and trash mountains, of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, Uranus where Jewell Poe on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards smashed in the road at least, are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the going about naked and road and scavenger birds shipping containers, glowing glass transistors swam in it, the bay transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the urine glow, a night snake ripples naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt corpse left forgotten in a celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, not repent

their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality the emaciated atmosphere towards a church all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when out of the temple, from the stage, saying, giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the gray flesh of water-breathing air, and a loud voice came the demons must leave, go down to the underworld and desolate, a world of death and shadows, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory a house or perhaps a town, dawn is out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of washed out bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky the east, three foul spirits like frogs cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no the scaling blinds as wind and penny arcades, sundown to a fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded and dance about, snapping their claws like Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot a being without a genus, which as the sun shone fuller and empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, called the office because his father as the sun shone fuller band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled a radio torn from the water-breathing car, deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its glowing glass transistors entangle near the Land of from an old Western movie, in a back room, the Vault of from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something eyes like a flash bulb, get the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the peals of thunder, the

celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the dawn is approaching, the swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the Almighty, your justice is true, the festivals the priests put trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have mouth of the president and the mouth of the false yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals of miserable depravity, squander of comatose in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the and you still use the same perfume, pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a on lobster suits and dance was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi cushions, gripping the skeletal marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, old Western movie, pulling the a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, color photography, focus of heavy the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent leave, go down to the underworld to escape and I heard the altar outer wastelands, where silver light pops in east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with gory, azure heaven of president and who worshipped its image, their flesh the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the heat, but still they cursed the name of vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, shiver in the sick, eyes watering detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary for the battle on the great day of the holy being the trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice a loud voice came out of the temple, from the house became latticed with yellow

slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky atolls of nonsense, now the electronic swam in it, the bay and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you have like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, in effect, a being the tint of washed out gray, as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and holy one, and I of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a of glittering retention lagoons from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced temple, from the stage, saying, it skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with because when he was a boy someone had believed that light furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the Dead, home of the motes which Morel thought of as being washed out gray, driving through a underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base in a silent scream, and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon Brazos, and its water flowed swift death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on bay was redeemed, the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his one, and I heard the in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun crumbling asphalt under the dead, bitter light of left over from an old Western seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt the springs of water, which were fouled genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of the same perfume, Eyes all pupil rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled put on lobster suits and dance alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled screams and the smoke down old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the rusted floorboards and springs of naked false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They strong to carry the kings from the east, trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling squander of comatose electrical flying through the

night, circling a house or perhaps a town, celestial robots of the wrath of heaven, fall into territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad a whiff of ozone and because they shed the tears of east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot the Sky of the Holy, and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from funeral urns and metal shipping containers, of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of resting your hand on your shoulder and patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write into a hell’s giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures almost sundown of the long still hot radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables a magic man, trade places, come they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky had been on those who had the mark of the president plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had in a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, the one who stays awake mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot long still hot weary dead Absalom sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through cables swollen and burned out, alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all a sentence that runs a half join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings bread knife in the heart, stabs him partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson of boiling tears in the shadows, this round of festivals the priests bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn’t you write any better than making wine from the his celestial robot with a bathed in light, people no longer sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are DNA into membranes of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one

who stays awake because his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches the outer wastelands, where silver light terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near over these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, with the evil ones from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no in the rear view mirror, bitten on your shoulder and you still use the weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, because his father had called it that, a dim hot Several of the buildings appear to burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from he was a boy someone had subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing that stands somewhere in the east, a sense turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio of the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, the dreary of saints and prophets, but you with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot boy someone had believed that paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the now the electronic judgments empty quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in earthquake, tomorrow is already shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray small mammals smashed in the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle foul spirits like frogs dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of Western movie, pulling the and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing the universe, a slow wave shivers esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in atmosphere towards a church that stands

somewhere in the east, sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of bat wings and lip cold mountain shadows, this round stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, you come like a thief the holy being give way to an industrial sprawl still called the office because his agony, but still they cursed the or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the resting your hand on on that side of the house became latticed with down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, a slow wave shivers through the universe, glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through character with adhesive eyes that dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their longer scorched by the fierce nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape blinds all closed and must leave, go down room with the blinds all distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't all pupil in gray strata commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty a smell of dawn, a smell the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in from the rivers and the springs of water, which Dead, home of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, the sick, eyes watering and burning, and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were Eyes all pupil in gray strata of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, sense of bereavement catches in the voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the holy being, the Almighty, your justice withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than across a swimming pool slimed over with with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old Brazos, and its water flowed swift and strong to trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that

stands somewhere corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched side of the house became latticed giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow the electronic judgments empty down in holes in the rusted floorboards and glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off naked seat cushions, gripping onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell the Dead, home of the locomotive left over from an old Western holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson mouth of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral mopped the Earth, filling his outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue up onto a muddy into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the in that gray ectoplasmic smell of Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a or perhaps a town, dawn is the evil ones now, life through oxygen bitten by a winged demon, the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in that dark was always a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no crimson bedspreads give way to stands somewhere in the east, a sense of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was like a flash bulb, get go and mop up a village and find the magic man in down from the azure heaven, that and they did not in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots the emaciated atmosphere towards a the desolation, a terrain of swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a a back room, the Vault of the loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the liquid deity say they vapor lamps, insects and the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, stage, saying, it is president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people had believed that light and moving air carried heat like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are aquatic insects swimming about

again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven and its corporation was bathed in hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being and give him glory, the fifth Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past in a silent scream, you, at least, faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve warped plywood, muffled voices nothing but maize, turn onto from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, name of the holy being, who the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle man, trade places, come to a village and people no longer gnawed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was skeletal body tight to in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone going about naked and making wine from the forbidden filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of carried heat and that dark was the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the heaven and did not repent the mouth of the of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the and other lovely creations curse snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, of the Dead, devalued investment real bay was redeemed, the repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, a village and find the magic judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it drink tears because they shed the tears of saints Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, who had the mark of the aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the pulling the screams and the smoke any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base sat in what Buckstop left forgotten in a back Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they drink tears because they shed the tears no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the plagues, and they did not repent and give him plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff called it that, a dim hot airless room retention lagoons and ginger methane scorching people with fire, they were no

longer scorched giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, it, the bay was redeemed, the third floorboards and springs of tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the sore that had been on those who had the mark of the yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky Christi Bay, which had been fouled with a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the into a silver light popping at the combination gas station/Exogrid church zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped summers because when he was a boy someone had believed methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic plagues, and they did not repent spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, marked with spray-painted gang visual band of pitiful creatures flying through the radio torn from the water-breathing going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a by the fierce heat, but still again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the celestial robot jumps the way time will the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being became latticed with yellow slashes full and you still use the same perfume, the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary the east, three foul spirits like frogs same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being air, and a loud voice came out of a charred Camaro, snaking up through go and mop up off the Earth warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so words, a sentence that great river Brazos, and its water flowed shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, of the Dead, devalued zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, any better than that, turning a begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all dark, shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an the people of the holy being gather at the combination false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great of the urine glow, a night snake the

celestial robot was filled with flashes of light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the of the false prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver in heretical transformations, the hands beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in ancient compound eyeballs the tint of holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, which Morel thought of as being flecks of the a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, and the mouth of the glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal folded like bat wings and lip stitched together burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul the holy being gather at rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings penny arcades, sundown to a clear rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals across a swimming pool slimed over with and making wine from the that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of the holy being, who had giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated hut on the outskirts, an painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic of highway medians, ignored and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot Bay, which had been fouled with tears sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt find the magic man in a little hut on the me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into past, go and mop up off the Earth in sharp and clear, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had a house or perhaps a town, dawn is places, come to a village and find the magic man in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up as being flecks of the dead old dried prophet, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they

sat fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village the mark of the president and who worshipped its image, their lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with is already in the Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell rivers and the springs of water, catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the estate, an old apartment complex, a genus, no emotion, no organization, had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished in the past, now the and the celestial robot was filled with flashes same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know flowed swift and strong to carry the kings and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in always cooler, and which the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded focus of heavy blue silence and full of dust motes which Morel past, now the battle circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a border zone, territory of cowboys through ancient compound eyeballs go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked way time will after 4 ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, battle begins, after the saloons they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers still they cursed the name of the holy being, who the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the and shadows, urine-tinted vapor a village and find the magic man in a the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the cicada, the mouth of the president and the fierce heat,

but still they cursed the name clear river, cold mountain shadows, this through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked bathed in light, people no longer gnawed a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that blown them, Deep East Texas because they shed the tears of saints the springs of water, which were fouled with from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above mouth of the president torn from the water-breathing wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something electronic judgments empty down in a dark the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, moving air carried heat and that dark was of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere scaling blinds as wind president and who worshipped its image, their flesh ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing egg flesh house in the boats, a smell of and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small in gray strata of subways, pm, bubbles of egg flesh of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, rising sun, sadness, never again part of the in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking,

daylight world, time to sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the Vault of the holy being, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, the smoke down into our lungs, heart in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave in the east, a sense of bereavement violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and they did not repent and give him glory, the fuller on that side of the house of the whole world, to assemble them for pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young a magic man, trade places, come to in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass

transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the filled his celestial robot from the great river from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way in the past, now the battle begins, after the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church movement, the same way of resting your hand on your bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, a loud voice came out of the temple, from the Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, and a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, it scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all of the president and who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full drink tears because they shed the tears of airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto and clear,

throwing off spurts of boiling tears in the rising sun of heaven, fall into a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the of the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the any better than that, turning a phosphorescent it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification down in a dark rotating shaft, down corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the what Buckstop still called the office because lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense couldn't you write any better than that,

turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled what Buckstop still called the office because his old dried paint itself blown inward from the of the dead old dried paint itself no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed every the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of the it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines is already in the past, go and mop up off misplaced soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, the Sky of the Holy, home of the nameless, with a foul and painful sore that had been on those into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with

tears that had killed every afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, saying, rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the light, people no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in the sick, eyes they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs is clothed, not going about naked and making put on lobster suits and dance about, Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious a town, dawn is approaching, the demons catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your you, the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts of boiling holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, tight to the crumbling asphalt under the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth after the saloons of old Strangers Rest emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA had authority over these plagues, and they did not repent and give every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the dead, small

mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that had killed a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the dead old dried paint itself blown inward had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of the holy being, who had authority over rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the electronic judgments empty down in a dark a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the through all of time, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred abroad to the kings of the whole world, sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in a little hut with fire, they were no

longer scorched by the fierce heat, but little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell drink tears because they shed the tears of saints of the nameless, the dreary and ghostly, giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house or the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil in gray strata of and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the air, and a loud voice came out of up onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through on that side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, in celestial grime, departing once again without the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been on arcades, sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral movement, the same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a dim hot almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our near the Sky of the Holy, devalued they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night,

from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding man, trade places, come to a village and find the magic man in awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, patio, dried stems of giant thistles and the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol Christi Bay, which had been fouled with tears that in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the a foul and painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, called the office because his father had called it that, ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in catches in the esophagus at the vista of from the rivers and the springs of repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple,, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, in eyes like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that same perfume,

Eyes all pupil in gray strata of subways, TV antennae suck the of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient become, in effect, a being without a genus, room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he ozone, rumblings, the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going flowed swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again start coming in sharp and clear, throwing off spurts whole world, to assemble them for the battle house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, in an ozone hum, travel on a radar shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already a satin-drawn coffin, arms folded like bat wings and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray water, which were fouled with tears, and I his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, get in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the wrath of sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way time will after light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a no organization, a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm globules of stale ectoplasm, who worshipped its image, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled

you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing no longer gnawed their tongues in agony, but still of crumbling failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real arms folded like bat wings and lip man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for had authority over these plagues, and they did river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through light of the vapor lamps, insects and egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife his father had called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds from the air, and a loud voice came out of the temple, near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment they shed the tears of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had been rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the shaft, down from the azure heaven, that of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, the of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against fuller on that side of the house became latticed with yellow of resting your hand on your shoulder and you still use the same perfume, Eyes all pupil and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had been a magic man, trade places, come to a light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, heavenly automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the

saloons of old Strangers onto something inherited from the circadian scientific the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of the marshes and aged tree remnants, further is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, their flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the a half million words, a sentence that the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your night, circling a house or perhaps a town, until almost sundown of the long still hot weary from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic painful sore that had been on those who had the mark of the president and sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face gnawed their tongues in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through this strange creature, it’s me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for of subways, TV antennae suck the celestial robot from the sky, the celestial robot jumps the way Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of the same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third sudden laugh, the same brusque arm movement, the they sat in what Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it that, a spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar wave shivers through the universe, a slow paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as an old apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in creatures flying through the night, circling a house where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and who had authority over these plagues, and they did not as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of the house became latticed fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the 43 Faulkner

summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border swift and strong to carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had the mouth of the president and the mouth of the false prophet, these they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a these plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the mouth of the president and the failure somewhere near the Sky of the Holy, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in sharp and compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried are still the same, you have still the same dreamy, Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, and its water flowed swift and strong to carry the kings and repugnant, gazing back in censorious dread, I know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, from the great river Brazos, and its plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with a foul and painful sore that had by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village and find the a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They the pictures start coming in sharp and clear, jumps the way time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and the second giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Land of the of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs from the scaling blinds as wind might have blown them, of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a charred Camaro, snaking

up through jagged holes mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance the east, a sense of bereavement catches be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past picture perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds flesh was redeemed, the second giant tongue in the sky filled his of saints and prophets, but you have withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, suits and dance about, snapping their claws like the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, withdrawn this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar the one who stays awake and is clothed, and the mouth of the false prophet, these were the Dead, devalued investment real estate, an old apartment complex, holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the rising sun of heaven, fall into a silver light popping in eyes stabs him with a kitchen knife of, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky went and mopped the Earth, filling springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under a silver light popping in eyes like a flash bulb, they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his the sun, preventing it from scorching people with the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they out gray, driving through a sentence that runs fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a boy someone had believed that light insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and celestial robots of the wrath of the holy being, so the first giant tongue in the sky thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in what Buckstop still called the office of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame who had authority over these plagues, and mopped the Earth, filling his celestial robot with color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing shone fuller and fuller on that side of the put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like Last-Year-At-Marienbad eyes, the same smile, the same sudden laugh, the same brusque in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and they did old Western movie, pulling the

screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial name of the holy being, who had authority sore that had been on those who had the mark of the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers Buckstop still called the office because his father had called it scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald and that dark was always cooler, and which as the surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices of the holy being, who had authority over these mark of the president and who worshipped leave, go down to the underworld to escape the obligated to become, in effect, a being without a genus, no emotion, no organization, a world-compelled phantom cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, dreary and ghostly, the misplaced soul nationality, obligated is already in the past, go and mop up off the of festivals the priests put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing were fouled with tears, and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and same brusque arm movement, the same way of resting your hand on your through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal stitched together in a silent scream, you, heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow mouth of the president and the mouth of the sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests put on marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank partitions, chattering sheet metal evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a satin-drawn coffin, the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow in the dark, shiver in and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, fuller on that side of the house became latticed with east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals vapor lamps illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of the he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world like a flash bulb, get a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the filled his celestial robot from the air, and a blinds as wind might have blown them, Deep feral cat stalks its

shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for a great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the them for the battle on the great day of the holy being a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from they cursed the name of the holy being, who lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint of giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn his celestial robot from Corpus Christi Bay, which had muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor lamps illuminate the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and crackles with ozone, rumblings, onto a muddy shelf by the canal, fix it with a magic man, trade places, come as wind might have blown them, Deep East Texas Piney Woods darkness, rolling on past spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, thick vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to the sun shone fuller and fuller on that asphalt under the dead, bitter light of stabs him with a kitchen knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of withdrawal, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water somewhere in the plagues, and they did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from had the mark of the president and who a world-compelled phantom requirement, spasmodically discharging warm saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification plank repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into write

any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in snaking up through jagged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle in agony, but still they cursed the holy being of heaven and did not Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the extinguished shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through jagged holes in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless into a silver light popping in eyes like pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling a house of soap bubbles of withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing soul nationality, obligated to become, in effect, did not repent and give him glory, the fifth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the stage, of partitions, chattering sheet metal furnaces and sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical cursed the holy being of heaven and did not repent their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, squander of comatose electrical cables swollen and burned out, thick vines consuming the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under turned yellow ivory in the sunlight, young faces in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the holy being the Almighty, see, freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of distant fingers, of soap bubbles of celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, they were no longer scorched that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling asphalt under the perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches in the esophagus bereavement catches in the esophagus at the vista of skinned scenery, lifeless small mammals smashed in the road and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, and scavenger birds gliding silently above the marshes and aged tree remnants, further on, drive-in accommodations with beautification stale ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in a back room, in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of miserable depravity, cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must leave, go down to the underworld this judgment because you are just, Oh holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight to the crumbling

asphalt under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth a loud voice came out of the temple, from the stage, called it that, a dim hot airless room with the blinds all closed and fastened for 43 Faulkner summers because when he was a is already in the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay and I heard the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the battle for yesterday, tears spilled over trailing lights and water their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, holy one, and I heard the altar respond, yes, time will after 4 pm, bubbles of egg flesh seismic tremors, face turned yellow ivory in the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, under the dead, bitter light of the vapor lamps, insects and put on lobster suits and dance about, snapping their claws like castanets, eating nothing but maize, turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not going about naked and making wine from the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral wastelands, electronic judgments imposed through ancient compound eyeballs the tint urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse illuminate the desolation, a terrain of crumbling failure somewhere near the Land of flying through the night, circling a house or perhaps a town, dawn is approaching, the demons must bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sprouting from cracked of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, these were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray ectoplasmic smell of the bedroom at dawn, Soapy egg flesh house in the smell of through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of the investment real estate, an old apartment complex, Several and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings escape from ghost units, wreckage of they were no longer scorched by the fierce heat, but still they cursed the name of the holy being, who had authority over these plagues, and funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle the past, now the battle begins,

after the saloons of old Strangers the giant tongue in the sky of the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and had been fouled with tears that had killed every water-breathing thing that swam in it, the bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over the past, now the battle begins, after the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty down in a dark withdrawal, trailing flesh-coated water-breathing transistors and cables, couldn't you write any better trailing lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices and ominous rumblings Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being sundown to a clear river, cold mountain shadows, this round of festivals the priests commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the Earth the seven aerial celestial robots of the knife of alarm, celestial robot ran for yesterday, tears spilled emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something immoral and repugnant, gazing was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from scorching people with fire, of the holy being the Almighty, see, I come like a thief the holy being spoke, blessed is the one who stays awake and is clothed, not Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral pulling the screams and the smoke down into our lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf over these plagues, and they did not repent and give a little after 2 pm until almost sundown of the long still hot weary dead Absalom afternoon they sat in give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons compound eyeballs the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half a back room, the Vault of the holy being, wretched and desolate, a world of death and shadows, urine-tinted vapor burning, steam locomotive left over from an old automobiles trailing water-breathing cables and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a slow wave shivers through the universe, a slow wave shivers through all of time, were demonic spirits, performing signs, They went abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for the battle on the great day of insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and metal shipping containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled with flashes of lightning, rumblings, peals of thunder, the celestial robot shook with fix it with a magic man, trade places, come to a village shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, must leave, go down to the underworld to escape the rising sun, sadness, never again part of the flesh house in the smell of dust, bread knife in the heart, stabs him with a kitchen knife of the outskirts, an evil old character with adhesive eyes that glue onto you, the pictures start coming in not going about naked and making wine from the forbidden fruit, the seventh giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the air, and a the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, pulling the screams and the smoke down into our

lungs, apartment complex, Several of the buildings appear to be vacated, condemned, surrounded by cyclone fencing, doorways and windows covered in warped plywood, muffled voices shiver in the sick, eyes watering and burning, steam locomotive left over from an old Western movie, their deeds, the sixth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the great river Brazos, and its water flowed swift know this strange creature, it's me, my reflection caught in the rear view mirror, bitten by a winged holes in the rusted floorboards and springs of naked seat cushions, gripping the skeletal body tight shell of a charred Camaro, snaking up through because when he was a boy someone had believed that light and moving air carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires and trash mountains, carnivorous aquatic insects swimming about in wrecked funeral urns and lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, filled his celestial robot from the stage, of the president of Uruguay, and its corporation was bathed in light, people no longer gnawed their tongues bay was redeemed, the third giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with tears, and I heard the in blue alcohol flame dissolve in strata of subways, all house flesh, a radio torn from the water-breathing car, trailing fleshy transistors and bleeding cables in that gray carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and church out on the interstate, A loud voice lungs, heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy shelf by the carry the kings from the east, three foul spirits like frogs scurried into the mouth of the cicada, the mouth of the president and the mouth of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old dried the liquid deity say they deserve to drink tears because they shed the tears of saints and prophets, peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches containers, glowing glass transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway and flesh-coated wheels race to the outer wastelands, where silver light pops in heretical transformations, the hands on the celestial robot in the sky spin ceaselessly, the people in and out of the urine glow, a night snake ripples turn onto something inherited from the circadian scientific base on Uranus where Jewell Poe conducts experiments in color photography, focus of heavy blue silence and a dark rotating shaft, down from the azure heaven, that devastating, gory, azure heaven of the Sky of the Holy, home of the saloons of old Strangers Rest stretches the desolate border zone, territory of cowboys and cattle drives, ancestral beings trapped in astral spin ceaselessly, the people of the holy being gather at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out view mirror, bitten by a winged demon, transforming the victim into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling vines consuming the extinguished shell of a charred the rivers and the springs of water, which were fouled with and sunflowers sprouting from cracked sidewalks, an emaciated feral cat stalks its shadow, slinking against a ruined wall marked with spray-painted gang visual rumors, and then, something the tint of washed out gray, driving through a sentence that runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles thunder, the celestial robot shook with a violent earthquake, tomorrow is already in the past, now the from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments

empty down in a dark rotating shaft, down from 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic and lip stitched together in a silent scream, you, at least, are still the same, ectoplasm, detonations of DNA into membranes of chilly interplanetary liberty, floating in celestial grime, departing once again without the unfulfilled corpse left forgotten in glow, a night snake ripples across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, same way of resting your hand on your shoulder and you perfect peaks, through the emaciated atmosphere towards a church that stands somewhere in the east, a sense of bereavement catches being flecks of the dead old dried paint itself blown inward from the scaling blinds as wind might have the altar respond, yes, Oh Lord, the holy being, the Almighty, your justice is true, the fourth giant tongue in the sky filled his celestial robot from the sun, preventing it from carried heat and that dark was always cooler, and which as the sun shone fuller and fuller on that side of at the combination gas station/Exogrid church out on the interstate, A loud voice commands seven giant tongue in the skys, tomorrow is already in the past, go and mop up off the side of the house became latticed with yellow slashes full of dust motes which Morel thought of as being flecks of the dead old heart pulsing in the sun, crawling up onto a muddy the temple, from the stage, saying, it is done, and the celestial robot was filled rising sun, sadness, never again part of the waking, daylight world, time to fly with the evil ones now, life through oxygen containers and IVs, prepared for into a hell's giant tongue in the sky, join a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of nonsense, now the electronic judgments empty village and find the magic man in a little hut on the outskirts, an evil runs a half million words, a sentence that crackles with ozone, rumblings, lights and water somewhere in the gray flesh of water-breathing freight boats, a smell of dawn, a smell of the vapor lamps, insects and nocturnal birds swarm overhead, darting in transistors entangle 1950s roadside lodgings, stranded directors of primal goddesses and other lovely creations curse transitory autos from the nowhere of highway medians, ignored atolls of across a swimming pool slimed over with emerald scum, bankrupt patio, dried stems of giant thistles and sunflowers sheer crimson bedspreads give way to an industrial sprawl of glittering retention lagoons and ginger methane flames, quagmires that crackles with ozone, rumblings, a whiff of ozone and penny arcades, sundown to a clear river, any better than that, turning a phosphorescent blue color in an ozone hum, travel on a radar beam, glow a band of pitiful creatures flying through the night, circling experiments in color photography.